THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 192, No. 13. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Beginning

The Great Accident—By Ben Ames Williams

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1919, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 13

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THERE are two kinds of people—small-town folks and others. The others are inclined to think of the people of the small towns as men and women of narrow horizons and narrow interests and a vast ignorance of such important things as cocktails. But as a matter of fact the people who dwell in the little mid-Western cities and towns are your real cosmopolites. They know their own country, east, west, north and south, at first hand. The reason for this is simple. When a city dweller goes to the country he is careful to remain a city dweller; but when a small-town man goes to the city he becomes a city man for as long as he is within the city's gates. Your Bostonian knows Boston, has a smattering of New York and a talking acquaintance with London. Your New Yorker knows New York—perhaps; and he desires to know nothing else. But the men and women of Hardiston, for example, know New York, and they know Boston—and they prefer Hardiston with a steadfast and unshakable preference.

"All Right," Said Hetty Cheerfully, and She Took Wint's Plate and Went Round the Table to His Father's Side. Thus Relieved of the Elder Chase's Scrutiny She Winked Lightly at Wint and Smiled

This little town of Hardiston—it is really no town at all, since the last census showed it with a population above the five thousand mark and so entitled it to be called a city—stands on a plateau above Salt Creek, and it is overlooked by a circle of hills, and at three corners of the town the gaunt, black iron furnaces stand sentry at the gates. The hills, of clay and iron ore and conglomerate rock, are pink with apple blossoms in the spring; and in the fall the hardwood growth which clothes them where the orchards have not yet spread presents a dazzle of reds and yellows that blind the eye with their splendor. It is a rich and fertile country, with well-watered bottom lands; and Hardiston town and Hardiston County have a past, a present and a future.

The past goes back to the Indians and beyond. Salt Creek won its name by no mere chance. There have always been traces of salt in its water; and in the ancient days the Indians used to come to a riffle below where Hardiston now stands and boil the water for this salt. There was a big encampment here; and the tribes came from all over Ohio, and from Kentucky, and farther, too, to boil salt and take it home with them. They brought Daniel Boone here once; and you may still see, north of Hardiston, a crumbling precipice of sand conglomerate over which Boone is said to have jumped in making his escape. Also, at the foot of that sandy bluff you may dig in an ash bed twenty feet deep and find perhaps the skeleton of an Indian brave, buried there beneath the camp fires, with an arrowhead of flint between his ribs.

When the whites came in they took up the making of salt where the Indians left off. The state recognized the industry and chartered it. But at last cheaper salt came in, and the salt boilers found themselves with their occupation gone. So, seeking about them for work for their hands to do, they discovered black coal in the hills, and rusty-brown ore; and they dug the coal and the ore and made iron. It was good iron; none better in the world; and it commanded the highest prices in any market.

The county was all undershot with coal; the hills were crowned with iron. Twenty years ago every valley in the county had its gaunt tipple and its pile of crumbling slack; and every road was dotted with the creaking rusty wagons that hauled the ores to the furnaces in Hardiston. To-day much of the coal is gone; and the ore has vanished. But the furnaces fetch ore from Superior and smelt it into heavy pigs of iron; and their roar is eternal about the comfortable little town.

A stranger coming to Hardiston is inclined to think the place is dead, but the town has a deceptive vitality. It is true the brickyard is gone, and the occasional imported industry usually dies after a brief and uneventful life. It is true the big hotel, that was ten years ago the finest in a dozen counties, goes now from bankruptcy to bankruptcy without a struggle. And Morgan & Robinson's dry-goods store has shrunk from three floors to one; and the interurban traction that used to run half-hourly between Hardiston and the B. & O. main line has given place to a dirty, jerky train that makes two trips a day. The car tracks along Broadway and Main have been ripped up, and the fine brick paving on these streets bids fair to endure forever, for lack of traffic that would give it wholesome wear and tear.

But the town is not dead; it is only sleeping. You may see signs of the awakening in the apple blossoms on the hills. These Hardiston hills produce apples of a surprising excellence, and some day the Hardiston apple will be as famous as the Hardiston iron was in the past. But for the present the town sleeps, a gorged slumber. For Hardiston is rich. There are three banks, and each has more than a million in deposits. Hardiston folks have made money, they have built themselves homes, they have bought themselves automobiles, they have sent their boys and girls to college, and now—save for an occasional trip into the outer world—there is little more for them to do. But the money is there; it feeds the prosperity of three or four moving-picture houses, half a dozen soda fountains and two sporadic theaters; it fattens the purses of a street carnival or so every year, and it delights the heart of every circus that comes to Hardiston County.

It is a friendly town, a gay little town. People make their own good times, and many of them. And the stranger is always made welcome within their gates. Everyone is quite honestly fond of Hardiston, and proud of it. When you go there the chamber of commerce does not buttonhole you and demand a factory. That is not Hardiston's way; and besides, there is no chamber of commerce. No, when you go there Hardiston does not ask you to do something for Hardiston; Hardiston tries to do something for you. For instance, it invites you out to the house for supper. And you go and are glad you went.

Perhaps it is because of this taste for friendliness that Hardiston loves politics so ardently. Politics after all, corrupt it as you will, is the art of making and keeping friends. Hardiston County, or the Congressional district of which it is the heart, is one of the prime political battle grounds of the state. Summer and winter, year in, year out, politics in Hardiston goes on. The county officials in the court house, when their work is out of the way, tilt back their chairs about the most capacious cuspidor and talk politics; the men of the town gather at the Smoke House or on the hotel corner and talk politics; the farmers driving to town stop every man they meet upon the road and canvass the political situation. Even the women at their bridge clubs and their sewing circles and their reading clubs—Hardiston is full of clubs—talk politics over their cards or their sewing or after the paper on Browning has been read.

Hardiston politics is very like politics everywhere: it has not much to do with platforms and principles, and it has a great deal to do with men. In a political way Congressman Amos Caretall was the biggest man in Hardiston County. And so the home-coming of Congressman Caretall on the eve of the mayoralty election was a matter that furnished talk for all the town.

II

PETER GERGUE is a public figure in Hardiston. Everyone knows him, and—what is more to the point—he knows everyone. Not only in Hardiston town but in Hardiston County is Gergue known. He is an attorney, a notary, a justice of the peace. But his business under these heads is very small. It has always been small, and he has never made any great effort to increase it.

He is a man of medium height, thin and rusty to the eye, with a drooping black mustache and black hair that is too long, always too long, even when he has just emerged from the barber's chair. This long black hair is Gergue's sole affectation. It is his custom when the barber has finished his ministrations to rumple the hair on the back of his head and rub it with his fingers until it is matted and tangled in a fashion to defy the comb. He is conscious of doing this, and has been known to explain the action; and his explanation is always the same.

"When I was a boy," he says, "I used to comb the top of my head, and slick it down, but I never got at the back much. So I got used to having it tangled; and now I don't feel right if it's smooth."

So he keeps it religiously tangled; and at moments of deep thought his fingers stray into this maze as though searching for his medulla oblongata in the hope of finding some idea there.

Gergue's office is above that of the building-and-loan company, on Main Street, opposite the court house. There are spider webs in the corners and on the windows; there is dust on everything. The floor of soft wood has been worn till every knot stands up like a wart and every nail protrudes its shining head. Against one wall there is a wardrobe of walnut, higher than a man. Within this piece some law books are piled and a few rusty garments hang. In the summer moths nest here; in the winter they hibernate in their nests. The garments have not been disturbed for years, and now their fabric looks more like mosquito netting than honest broadcloth and serge.

Gergue has an old kitchen table covered with oilcloth near the windows that overlook the street. There is an iron inkwell on this table, a pen and a miscellaneous litter of papers, while at one side of the table on the window sill stand his notary's seal and a disused letter press. The oilcloth top of the table has worn through in many places, and the soft wood beneath is polished to a not unlovely luster by constant usage.

Toward train time of the day Congressman Caretall was to come home, Gergue was in this office of his. James T. Hollow was with him, sitting stiffly in a chair that was too narrow for his pudgy bulk. James T. Hollow was a candidate for mayor. Amos Caretall was supporting him. And Gergue, as Caretall's first lieutenant, had asked Hollow to go with him to the train to meet the congressman. Hollow had obeyed the summons and now waited Gergue's pleasure. He was smiling with a determined though tremulous amiability.

"I've always aimed to do what was right," he explained hurriedly. They had been discussing the election.

Gergue nodded his head. "That's what you always do," he agreed. "Trouble is, Chase has aimed to do what wa'n't right, and looks like he'd get away with it."

The other flushed painfully, and his mouth opened as though he would like to speak; but it was some time before he managed to ask: "Is that—the reason Congressman Caretall is coming home?"

The court-house clock across the street struck four. The train was due at four twenty-two. Gergue rose. "Well, now, le's go down and ask him," he invited.

Hollow assented weakly. "Yes, I guess that's the right thing to do."

Gergue looked at him with faint impatience. "Why do you guess it's the right thing to do?" he inquired.

The other hesitated, lifted his hands, spread them helplessly. "Well—isn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, dear!" said Gergue sweetly. "Well—come on."

Hollow was a man with very short legs. This gave him an unfortunate pattering appearance when he walked with a taller man; and as he and Gergue turned down Main Street toward the station this fact was commented upon. Some of the comments were direct, some subtle. For example, one of a group of four men at the hotel corner, when the two approached, looked all about him and whistled shrilly.

"Hey, doggie! Hey, doggie! Heel!" he called.

James T. Hollow was not without perception. He blushed painfully. But Gergue took no notice of the jest, for as they approached the group one of the men detached himself and came to meet them.

This was Winthrop Chase—Winthrop Chase, Senior—the candidate opposing Hollow for the mayoralty. Hardiston felt that it was gracious of Chase to offer himself for the office, for he was a man of affairs, chief owner of the biggest furnace, a coal operator of importance in other fields, and not unknown in state political circles. He was an erect man, so erect that he leaned backward, and with a peculiarly healthy look about him. He had a strong jaw and a small, governed mouth. His manner was courtly and gracious. Some considered it condescending.

"Good afternoon, Gergue," he said now. "Good afternoon, Mr. Hollow."

"How'do," Gergue returned.

Hollow was more loquacious. "How do you do, Mr. Chase."

"The congressman comes back to-day?" Chase asked.

"Yep," said Gergue.

"We ought to have a reception for him at the station. He has made a name for himself at this session."

"Always had a name," Gergue commented, and spat carelessly, so close to Winthrop Chase, Senior's, polished shoes that the great man moved uneasily to one side.

"I suppose he is coming to take a hand in the mayoralty campaign," said Chase urbanely. He could afford to be urbane.

"He didn't say," Gergue declared.

"I'm sorry we're on opposite sides of the fence in this squabble. Tell him he and I must work together hereafter."

"You tell him."

Chase laughed. "I believe he will see it—without being told," he said loudly, and the three men at his back smiled. "He will no doubt find some change in Hardiston affairs."

"He will if there is any."

"Perhaps even in the district. Though, of course, he does not have to seek reëlection this fall."

"No."

"Still ——"

Gergue interrupted maliciously: "By the way, how's Wint?"

The question had a curious effect upon Chase. It surprised him, it seemed to embarrass him, and it certainly angered him. He opened his mouth to speak: "He ——"

But before he could go on Gergue interposed: "I hear Columbus would've gone dry in spite of itself if they hadn't sent him home from State when they did."

And he departed with the honors of war, leaving Chase to sputter angrily into the sympathetic ears of his companions. When he and Hollow were half a block away Gergue permitted himself to smile. Then he frowned and looked at Hollow.

"Why don't you talk up to him, Jim?" he asked disgustedly.

"I—always try to do what is right, Peter. I'd like to. I really would."

"Would you, now?" Gergue echoed mockingly.

"Yes, I really would," insisted James T. Hollow.

"Well, all right then," said Gergue affably. "Le's go along."

They went along, down shaded lower Main Street, and took at length the left-hand turn that led toward the station. Gergue walked in silence, and Hollow after a few futile efforts at conversation gave it up and pattered at the taller man's side without speaking. Gergue seemed to be thinking—thinking hard.

A branch line connects Hardiston with the main line of the B. & O. to Washington. Two trains a day traverse this branch in each direction. One of these trains is called the Mail, the other the Accommodation; but the source of these titles is not apparent, for both trains carry mail, and both are most accommodating. Perhaps the Accommodation is more so than the Mail, for at times it has a freight car attached between tender and baggage car, and this is an indignity which the Mail never suffers.

"Wint, You Haven't Any Viewpoint. You're Just the Plaything of a Little Devil of Perversity That Makes You Do Things You Know You—Oughtn't to Do—Just to Prove That You Can"

The station at Hardiston is a three-room structure of imitation hollow tiles. That is to say, it is built of wood, sheathed with tin which is stamped in the likeness of tiles. These tin walls have an uncanny faculty for keeping the rooms inside the station at fever heat, summer and winter. One of these rooms is the men's waiting room; another is for feminine patrons of the road; and between the two is the ticket office and dispatcher's room, with telegraph instruments clattering on a table in the bay window at the front.

The station agent is a busy man, with three or four hard-worked assistants, for all the supplies for one of the big furnaces come in over this branch, and the furnace's product goes out by the same route. The furnace itself towers above the very station, great ore piles spraddling over acres of ground, waiting for the traveling crane that scoops them and carries the ore to the fires.

On the other side of the station, across the street, there are two buildings with ornate fronts—and locked doors. They proclaim themselves as buildings with a past—a bibulous past. County local option was their ruin, county local option locked their doors and stripped their shelves and spread dust upon their bars. They are ugly things, eyesores, specters of shame. Whatever may be said for the wares it dispenses there is nothing more hideous than a saloon.

Gergue and Hollow crossed the street at a diagonal, past these locked saloons, to the station platform. They found on the platform a familiar throng. Hardiston was the county seat, and the southern half of the county counted it their nearest big town. Many people came and went daily on these dirty, rattling, uncomfortable trains; and this, the afternoon train, always picked up a score or so of passengers southward bound.

In addition to these travelers there were folks at the station to meet every incoming passenger; for Hardiston still meets people at the train. Guests, home comers, even the commercial travelers find a welcome waiting. Everyone in the neighborhood stops at the station at train time to pick up matters for gossip.

Gergue made it his custom to meet a train whenever no more important matter occupied his time; for by so doing he saw many men of the county whom he would not otherwise have seen, and renewed acquaintances that would otherwise have languished. He was, as it were, a professional meeter of trains, like the editors of the three weekly papers and the bus men from the hotels. He left Hollow at one end of the platform, while he traversed its length, exchanging a word with everyone, observing, inquiring, cultivating.

On this business he was fifty yards away from Hollow when the Caretall touring car whirled down the street and stopped beside the platform. Hollow took off his hat in greeting, and the four young people in the car acknowledged the salutation carelessly.

Agnes Caretall was driving, with Jack Routt beside her in the front seat, and Wint Chase and Joan Arnold in the tonneau. They remained in the car, the two in front turning half round in their seats to talk with those behind. Agnes Caretall did most of the talking. She was a gay little thing, with fair hair and laughing eyes and flying tongue. Joan Arnold was darker, brown hair, eyes almost black. She was quiet, with a poise in sharp contrast to Agnes' vivacity. Routt and Wint Chase were just average young men, pleasant enough in appearance. Routt was dark; Wint had a fair skin, his father's strong jaw, eyes that inclined at times to sulky anger, and a head of crisp hair that was brown, with golden flashes when the sun touched it. There was a healthy color in his cheeks, but his eyes were reddened and there were faint pouches beneath them. While they waited for the train he rolled a cigarette, fizzling his first attempt because his hands were faintly tremulous. Routt laughed at him for this.

"You're shaky, Wint," he jested. "Better take a tailor-made one."

He offered the other his cigarette case; but Wint shook his head stubbornly, tried again, and this time succeeded in rolling a passable cigarette, which he lighted eagerly.

After a Little Time Amos Said Slowly, "Well, Peter—Some Accidents Ain't So Accidental as Others. Pete, You Just Make a Study of Wint Chase for Me"

Peter Gergue coming back along the platform saw the four in the car and went toward them. He caught Joan Arnold's eyes and took off his hat, and she smiled a greeting. He went and stood beside the car, exchanging sallies awkwardly with Agnes Caretall and with Routt.

When the attention of these two was concentrated for a moment upon each other he asked Joan: "Is anything wrong, Miss Arnold? You hadn't ought to look troubled."

She laughed. "Why, no, of course not. I—must have been thinking. I didn't know."

"Thinking about what?"

"I don't remember."

Wint had climbed out of the car and was talking to someone on the platform. Gergue looked toward him, then back to Joan. But he said no more.

"Isn't the train late?" Agnes called, forsaking Routt abruptly.

Gergue nodded: "Ten minutes. Dan says they got a hot box or something, up above Crossroads."

Agnes pouted. "They're always late."

"They're whistling now," Gergue assured her, and a moment later everyone heard the distant blast. "At the crossing beyond the cemetery," Gergue supplemented. "Be here right away." And he turned back to the crowd.

A moment later they heard the whistle again, this time where the B. & O. and D. T. & I. crossed; and after a further interval the train came in sight, rounding the last curve into the station. Agnes jumped out of the car, touching Routt's extended hand when he sought to assist her; and then the engine roared and racketed into the station, showering sparks and cinders over them all.

The rear end of the last car was opposite the automobile when the train stopped; and Agnes and Gergue pushed that way; for Amos Caretall always got off at the rear end of a train. "If you do that you can't get run over—unless she backs," he was accustomed to explain.

The two reached the steps just as the congressman emerged from the car, and Agnes flew up to meet him so that her arms were round his neck when he stepped down to the platform. He was a stocky man of middle height with sandy hair, shrewd squinting eyes, and a habit of holding his head on one side as though he suffered from that malady called "stiff neck."

He hugged Agnes close for an instant, then held her away from him with both hands and surveyed her.

"You sure look good, Agnes," he told her, and hugged her again.

She slipped her hand through his arm. "We came down to get you," she explained. "Come along—quick. These cinders are awful."

He laughed. "In a minute. Hello, Peter. Hello, Jim." He shook hands with Gergue and with Hollow. "Looking for somebody, Peter?"

"Just come down to see you come in."

"Well"—the congressman grinned amiably—"I'm in."

"We wish to welcome you home, congressman," said James T. Hollow.

"Thanks, Jim."

The three men were silent for a moment. The situation had its interesting side. When Gergue and Hollow had been alone together Gergue was the dominant figure of the two. Gergue seemed then like a superman, calm, assured, at ease; and Hollow, beside Gergue, had been almost pathetically docile.

Now, however, in the presence of the congressman Gergue seemed to shrink to Hollow's stature. He and Hollow were both mere creatures, Hollow if anything the stronger of the two. And Amos Caretall towered head and shoulders above them both.

It was the congressman who broke the silence. "All right," he said. "Drop in any time—both of you."

And with his grip in one hand and Agnes on the other arm he crossed the platform to the car. Routt and Joan and Wint were there. He greeted them with comfortable affection and surveyed them with keen and appraising eyes.

"Climb in," he invited. "Glad to see everybody."

Agnes and Routt took the front seat again, and Joan sat between Wint and the congressman behind.

Just before the car started Amos Caretall leaned across to ask Wint: "Well, young man—how's your father?"

Wint's eyes burned sulkily. "About as usual," he said.

The engine roared, they turned up the street; and the congressman turned to wave his hand to Gergue and Hollow at the station.

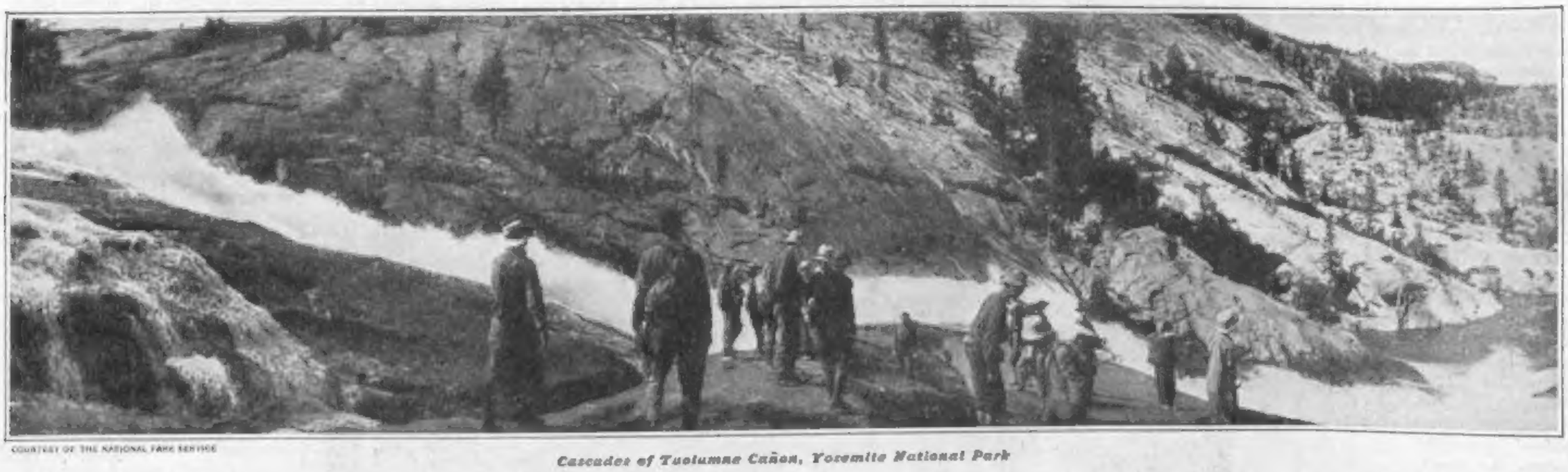
III

AMOS CARETALL'S home was not a pretentious affair. He lived in a house that had not been built as other houses are; it had, like Topsy, "just growed." It began with a one-story, four-room brick structure, and spread in wings and ells and upper stories until now it numbered ten rooms and was a thing fearful and wonderful to behold. In these ten rooms Agnes and her father and old Maria Hale, the darky who cooked for them and looked after them, rattled round in a somewhat lonely fashion. For Mrs. Caretall was ten years dead, and the two Caretall boys had gone away to college and afterward had built homes of their own in other regions.

Amos Caretall was not rich; but he was well off. He had made his money in coal, and when the visible supply of coal began to peter out he had looked into politics, gone

(Continued on Page 105)

TOURIES—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Cascades of Tuolumne Cañon, Yosemite National Park

IT WAS apparent that she was a person of distinction, of position, representative of the upper class, as she approached the rim of the cañon, where we sat taking our morning feast of it. It was not necessary to tell us—though we knew she would if given the chance—that she had a drawing-room to herself on the train all the way from Chicago, and was served with her meals therein because it was so annoying to mingle in the dining car with the common people who occupied the ordinary berths. It was not necessary to tell us—but she did before the day was over—that the only reason she was away out there in Arizona was because her regular routine of summer travel to Europe had been unwarrantably interfered with by the war and its after disturbances and restrictions. We knew these things. We saw, and heard, her type every day after the morning train came in. Even the imperturbable Razzle, the Baron's Airedale, cocked an ironic eye at her as she took her superior station on the rim and prepared to confer social standing on the cañon by giving it a condescending once-over.

She raised her lorgnette and swept the Battleship, the Indian Gardens, the temples, pyramids and pillars with an encompassing if somewhat bored glance. The Grand Cañon of the Colorado lay before her with its high, huge lights and its deep, dense shadows; its buttes, arenas and gorges; its precipices, peaks and plateaus; its colossal pageantry of reds, greens, blues, lilacs, yellows, mauves, purples, lavenders, crimsons, grays, blacks and whites; its shimmers, sheens and silvers; its mirages and its mysteries; its storms, calms, silences that are noisy and noises that seem silent; its translucent airs; its pellucid distances; the gigantic panorama of Nature's immeasurable sculptures, Nature's resplendent colorings, Nature's vastest, most impressive and most gorgeous dress parade.

Tailored Scenery

ONE look, and she turned and asked: "Can you tell me what there is to see here?"

"To see?" we repeated vapidly. "You mean, to see?"

"Certainly," she replied, irritated at our obtuseness.

"Oh," we said, struggling to regain coherence, "you mean, to see? To be sure. Now, that is an interesting question: What is there to see? Let us think a moment. What is there to see? Why, there are some excellent photographs and paintings of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in the hotel, and a varied assortment of colored picture post cards."

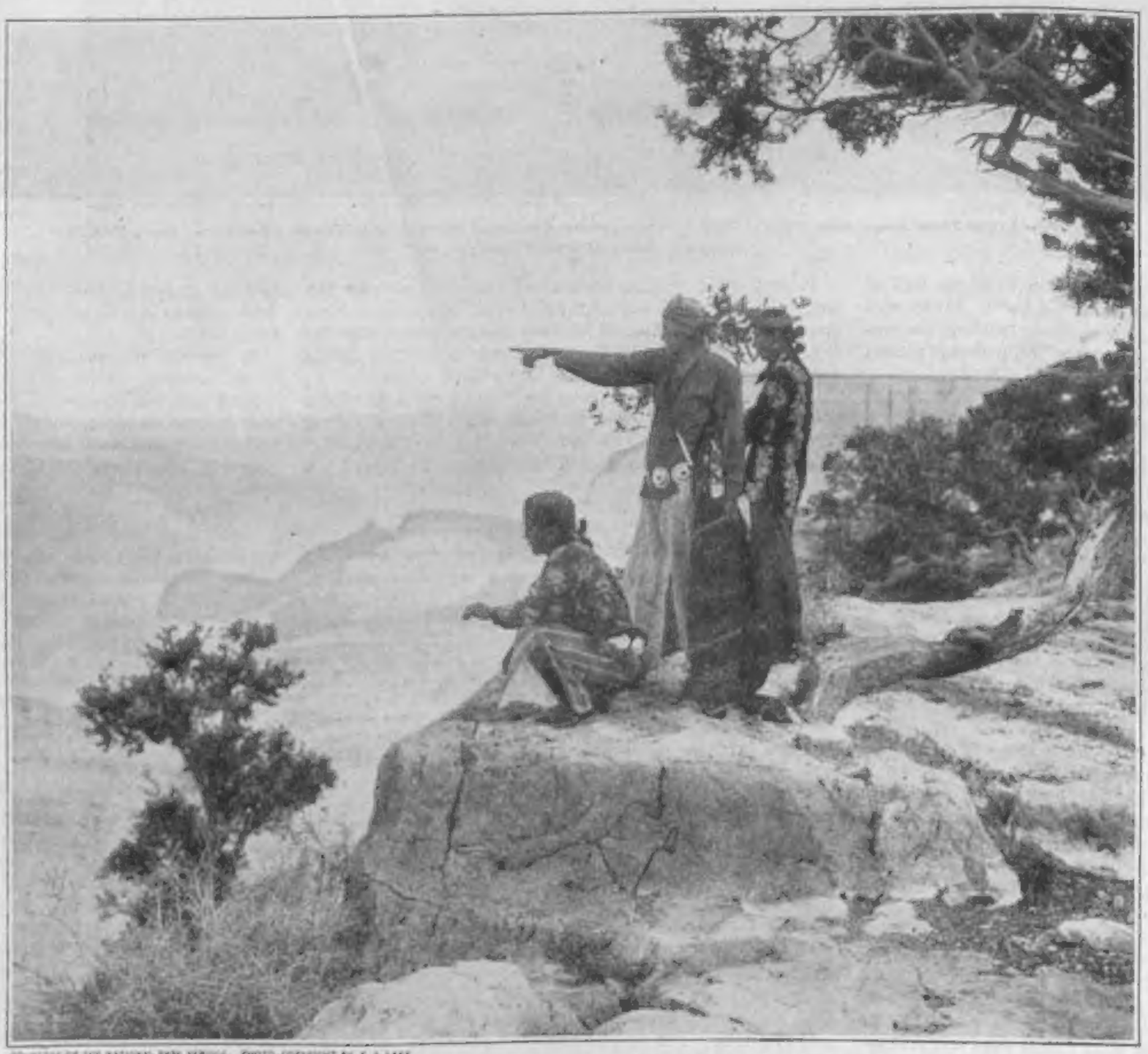
"Thank you," she returned not unkindly, and went into the hotel to spend the remainder of the morning with the picture post cards.

Which, naturally, recalled the movie actor who came to the cañon all dressed up in movie-actor clothes. He had a swell cream-colored velvety hat, with a red-and-yellow band on it. His coat wasped closely in to his waist and spread effulgently out upon his shoulders. The pockets of it were set in sidewise and there were many buttons on the sleeves but only one button on the front, which fitted into a silken loop rather than into a buttonhole. The lapels were sharply pointed, the brightly dyed lining of the top pocket stuck up tastily, giving the careless handkerchief effect there, in addition to the handkerchief that peeped from his cuff; and there was a half belt high on the back of the coat. The waistcoat was cut low, the silk shirt, cravat and shoe uppers were delicately purple, matching perfectly. The shoes were shiny yellow leather, elaborately capped. The cuffs were held together by gorgeous links, and there was a sparkling stone in the scarf. The gloves were correctly yellow, the cane was correctly slender, and the watch chain correctly platinum and gold, as it seemed. A jeweled cigarette case protruded not more than half its ornate length from a waistcoat pocket.

The movie man stood on the rim of the cañon looking out across the glory of it. Another of his party came and stood beside him, looking also for a moment. Then the newcomer said explosively: "Some scenery!"

"Yes," the movie actor replied, complacently settling his coat collar, lovingly patting his empurpled bosom and looking admiringly down his scheme of sartorial self-expression. "The best tailor in Los Angeles made it for me."

But speaking of picture post cards, how they love them at the cañon. Domesticity—real, tourist domesticity—has no more touching or ennobling exemplification than father clamped to a writing desk in El Tovar while mother sits close beside and dictates addresses to him from her memorandum book—addresses of everybody she has been able to think of—relatives, friends, acquaintances and all the notables of the home town.



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY F. A. LAKE

Navajo Indians Near El Tovar, Grand Cañon National Park

Peaks and Pedants

FATHER writes laboriously: "Having a grand time. Wish you was here"; and mother reads address after address from her little book—they all have them—and makes sure that no one is neglected.

For hours one night father sat and addressed the cards, with mother rocking comfortably beside him. Finally father's pile was finished.

"That's all," he said.

"But," mother protested, "I have nine more addresses here, and we must not overlook anybody. Get some more cards."

Father rose wearily and went over to the news stand. Presently he returned.

"Can't get 'em," he said.

"Why not?" asked mother sharply.

"We've reached our limit. They won't sell more than a thousand to any one customer."

"Temple of Zoroaster," said a tourie, identifying the various points in the cañon from his stock of post cards. "Now who is that guy—Zoroaster? Where does he get off to have one of these here temples named after him?"

"Zoroaster," replied Bill Joynt, of the transportation department, who once was engaged in racing horses, "why, Zoroaster ran second in the Derby of 1899." And that, by the way, is just as good a reason for naming this great pile in the cañon as whatever the reason was for affixing the name of the founder of the Mazdayasnian religion to a typically Western and American scenic feature. Temple of Zoroaster—Temple of Isis—Pyramid of Cheops—and so on. The nomenclature of the cañon is absurdly pedantic and un-American, to say nothing of its stupid nonconformity to comparative qualifications. For example, as Prof. John C. Van Dyke points out, the original Pyramid of Cheops is less than five hundred feet high, and the great pyramid in the cañon, named for this work of man, is more than five thousand feet high. Why belittle it thus when there are scores of really descriptive and American names that might be given it? Now that the Grand Cañon is a national park it may be that some American Secretary of the Interior will efface these evidences of pedantry and rechristen the peaks and pyramids with American, with Indian or with Spanish-American names, befitting the history and the legend of the place.

Why Bright Angel?

IT IS well that there were a few designations firmly established by current use before the pedants lathered their classicism, their Egyptology and their historicity over the cañon, else they surely would have miscalled the Bright Angel Trail the Appian Way or something similar.

"Why do they call it Bright Angel Trail?" asks every tourie who comes to the cañon, and though there is a great store of legend as to why and how the trail was named there is no better answer than that of the mule skinner who told the fat lady from Kansas City: "Why, madam, they call it the Bright Angel Trail because it took a mighty bright angel to locate it in the first place."

Now that is the sort of answer Capt. Jim Hance would have made; good, gray, garrulous Captain Jim, who went to his reward early this year, and was given as fine a funeral as anyone in those parts ever had, with all the drives and rides suspended, and all the rigs, drivers, guides, mule skinners and railroad men attending. No more will the touries hear the story of how Captain Jim's young wife, her mule stung on the flank by a wasp, fell over a precipice four thousand feet high to the jagged rocks below and broke both her legs, thus forcing the captain, after he had climbed down to her with incredible hardship and vast danger to himself, to shoot her; nor those other epics of the cañon declaimed of afternoons on the hotel porch—for the old man is dead. His cabin is deserted. His trail is grown with grass, but his fame will endure. A more fluent, more graphic, more interesting and less harmful liar never lived thereabouts; and that is saying much when the claims of some others are considered.

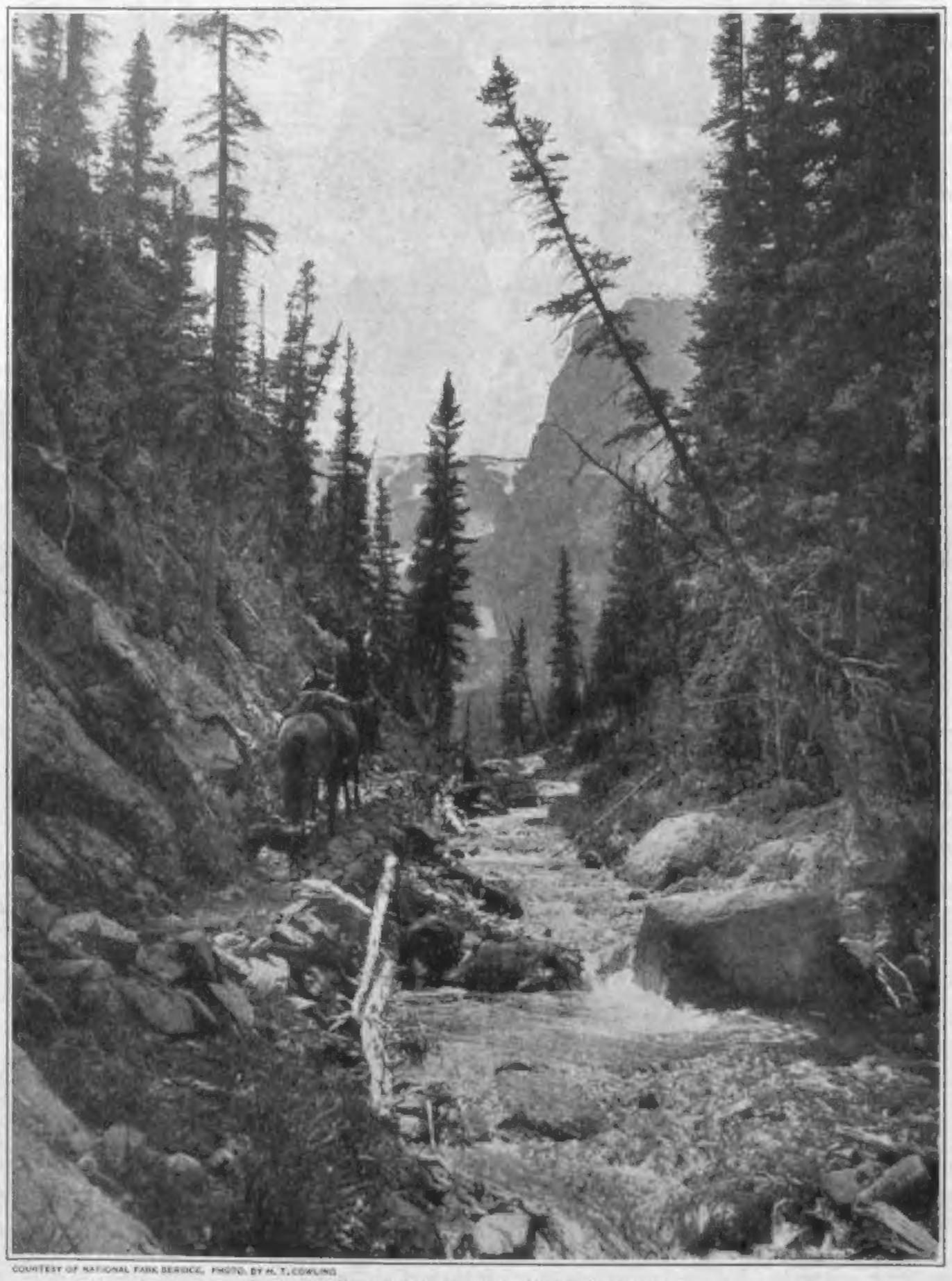
Scientists tell us that it took Nature twenty or twenty-five or fifty million years—two or ten million years are as a snap of the fingers to a scientist—to dig and gouge and erode and sculpture and color this cañon; but if Charles E. Van Loan had lived for another mere twenty years it is probable he would have filled one end of it at least, thus proving the predominance of man over Nature even in her vastest expressions. That big, buoyant, joyous and youthful man, whose untimely death last spring saddened so many Americans, had another mission in life aside from writing the stories that made him so popular with his countrymen. That mission was to roll rocks into the cañon; and he rolled rocks. He was a cañonite, coming frequently and staying long, and his first task upon arrival was carefully to edit the Roll No Rocks signs by eliding the No and making them read imperatively: "Roll Rocks!"

Then he rolled 'em. He would toil like Sisyphus to get a great bowlder to the rim, and then, when all was set, would shove it over and yell like an Indian to hear it crashing and bounding down the slides and gorges thousands of feet below. Poor Van! With a man's fine talent for writing, with the art of story telling his great and finished gift, he had, too, a boy's love for noise and clamor; a boy's heart and the high adventuring spirit of eternal youth within him. The cañon is dull without him. The mules padge decorously down the trails with no clamor of incitement from Van; the guides loaf along unstirred to activity by his jape and josh; the whole place lacks the rollic and noise and joy of him—the comrade of comrades in the great outdoors.

"Oh, the pretty flowers!" gurgled the lady from Philadelphia, and she ran to pluck the purple blossoms of the spiny cactus, thereby impaling her lily-white hands with one hundred and seventy-seven spines per hand; but, as she was jauntily wearing pants at the moment, getting but a negative sympathy, because, as her husband pointed out, it would have been so much worse if she had sat down on the cactus, which she showed signs of doing—the cactus not flourishing outside the botanical garden in her town.

Pants! Really, my dears, they all wear them; all the ladies, that is, as well as all the men and boys, save, mayhap, little Jack, the Hopi Indian, who has learned he is much cuter without them, and can garner more dimes and quarters from the touries because of that cuteness. I doubt if they will get pants on little Jack for some years. That untutored child of the desert has the commercial spirit strongly developed. But the ladies—they wear them for the same reason little Jack does not, the cuteness of them. Now without going into the matter in more than a casual manner it may be said that some ladies in pants are not so darned cute that you could notice it, but let that pass. They'd never believe it anyhow.

Pants that are worn by tourie ladies are of two sorts—personal pants and purveyed pants. Personal pants may be easily distinguished by the set and symmetry of them, the style and sauciness of them, the shape and snugness of them. Every little pair of personal pants has a perkiness about them that is as individual as what they incase—a certain chicness—if pants may be called chic—that gives undeniable distinction when contrasted with the purveyed pants, which are merely pants, utilitarian and not decorative. Of course some of the ladies had gone into pants before the war, but the war with its farmerettes and its motor corpsettes, and so on, seems to have bifurcated the sex, visibly; and especially that great portion of the sex that is now engaged in touring the country.



COURTESY OF NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. PHOTO. BY H. T. COWLING

Trail to Odessa Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park

Everybody's Wearing Them

IT HAS long been a subject of debate among the regulars at the cañon whether the ladies wear pants because they want to ride the mules, or ride the mules because they want to wear pants. In any event it begins to look as if the sex as a whole would usurp this prerogative of man, as the sex has usurped almost every other prerogative, and wear pants exclusively. If the sex does it is to be hoped that the sex will wear personal pants instead of the purveyed sort. Probably that will be the case. No lady can look with equanimity on a pair of purveyed pants, nor can any gentleman; but with personal pants, in certain specific instances—that is another matter.

Just as there are two sorts of pants—the personal and the purveyed—so there are two sorts of pant wearers—the accustomed and the unaccustomed. The accustomed lady dons her pants and appears in the open with them as if she had been wearing them all her life, regarding them as impersonally, so far as her garb goes, as she does her blouse or her gloves. She adopts no subterfuge of long-tailed coat or divided skirt over them, but wears 'em, with leggings and belt, right out in meeting. She is completely at ease, and if they happen to be personal pants, her very own, completely swagger in them. And she knows it. She strolls about, boards her mule, goes to her luncheon or sits on the porch in maidenly or old-maidenly or matronly unconsciousness, and adds to the scenic effect—or detracts therefrom, as the case may be. As the hart pants for the water brooks so the tourie lady pants for the hotel porch.

But the unaccustomed wearer—those you can spot at a glance. They hire theirs, and they make the first break into them with such natural scenery as they have half concealed by a long-tailed coat or a divided skirt. They mince out of their rooms as self-conscious as a boy in his first dress suit, and hastily cover their legs with their skirts whenever they stop or sit down. This lasts but a short time. They note their accustomed sisters strolling about unskirted and uncoated, and presently they discard the coat or the divided skirt, come out of the enveloping cocoons, so to speak, and flaunt their pants where all may see. They stride through the hotel and parade the rim—but, hevings! not many of them will take a second trip

(Continued on Page 119)

THE AVENGER

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I've Got the Hands for a Strangler," Said Ben Quickly and Cheerfully

THE light on Amarynth Key is the most friendly light in the Gulf. It flashes twice—cold merciless stabs into the dark—but then for a longer period it glows red in a warm and friendly companionable wink.

"Them two white spits represents to me the souls of Walker Sayres and Amy Devern," says Monopoly Coates, pushing the creaking tiller with one old barefoot. "The red? Well, the red is him."

Coates too came from Kentucky, years ago. He knows the story—perhaps from Ben Wye himself; though, all things considered, I am inclined to doubt whether Wye would have told him all. Monopoly is too talkative, and draws his nickname from that source. Though he knows the opening act of that play—because it was he who sat in front of Coon's Hotel in Winchester, Kentucky, in 1899, and told the loafers in the tilted chairs exactly what Ben said and did when he had seen, as he supposed, the last of the most beautiful young girl in the Blue Grass country, whose eyes were as deep and still and brown as trout pools—nevertheless, does he know what happened eighteen years later? Not even the police know that. Indeed, I suppose that only Wye himself—who for ten years has been the keeper on Amarynth Shoal—could understand all the consequences of a notion that would never leave a man alone.

Wye had a kindly face; it is natural to him to have a kindly heart. In his deep-set eyes as he sits in the clear tropical evening watching the port and starboard lights of vessels in Catgut Channel bound from or to the north coast of Cuba there is nothing which signals of any rattlesnake coiled in him. Perhaps if Wye's father had not left him a legacy of the disease that runs through the people who live in the mountains up in Breathitt County and Morgan, Pike and Magoffin, Wye never would have got the notion. Certainly he never would have got it from his mother; she gave him his fastidious ways, his sense of order, of peace, of spontaneous affection.

When a childless man of more than forty who is a great reader and fond of the traditions of gentlemen and gentlewomen takes himself out of the world onto a bare two acres of the coral backbone of a reef and calls the ships that come up and go down over the bright blue or pale green tropical horizon "my girls," you can depend upon it that the notion was an inheritance from his father. Old Wye, they say, had the feud spirit in his blood. I have heard men say that swift hate turns into long and endless hate in the mountain countries because of the air and the example and traditions of the race, but there is something more: it is a blood disease like malaria—this stalking men, this spit of lead from ambush, this hunger to kill.

Ben Wye had feared this mania. It was not because he was weak of sinew or head that he was called in early youth "Q. T." Wye. The Q. T. meant "quiet"; and back in Skulpin, his home town, they tell me that Ben grew up as if he knew that the death devil was in him somewhere—only waiting. There is proof enough that he had seen it in his father.

I remember that I had an Airedale terrier once, the gentlest and most affectionate dog that ever stood up on four straight legs; but if another dog gave him offense he would fight until he had killed. And then unnerved and trembling, sick of head, heart and stomach, he would hide away and whine for days. There was something of this strain in Wye's father when he came into the yard of his house with a white drawn face and a revolver still wisping smoke at the muzzle. He was shaking leafwise, shivering, tremulous with the death sickness. He said to little Ben: "Son, raise yo' right hand and swear an oath fer yer pa. Swear as how you'll never hold a gun in yo' hands."

And the boy took oath.

He owes it to his mother that he turned his back on Skulpin and the tangled hates of the Wye, the Curtis and the Magoran families up there in the backdoor of Perry County. He says that it was his mother who filled him with a desire to be a lawyer. He used to look at a steel engraving of Hayne replying to Webster and think of himself as a brilliant advocate. Perhaps if Amy Devern had not been maturing then, ripening in figure, warmth of coloring, capacity to be loved and perhaps to love, Ben might have been a senator by now or the counsel for the railroad. Why not?

I have often sat looking at this keeper of Amarynth light as he was reading, as always, with an endless voracious appetite for learning. He had covered the high walls of the living room in the bottom of the masonry tower with shelves and tiers of books. And as I have looked at his high forehead and his firm mouth I have wondered whether the notion was not the cause of a wreck; I have wondered whether this imperfect specimen of the kind he ought to be might not have been great if the notion had not clung with its little tenacious multitudinous claws to the inner wall of his heart, asleep like a bat, but long of life and living for the moment of a swoop to an unspeakable victory.

When Wye was twenty he had gone to Winchester to study law with Emlen Blatchford, later judge of the Supreme Court. "Old Blatch," as he was called, was the man whom Cleveland had chosen for Attorney-General, only to find that an old scandal had not been buried deeply enough by those passing years which sometimes fill the graves of errors. Wye studied law with a convincing capacity not only to absorb but to spin his learning out when new web was required. Before Blatchford died he once said of Wye, after he had brushed the dust off that particular pamphlet of his memory: "Bless my soul! Yes. I never saw a man with a stronger pair of forearms in all my days. I said to myself, 'A man with sinews like that can't be any good intellectually. Just like the girls who grow great silky crops of hair can't have any strength, so a man who can break horseshoes with his bare hands and twist a piece of galvanized pipe into a joint until the threads break may be as good as a sledge or a Stilson wrench, but he must have sapped his brains!' Wrong? Of course I was wrong! If it hadn't been for a woman —— But there, there! We mustn't say a word against women."

Because they are less scrupulous than the judge it is from certain Winchester women themselves that one can hear about Amy Devern. They paint an engaging portrait of a self-seeking, coldly calculating villainess, masking under the innocence and blinding beauty of her nineteenth year. Personally I cannot believe she was more than a fool; an unfortunate number of truly beautiful women pay that price—so large a number indeed that if Chesterfield was writing his letters to his son in these days he would probably say: "If you choose stenographer or wife see to it that neither commends herself by an appearance which in the one case may forecast bad spelling and in the other the warping of youth's thin veneer of judgment."

She twisted the heart out of Wye and held it lightly in her little white hands. I do not find that she was to blame, others say what they will. The truth is that if she had never made an effort, never raised her long lashes from those trout-pool eyes, never artfully allowed her red-brown hair to come down in a shower over her wet shoulders in their first ride in the rain—the case would have been as bad. I contend that any man would have felt something for her just because she was fashioned by Nature as Nature had fashioned her. And I contend further that Wye was the kind whose imagination never wakes an idea that it ever allows to go to sleep again. It was just a coincidence that might have been beautiful but, as matters went, was the seed of an awful and mysterious drama of the death devil which was hiding somewhere in Ben's head. That's all.

In spite of Ben's forearms, adapted as they were for strangling; in spite of his youth spent in Skulpin, in the big pretentious Wye house which still stands overlooking the shacks of lumber families and distillery workers and the gawky brick general store and the whole somber glowering picture of red sand and jack pines and nobby hills; in spite of the lack of all contact with a gentle world to which Amy Devern belonged by the right of inheritance and by the training of the best girls' school in the Commonwealth, he wore a kind of grace that has never left him. To this day he still wears on all occasions—short of a two-day cyclone when things are too busy on Amarynth Shoal even for sleep—spotless white linen. His hard-surfaced, weather-furrowed face is always shaven close and clean.

Of course after these ten years of the service he looks as a man looks who has gazed wistfully across the calm oily sea and when the breaks have come has laughed into the face of its storm tempers when its rage has come out of the deepest channel in the Gulf and it has flung itself against the southernmost spit of the States. But he carries also the flavor of the type that is somewhat lost and somewhat misnamed—the Southern gentleman. Like a murderer? Not at all!

Amy Devern thought the mountain boy was handsome. He had manner. He was a Wye, and that satisfied Colfax Devern, who was a taciturn man, cataloguing other men by their membership in Kentucky families and their appreciation of the racing stock and the hogs on his place out at Berry Springs. Amy only clinched the nail she had driven when she yielded her softness to Ben's arms and her cushioned full mouth to his thin firm lips; it was enough to start his oneness of idea that she lived and had being. He wanted her for his own; and his studies, his lamp-burnings over books in the night, his willingness to take the share in his father's estate when the will was read and not quite all was left to the fading mother, his savings, his revival of a boyhood training in prayers—life itself indeed was dedicated to Amy for those ten months.

One day when the September sun burned the street outside the Blatchford office and drove the courthouse-day crowd from the steps of the county building, Ben looked up from his desk, where his iron and rawhide forearms were pressed down on either side of the reports, and there was a stranger. A most agreeable youth he was—not from that part of the world, certainly.

"I've come down from Cincinnati," he said, tossing a cigarette out the window. "My father and I have an option on coal land in Harlan county. We're from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania."

"Yes?" said Ben, rising and putting out his hand.

The other man gave Wye a rather listless shake. "My name is Walker Sayres," said he. "I don't know what in Hades I'll do in this place while Mr. Blatchford is looking up titles. What do you do?"

In that question was the seed of a swift friendship. It was not that Ben could answer that he did anything but study and see Amy, whose freshness and natural perfume and limpid eyes were Wye's sky and earth and cool spring; but this young stranger with his poise and boredom, the new atmosphere of a more-leavened world which he had brought into a sleepy and unleavened town, his acquaintance with the public and private affairs of bankers and statesmen who for the moment appeared to Ben to be great—all that made him a man of the world in Ben's eyes, had invited young Wye into fellowship, and Wye walked through that opened portal.

Nowhere could one find a more commonplace story than the progress in the affairs of two men and a girl during those next thirty days. Anyone can guess, almost step by step, its advance. The simple pleasure that Ben took in this new contact when contacts with men whose horizons extended beyond Frankfort and Louisville were rare; the opportunity to talk of Paris, France, rather than of Paris, Kentucky; the inevitable introduction to Amy Devern; the admiration awakened in Walker Sayres; the coquettish moods of the young woman which were bitter revelations to her first lover; the contrast between the conversational resourcefulness of the two men; the difference in their financial background; the doubts and misgivings of Ben, his victory over them won in the name of loyalty to his friend and his maiden; the inability of Sayres to treat with solemnity his relations to Amy and consequently to understand Wye's own point of view; the advantage this gave him as a rival—all these made a sequence which put the soul of Wye upon the rack. He was a single-track man; in his favor let it be recorded that he stood with his face set like flint against any petty suspicions, jealousies or breaches of good faith.

Amy had promised to marry him. She had promised with the tears of emotion in her eyes, and he had believed that emotion had its source in an affection as fundamental as his own. He liked to believe that their final mating had been ordained from the beginning of the ages.

One evening he spoke to them bluntly; it was his way, and perhaps manly enough in its lack of shrewdness. He said: "I had to be at the office last night. I have been told by someone that you, Amy, and you, Sayres, rode together to Three Forks and weren't back till after midnight. Is that true?"

He smiled a little, patiently, as a man who is tired by an unrest which he keeps in check. He added: "I think I ought to know if it is true. Somehow it appears right, under these circumstances"—he stopped and smiled again and went on—"yes, right for me to know. Because ——"

Perhaps a flash of prophetic vision came to Sayres at that moment; he may have seen for a second this dark-haired lean mountaineer illumined by the fires of Fate. No doubt he calculated, too, that Ben had no way to complete any inquiry he might make; above all he knew by knowing Ben that a word would put an end to it.

"I sat in my room reading from nine till midnight," he said. "I telephoned Amy once. I asked her if you were out here at the house."

The girl gazed up at the stars and yawned.

"And you weren't," she said in the pretty simulation of a spoiled child.

They lied—both of them—and blackly.

The next morning Walker Sayres brought down to Blatchford's office papers received from his father; to complete them meant that Wye must take the train for Frankfort and be gone for several days. He retained forever a vivid photographic impression of the farewell. Amy went with Sayres and Ben to the station.

"Good luck, Ben," said Sayres, leaning over the wheel from his seat behind one of old Devern's fast mares. "Don't forget me, old man."

Amy was in high spirits too. Indeed there was something in the memory of their apparent spontaneity, worn as a mask for the fear of him both had felt from the beginning, which now makes it plain that both were too cowardly to declare themselves, when to their minds there was another way out.

Amy said, "Come back soon."

She was a pretty picture in her large drooping hat and her summer dress with its little roses and blue birds in a pattern; heads came out of the open car windows to look at her. She was the embodiment and the symbol, they thought, of youth, health, love, the springtime and the promise of life. Ben thought so. She was his, and he—this above all!—he belonged to her; and his life, his aspirations, his all—were hers. He was a man of one idea at a time.

He stood on the steps of the moving car looking back. She threw him a kiss.

They say that he was gone ten days. I do not know it; it makes no difference. I know the clerk of records at the capital says that Ben worked days and nights to finish his labors, and I know how eager he was to return. He came back on an early train—the one that used to whistle every morning before breakfast. Instead of going home to Mrs. Bainberry's he went into the hotel. He was the same old fastidious Ben—the Ben who would not go without a shave or a bath if Providence and he striving together could provide either.

Not more than ten minutes after he had gone up to one of the rooms old Devern came into the hotel office and asked the clerk if the news was true that Wye was back in town.

"I've been trying to get him in Frankfort by telephone and telegraph most of the night," puffed the old man round the edges of a chewed cigar.

"He's up in 43," said the clerk.

Devern went up.

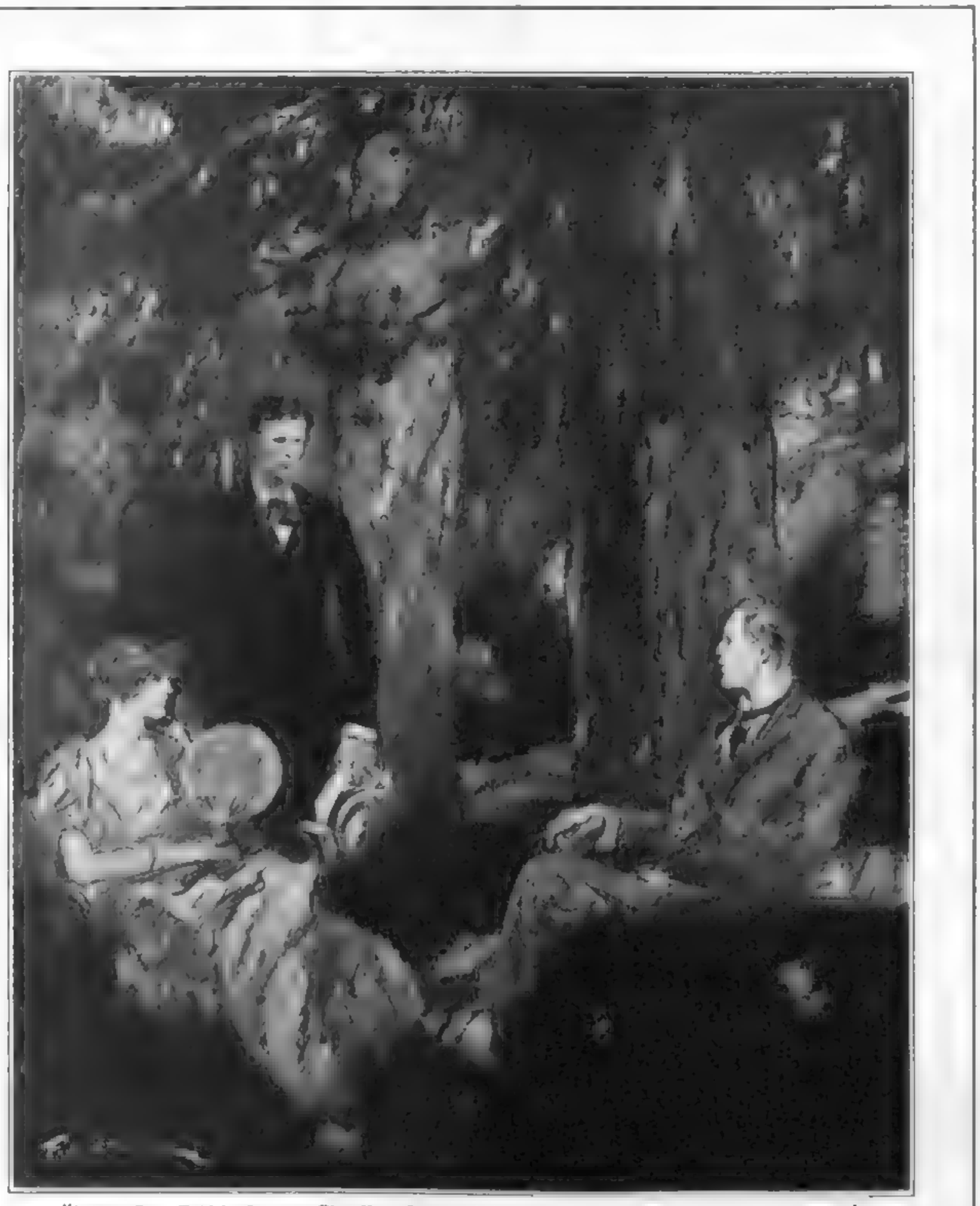
He found Wye standing by a wash-bowl with running water. His traveling bag was open and a metallic soap box, a razor strop, a sponge bag and a bottle of white tooth powder were lying on the bed. Ben stood with one hand on the cold-water faucet and with an opened razor in the other.

"Ben," said old Devern.

Wye turned round; his sleeves were rolled up.

"Ben, she's gone! She went without a word to me. She went yesterday morning.

(Continued on Page 130)



"I Have Been Told by Someone That You, Amy, and You, Sayres, Rode Together to Three Forks and Weren't Back Till After Midnight. Is That True?"

M'sieu Joe Hicks on Bolshevism

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"WHAT did you hit him for?" demanded M'sieu Joe Hicks after he had persuaded the policeman to release me and we had shaken off a curious crowd. "My, Henree, but you're awful tough since you been to war! A regular hard-boiled guy! First thing you know you'll be talkin' back to your wife."

"But he called me a bourgeois!"

"Well, ain't you? There, there," he added hastily, "just loosen your collar and you'll come round. Take it easy. Let's step in here and you can tell me all about it. This place has got a sherry, ol'-timer, with an answer prepaid; I'll say it has! Three of 'em is guaranteed to put the Dempsey on you."

The large dim bar was deserted. We selected a table in a corner, relaxed in deep, soft leather chairs, and gave our order.

"What is it," continued my partner musingly—"what is it makes a man see red when some bird calls him a bourgeois? Hey? You can accuse him of burnin' down an orphan asylum, and all he'll say is he dares you to prove it. But a bourgeois—zowie! I done broke this kenuckle on a hunk of solid bone once myself just on that account. Yet, as nearly as I can figure, Henree, a bourgeois is a feller who works for a livin' and has a few morals."

"The scoundrel was a Bolshevik," I protested.

"What of it?" he retorted. "So am I sometimes. Often when I git up of a mornin' I'm a Bolshevik right, Henree. Yes, sir; I'm agin everything and feel terrible mean. Let's see—the last time I was a Bolshevik was on Wednesday, and I done sent a sassy telegram to Patsy that cost me nineteen dollars to explain away.

"But I notice that whenever the ol' G-I is in good workin' order I'm liable to be safe and sane. A lot depends on a man's stomach. Put a square meal under the average guy's belt, Henree, and he's more apt to grab a train for Coney Island than go snoopin' round with a hand grenade.

"Of course, it's different with these here professional trouble makers. They're hopeless and maybe you did right to wallop that bird. His conversation was pretty loose, sure enough—treason, you might say.

"Did I ever tell you about the Bolshevik at the prison camp where Bill Hepburn fit the war? Yes, sir; Bill had to guard a bunch of Heinies 'way back along the S. O. S. for a whole year. They was workin' at a base camp, and that's as near as Bill ever got to the Front, but to hear him tell it now, he done jumped off first at St.-Mihiel and come dog-goned near to breakin' the Hindenburg Line all by himself. He's gittin' to that by degrees; give Bill time and he'll do it.

"Well, it seems like these Heinies was regular workin' fools, accordin' to Bill, and give no trouble whatsomever until a new batch come in, of men who'd served somewhere along the Rooshian Front. And then things begun to happen.

"First thing they knowed the prisoners was organizin' soviets and the minute they'd knocked off work for the day, why, there'd be half a dozen bunches sovietin', with these new-thought birds from Rooshia teachin' their brothers how to remake the world.

"One evenin' Bill strolls over to listen. He parleys their lingo pretty *bien*, Bill does, and can follow what this bird is sayin'.

"*Alors*, the Heinies stand round the guy on the box, about fifty, or maybe a hundred, and listen mighty patient and careful. That's a way they got, anyhow, Henree. But it 'pears like there was one of them birds present who always take the joy out of life. You know the kind I mean—they always want to run an idea down to its lair, same as a houn' dog after a rabbit.

"'Just a minute,' says this guy, 'just a minute! I want to git this matter straight.'

"'Sure,' says the Bolshevik. 'Shoot.'

"'Do I understand you to say,' he goes on, 'that under this here scheme of yours everything is divided into equal shares among the pore people?'

"'That's what I said, comrade. You done guessed it.'

"'Then, in that case, if you had a hundred marks and I didn't have none, you'd give me fifty?'

"The Bolshevik replied that he sure would.

"'But supposin' I don't work, but laze round and spend that fifty of mine on schnapps or shootin' craps maybe, whereas you save your fifty—will you, then, divide with me agin? Will you give me twenty-five of your fifty marks?'

"Well, sir, that Bolshevik didn't say nothin' for a spell. He sort of peels his eye round to see if he could make a break for it, but all the Heinies was closin' up and waitin' very earnest for an answer.

"So he swallows a coupla times and Bill says the way he begun to sweat was painful to behold. But at last he outs with it.

"'I would,' he pipes up, mighty feeble.

"It was more'n flesh and blood could bear, Henree. Yes, sir; them Heinies just spit on their hands and lit into that Bolshevik and bust him wide open.

"You see, the kill-joy'd simply followed the Bolshevik idea to its logical conclusion, you might say. He'd put his finger on the weak spot toot sweet—rung the bell first shot. I bet he was a low-down bourgeois, at that.

"As Soon as a Gover'ment Takes Over a Public Utility It Just Naturally Goes to Sleep"

"Comin' down to brass tacks, ol'-timer, that's about where Bolshevism gits off. Me and you could divide up this li'l ol' world to-morrow, givin' everybody in it an equal share of the spoils, and inside six months some fellers'd have a dozen shares and others wouldn't have nothin'. And we'd have to do the job all over agin."

At this juncture my friend broke off to take a long pull at his glass, after which he closed his left eye and complacently observed that it was sure the jazziest sherry he ever did see.

"When it comes to Bolsheviks," he resumed, "you got to take your hat off to them Paris taxi drivers. They're the champeen Bolshevikers of the world, and no mistake. Any day they don't want to work they quit and whenever they feel the need of a li'l extra change they just up and boost their rates while you're whizzin' round a corner. No argument or any shillyshallying about it; they just do it.

"I mind once takin' a taxi from the Gare de l'Est to the Étoile. There was a lady with me, too, who'd traveled on the same train. Not the kind of lady you're thinkin' about, Henree. No, sir-ree; Patsy couldn't have called her a 'creature' or 'that hussy.' She was a nice, white-haired ol' lady with about eighty bundles, and I was givin' her a ride because she couldn't horn into a bus with all her stuff.

"Well, anyhow, we were shudderin' along at twelve mile an hour when all of a sudden the taxi stops. Next thing I knowed there was the driver at the door, wavin' his hands as though I had done him an injury, and sprayin' me.

"'What's the matter now? Run out of gas? No more essence, *n'est-ce pas?* Car broke down, *nicht?*'

"'No, it is not that,' says the ol' lady. '*Mon dieu*, he says he will not go any farther.'

"'And why won't he go no further?'

"'This is the place where he eats, and it's supper time.'

"Somehow the idea sort of intrigued me, Henree, so instead of bustin' the ol' dear on the jaw I got out to make sure the ol' lady had heard him right. It was only too true. This was the café where the driver always eat, and happenin' to notice the time as we went by he'd pulled up.

"While I was tryin' to reason with him, here come about a dozen other taxis and all the drivers piled out; perhaps that was where they eat too. *Alors*, they crowded round us and wanted to know what was bein' pulled. And then you'd ought to of heard 'em! What? M'sieu wanted him to go past his favorite café and it was his supper hour? *Oo, là, là*, and holy mackerel, what would these barbarous Americans expect next? Such conduct was outrageous, cruel and onusual!

"If there's one form of human endeavor that's worse'n useless, it's arguin' with a taxi driver, Henree. Me and that bird told each other what we thought of each other, includin' all our kinsfolk, and then I had to go rustle up a seagoin' hack to finish the trip. And you know what them cabs are—the pore ol' horse fainted three times on the way, but we made port at last in spite of him.

"The reason I'm tellin' you this, Henree, is to show how some people'll play the hog when they think they got things their own way. Those Paris taxi drivers are a fair sample. They was drawin' down big money while the poilus was fightin' for five sous a day, and every time they felt like gittin' more nobody stopped 'em. And once you give in to a bonehead you're ruined—he begins to figure right off that he's got you buffaloed and can pull the same stuff agin. Hey, Kellner—come 'ere! What'll you have, Henree? Another snort of this TNT?"

"Why is it That People'll Bust Themselves to Help Critters Ten Thousand Miles Away and Can't Even See the Same Conditions Right Under Their Noses? Hey?"

As the waiter approached it became apparent to me that he was displeased.

"Where d'ye be after gettin' that Kellner stuff?" he inquired. "I'll have ye know ye're in Ameriky now."

"Si, si, señor. I apologize, Alonzo. But ever since I found out *combien* wasn't the name of a battle I just naturally drip foreign languages. Howsomever, I'll be leavin' New York right soon and then maybe I'll git a chance to practice up American agin."

The waiter smiled dourly at this sally and departed with the glasses. M'sieu Joe crossed his legs comfortably.

"As I was sayin', Henree, France is in a bad way sure enough. If there's a hotbed of Bolshevism, it's over there. It wouldn't surprise me a-tall to see a muss there before long. The whole country's rotten with a cheap brand of socialism, and there's so much graft that you cain't blame 'em for bein' sore.

"Well, sir, I used to think the United States could give cards and spades to any country on earth for graft—but say, we're babes in the wood compared to some of them European nations! I'll say we are! They begun where we left off. Sometimes I think it'd be a Christian kindness if we was to send some of our profiteers over there so's they could pick up a real education.

"In France, Henree, it seems like everybody's ambition is to land a soft gover'ment job. More'n thirty per cent of the population is in the employ of the gover'ment some way or other. Honest Injun, it's the truth. If he cain't connect with a job that'll keep him Jacques takes whatever he can nail—maybe two hundred and fifty francs a year about forty dollars in our money, Henree—and then him and the wife work at somethin' else for a livin'.

"Did you ever happen to notice how friend wife works, too, ol'-timer? Believe me, she's the man of the team. Yes, sir-ree; the women're the backbone of that country.

"But life is a terrible hardship for the average young Frenchman of the better class, Henree—terrible! It is so. For onless a rich aunt dies and leaves him some money, or papa and mama can arrange a marriage for the pore feller with a girl who has enough dough, there's nothin' for him but death. It's the obsolete truth. He's either got to bump himself off or be dishonored. . . . Go to work, you say? Why, you pore, ignorant lowbrow! Perish the thought!

"No, sir; work is for slaves, and there ain't no slaves in France. What the masses of the people want over there isn't a chance to swing a pick at five dollars a day, but five dollars a day without swingin' a pick. And we're gittin' that way in this country too, Henree. Down with the work and up with pay, is the slogan.

"My heart sure does go out to the ground-down masses of our proletar-yat, Henree. Take them onfortunate railroad brotherhoods, f'r instance. Who doesn't pity their lot? Here they been tied down to their jobs, strugglin' manfully to keep the home fires burnin' on six or ten dollars a day, while their pals was leadin' the wild, free life over in France. Yes, sir; a lot of 'em had to stay at home, though eatin' their souls out to git a whack at the Hun, while all them lucky doughboys was fightin' in the trenches, with not a thing to worry them but the Heinies and the mud and a few cooties and such.

"All honor to 'em, I say! With two million lucky stiffs livin' at the public expense in sunny France, and drawin' down as much as nine dollars a month after everything'd been taken out, they never faltered.

"They kept faithful to their trust, merely comin' forward to remark that they'd have to git more pay or they'd walk out.

"And now I see they aim to nationalize the railroads; and after that all the big industries, and the banks maybe.

"I'm for it, Henree—for it strong. I'm for it because it'd give nice jobs to thousands and thousands of men who otherwise'd have to work for a livin'."

"But the government railroads in France were wretched," I objected with considerable heat. "They were worse run than any roads we saw, and I could not detect that their employees were any better off, either."

"Of course. As soon as a gover'ment takes over a public utility, Henree, it seems like it just naturally goes to sleep. Do you mind that line from Paris to Brest?

"A railroad under the gover'ment ain't a railroad a-tall; it's nothin' more than a plum tree for the politicians and the unions. You cain't git efficiency where you're scared to fire a guy, and that's the obsolete truth.

"The telephones in France are nationalized, *aussi*. Did you ever try to telephone there, Henree? It's most as quick as if you sent a letter. A real experienced Frenchman never thinks of usin' the telephone onless he's got the day off. And what's the result? Why, only the big stores and places have 'em a-tall. The average French home never thinks of keepin' a telephone—to walk is quicker.

"I mind the time when we first got over and was busier'n the dealer in a big jack pot fixin' up our lines of communication.

"'Why the Sam Hill don't you put in more telephones, m'sieu?' a colonel on our General Staff asked the top sergeant of the system in Paris. 'You could do a heap more business if you'd extend the system and speed up. Why, back in the United States most everybody has a phone—or if they don't they go and bum a neighbor's.'

"Well, sir, the gover'ment official thought awhile and then he shook his head.

"'No,' he says, 'it wouldn't do a-tall. We've found that the more telephones we have the more trouble it gives us.'

"In nine cases out of ten, Henree, gover'ment ownership means dry rot—just that. The only way you can make it work is under an autocracy that's got everybody buffaloed—and after President Wilson goes I don't reckon the American people'll ever stand for another. That's my opinion."

M'sieu Joe paused and stretched himself luxuriously. He gazed up at the painting of Spring recumbent on a bank of flowers, then round at the somber but handsome interior of the bar, and a slow grin of content came over his face.

"Say what you like, Henree—be it ever so dry, there's no place like home. We had to go away and see them other countries to really appreciate our own. Gee, I'm glad to git back. Some fellers in our company tried to tell me they'd tore down the Statue of Liberty and put an M. P. up there, but I never did believe it for one minute.

"No more ocean in mine, ol' dear. No, sir-ree. I'd make a bum President; I sure would. I git so awful seasick."

At this juncture an urchin wandered in with a batch of newspapers, plaintively calling his wares, and my partner bought one.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "What do you know about that! A piece here says we got to buckle right down to it and save Europe and the world.

"Ain't it a caution, Henree, how whole-heartedly Uncle Sam has gone into this rescue business? Looks like there wasn't nothin' he wouldn't do for those pore benighted peoples on the other side."

"I wonder," I remarked reflectively, "what they would do for us if the situation were reversed?"

"There you go agin!" he exclaimed. "Just what I expected! You're provincial, Henree—that's what you are—narrah and provincial! Don't you know it ain't considered the proper caper to talk that way nowadays in polite circles? I'm ashamed of you, Henree! After all my efforts these years and years you go and pull a boner like that!"

"But surely," I protested in no small amazement, "there is no harm in thinking as an American."

"What," he cried, his voice rising to a shriek—"think as an American? Don't let anybody catch you at it, ol'-timer—that's all. That's treason. It's pro-German! It's—it's—dadgum, Henree, I've saw many a good man hung for less'n that."

"But if we don't think of ourselves who will do it for us?"

Suddenly M'sieu Hicks dropped his horrified manner; he leaned forward, speaking with such earnestness that his voice vibrated:

"Now you've said something! Who will do it for us?

"The time's come, ol' friend, when Americans have got to think as Americans or else lose everything they hold dear. For two years now we been thinkin' as Rumanians or Frenchmen or some other of the Alleys, and whenever a crass citizen of these United States dared to let out a cheep about his own country's interests a hundred brass-lunged patriots ris up to howl him down as a traitor to the gr-r-reat cause.

"You've seen it. So has everybody. Onless an American thunk the way his Alleys wanted him to think people begun to look him over mighty careful and he was promptly investigated by the gumshoe brigade of the Intelligence Service. But meanwhile the French went right along thinkin' as Frenchmen, and the British as Britishers.

(Continued on Page 165)

"'Pears Like They Think Uncle Jum's a Christmas Tree"

MISS WHITELY'S SITUATION

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Oh, Yes," He Said as If It Were a Trifle He Had Meant to Mention Himself. "They Sent Me From the Office to Look You Up. Your Family Want You to Go Home"

DOROTHY stretched her long young arms above her head and yawned and as she did so she kicked the breakfast tray, which she had pushed down to the foot of the bed, and made it tinkle like a bell. The maid came in to ask if mademoiselle was getting up. No, mademoiselle wasn't.

What is the use of getting up when you are equally bored whatever you do? Dorothy was bored beyond the power of words to tell; not in a temporary spasm, not as her father was bored during the sermon when he took out his glasses and began to explore unfamiliar regions of the prayer-book like the Baptism of Those of Riper Years; not bored as her mother was when she was taken through other people's gardens and made to say: "How wonderfully successful you have been," and "Is that really a perennial?" She was not bored as her brother Will was when he was stuck at dances with girls he had never meant to speak to at all; nor yet as her sixteen-year-old sister Frances was when some boy to whom she had taken a secret but turbulent fancy went off to school or college. Such boredoms as these promise relief when circumstances change. Dorothy's boredom came from within—a terrible unchanging inability to take the slightest interest in anything; more like that of Mr. Pepys' maid, who had not liked herself or anything she had done for a long time.

There was nothing creditable in her state of mind. She was not suffering from thwarted ambitions for a higher life, for artistic self-expression or for wider fields of usefulness. She knew several girls of her own age who had gone through something of what she was enduring and who had managed to make the dull metal of their dreary mood into valuable coin. One had taken to writing verse, another to civic reform, a third to marriage. But Dorothy was entirely without talents, cared nothing for the public good, and in the weariness of her present mood could inspire love as little as she could feel it.

This was one of the aspects of the case that her mother, who perhaps remembered her own youth rather too flutteringly, could least understand. That a pretty—some people even said beautiful—blond girl of twenty-one should encourage no attention or at least should receive none from the opposite sex seemed to her incomprehensible.

"Why, when I was her age my mother's house was full of young men," Mrs. Whitely used to say; and so she kept urging Dorothy to put on her pretty dresses and go out and enjoy herself. For in Mrs. Whitely's opinion that was the function of a daughter—to enjoy herself, to justify the length of her father's business day and the labored perfection of her mother's housekeeping by using them to the utmost for her own innocent pleasures. She wanted the girl to be gay, happy and a little bit flirtatious. She would not have minded hearing herself confiding to other mothers that she was afraid Dorothy was a little thoughtless—the way she allowed these nice boys to fall in love with her. Mrs. Whitely did not see that a spirit sinking in the depths of an absolutely unjustified depression could not enjoy or cause others to enjoy.

The darkness had been closing in about the girl for three years—ever since she left school. She had had one short interval of contentment when she had worked in a canteen—not meeting and feeding soldiers. She had never been promoted to that, but was allowed to wash dishes and scrub floors. She had enjoyed the routine, the knowing when she got up in the morning that she must be there at a certain hour and fulfill her long task. She had even liked the task itself—the liquid scrunch of the mop in the pail and the bright trail on the wooden floor.

A ray of sunshine crept over the roof of the house behind the Whitelys' and fell on the blue taffeta curtains of Dorothy's window. The room had been recently done over by Mrs. Whitely's favorite interior decorator in the hope of giving Dorothy pleasure. But she had accepted it almost in silence. Her indifference surprised her mother.

"At her age," she said to her husband, "I should have been wild with delight over a pretty room like that."

She forgot that not one object in it was the result of Dorothy's own choice.

When the sun climbed over the roofs it was a sign that it was nearly noon, but Dorothy did not move except to thrust her arms deeper under her roughened yellow head and sigh.

Her mother came in presently in hat and furs and neat bright boots, just back from a round of useful errands. She gave a keen housekeeper's glance at the rumpled silk coverlet and the disordered tray. She was an excellent housekeeper—that is to say, she cared more for her family's physical welfare as interpreted by herself than for their wishes as expressed by them. She rang sharply and ordered the tray taken away.

"You will be more comfortable without that tray," she said.

Dorothy did not answer. She knew it was her mother's comfort—not her own—that was increased by getting rid of the tray.

Mrs. Whitely sat down on a stiff little chair over the back of which the maid had hung Dorothy's long black silk stockings, neatly turned so that she could slip them on easily. Mrs. Whitely was not a woman ever to sit on the edge of a bed.

"Did you enjoy your party last night?" she asked politely.

Dorothy shook her head with her eyes fixed slantingly on the floor. She wished her family would not always ask her that. She never enjoyed her parties and they knew it.

Mrs. Whitely tried again; she was a very conscientious woman.

"I hope you are dining at home to-night. Your father has asked Mr. Brewer."

This Dorothy answered.

"That dreadful young man!" she said.

Now this was distinctly a blow to Mrs. Whitely, though not an unexpected one. Jim Brewer was the nearest approach to a lover on the horizon and he was most acceptable to Dorothy's parents. He had intimated to Mr. Whitely that he should regard an alliance with the family as an honor. But he had said nothing of the sort to Dorothy herself.

"Your father considers him the most brilliant of the younger lawyers," observed Mrs. Whitely. She thought of going on and saying: "A young man who could assure his wife a brilliant future," but decided that Dorothy might guess the family's intentions if she did. As a matter of fact Dorothy had done so long ago.

"I wonder how he shows his cleverness to father," she observed. "He never says anything to me but 'Have you had a gay winter, Miss Whitely?'"

Mrs. Whitely dropped the subject and said: "He has asked to bring his younger brother with him this evening. He is just going into the firm. Perhaps you will like him better."

"You think a callow Brewer will be preferable?"

At this Mrs. Whitely left the room—the only way of avoiding an argument. The arguments between Dorothy and her parents always ran true to type. They began by some word or deed of Dorothy's, so careless or idle or even insolent that it could not be passed over, and her parents would comment on it; and their comment would involve the assumption that Dorothy owed something to her family and her home. But no, this Dorothy could not agree to. She had no responsibility because she had no necessary place—she was not needed. The answer was obvious: Whose fault was it that she was not needed? She never tried to make herself useful. To this Dorothy would reply with some justice that she was not allowed to be useful—her mother was far too competent a housekeeper herself to brook assistance. Mrs. Whitely would say, avoiding the direct issue, that there were many ways of being useful—to be good-tempered and agreeable was one of them. It was hard, Dorothy would reply, to be agreeable under conditions you had not chosen and did not always like. What? She did not like her own home?

"Well, there you are, mother! You always make me say such dreadful things."

"My dear, if you had a home of your own ——"

"Oh, you reproach me with not marrying, is that it, mother?"

Of course it was not that. Mrs. Whitely was a most conscientious mother and desired nothing but her children's happiness, but she could not help thinking sometimes that if Dorothy had servants of her own she might be a little more considerate of other people's. There was no denying marriage would have been a solution, and Jim Brewer was a rising man.

In the meantime there was another solution, growing more and more common under modern conditions, even to young ladies of leisure—a job. The Whitelys were conservative people and under ordinary circumstances would have been opposed to their daughter's working for her own or other people's benefit—particularly the former—but the war had somewhat taken the curse off feminine activity, even in their opinion, and, besides, Dorothy's case was obviously acute; so that they ended by giving their consent to her looking for a job.

But jobs for beautiful untrained young ladies who lie in bed until noon, who abandon any project that develops difficulties and who show a tendency to become haughty

under criticism, were not to be found. The process of job hunting had been going on for some time without the smallest promise of success.

After her mother left the room Dorothy lay still, seeing in one of those prophetic flashes that come to the absolutely empty minded just how the evening was going to go. Her father would talk about the labor situation in his factory.

"No man is more open than I am to the just demands of labor, but ——"

And her mother would sit looking out as if the head of the table were a sort of watchtower, not quite so deeply interested in the conversation as she was appearing to be, and Frances would fix her large dark eyes on Brewer, seeking relief from the tedium by trying to suggest to him that she had fallen in love with him—Frances was quite a naughty person and could make her hand tremble when she shook hands with people. And Will would attempt again and again to bring the conversation round to the subject of the car he wanted his father to buy, in the hope that Brewer, who had so much influence with Mr. Whitely, would say a good word for it; and the servants would flit about the table like birds on silent wings and she—Dorothy would droop and almost dissolve with utter weariness until they rose from table.

Then in the drawing-room it would be even worse. For there the men would settle down into the solid comfort of their cigars and Will would mumble something about business and hurry away to the movies and Frances would pretend she had work to do for school and would go upstairs and take off her things and read a novel, having first kissed her mother a lingering good night with her eyes fixed meaningly on Brewer. But Dorothy, poor Dorothy, would be expected to remain and make herself agreeable.

The evening began very much as she had imagined. Mr. Brewer, a man just over thirty, with hair beginning to grow back from his temples and that long upper lip which steel engravings of the lord chancellors of England lead one to suppose are characteristic of a good legal mind, arrived punctually and observed with equal punctuality that he supposed Miss Whitely had been having a gay winter.

Dorothy allowed a short space to elapse, while her eyes dropped from his head to his feet and there lingered an instant seeming to say: "Can those objects be boots? Yes, no—yes, that is where boots ought to come." And then said very distinctly: "Just about as gay as the last time you said that, Mr. Brewer."

And then she looked up and felt a little ashamed, because she became aware of the younger Brewer, who was looking at her with very bright gray eyes and evidently thinking something very hard, but what it was she did not know for years. It was this: "You make a great mistake to insult my brother Jim, for though he seems slow he is as revengeful as an elephant."

Phil Brewer was a good-looking young man with a dark smooth skin and vigorous thick hair and he could hardly keep his intense interest in everything within polite drawing-room limits. So alive was he that he almost roused a spark of life in Dorothy, but just as she was surprised to discover in herself a wish that she had put on a more becoming dress she saw that Frances had really fallen in love—for the evening at least—and that was enough to kill her own interest. She turned away. It was natural—they were both young and able to feel things.

As soon as they were back in the drawing-room Frances managed to decoy the younger Brewer away to look at a book of views of a place he had or hadn't been to—his vagueness was the occasion of smothered merriment—while Dorothy, sinking into a deep chair, took up her knitting, a pale-pink sweater upon which she had been engaged so long that it was turning gray with wear, though only half the back was done. She was thinking: "Yes, they expect me to entertain these men because they say it is my house, but if it were really my house I should never have asked them to dinner, because they bore me."

Brewer was not having a chance to bore anyone at the moment, for Mr. Whitely was doing all the talking. Just as Dorothy had prophesied, he was on his favorite topic—the labor unions; the pampered, the highly favored situation of that privileged class—workingmen. Dorothy had heard it all so many times.

"Talk about an aristocracy!" he said. "Why, the workingman is a king—a king, I tell you!"

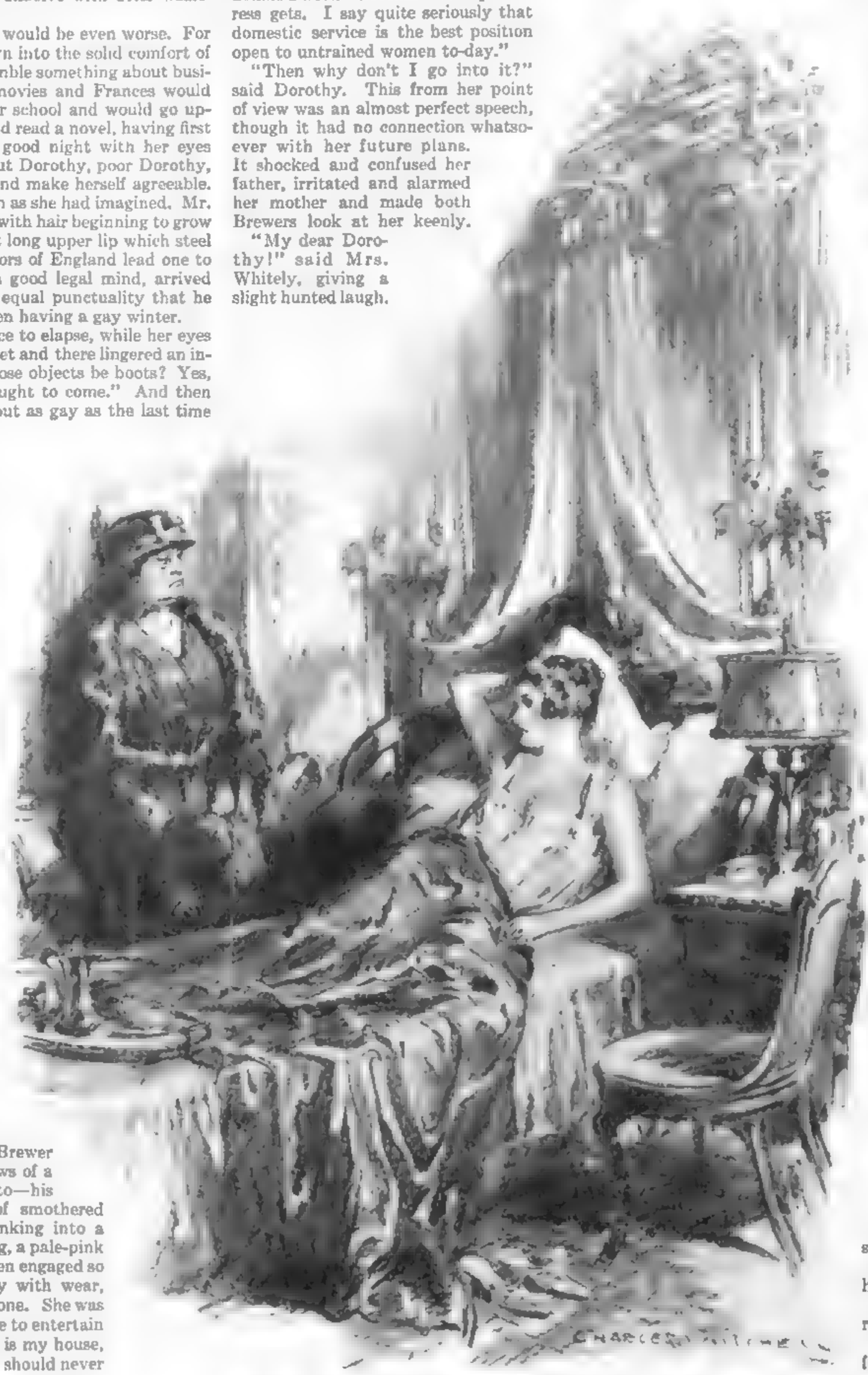
"In that case," said Mrs. Whitely gently—for it was her experience that her husband's digestion suffered if she allowed him to excite himself immediately after eating—"in that case, I'm sure the domestic servant is queen. Think of it, Mr. Brewer, I pay my waitress twice as high wages as I did twenty years ago and I also pay the higher cost of her living. I estimate that with the sort of food and lodging and clothes that I provide I pay the equivalent of one hundred dollars a month to my waitress. Yet Dorothy, who has been looking for a position lately ——"

"Miss Whitely is looking for a position?" exclaimed Phil Brewer, cutting Frances short in the midst of a sentence.

"Yes, and the only thing she has heard of is a place directing envelopes for a charitable institution at twelve dollars a week—not half what my waitress gets. I say quite seriously that domestic service is the best position open to untrained women to-day."

"Then why don't I go into it?" said Dorothy. This from her point of view was an almost perfect speech, though it had no connection whatsoever with her future plans. It shocked and confused her father, irritated and alarmed her mother and made both Brewers look at her keenly.

"My dear Dorothy!" said Mrs. Whitely, giving a slight hunted laugh.



Her Mother Gave a Keen Housekeeper's Glance at the Rumpled Silk Coverlet and the Disordered Tray

Dorothy raised her shoulders.

"Well," she began with disingenuous fluency, "if it's the best job open to untrained women—and I'm certainly untrained—why don't I do it? Why don't I become a waitress? Oh, not yours, mother! I could never satisfy you. But someone else, someone who wasn't always waiting for me to be stupid."

"My dear, I'm not always expecting you to be stupid," put in her mother gently.

Dorothy raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, mother! You don't always expect me to be lazy and careless and unpunctual and forget things?"

Her tone was so patient that she almost succeeded in making her mother feel guilty until Mr. Whitely with sterner common sense rushed to the rescue.

"And if your mother does expect it, who, may I ask, made it an everyday occurrence?" he demanded. And turning to Brewer, he added, "I don't think I've seen my daughter at the breakfast table since ——"

"I could get up," said Dorothy haughtily, "if I were needed, if I had any work to do in the world."

"And how do you suppose you're going to get any work to do if you never get out of bed until noon?" shouted her father—at least he spoke in a provocatively loud tone.

They all intended not to fight it out before their guests, and yet the temptation to make the well-known replies was too strong for each one of them in succession. It was extremely irritating to Dorothy to notice, too, that by something that she regarded as perversity of fate her parents' case against her sounded more sensible than her own eternally just case against them.

"I don't disapprove of your working. But what do you want to do? If you knew stenography and typewriting I'd give you a place in my office."

"It's not my fault that I've been taught nothing useful."

"My dear child, you could have studied anything you wanted to. The trouble was that you didn't want to study what ——"

"My dear father, I have made no claims to intellect. I know I haven't got it. No, I think mother's suggestion is the best. I do think I could be a waitress. Why don't I become one?"

"Well," said Jim Brewer, speaking for the first time, "why don't you?"

"Mr. Brewer!" cried his hostess. "Are you encouraging her?"

"No," he answered, "I'm asking for information." And he added more insistently: "Why is it that you don't?"

At this point Dorothy, not recognizing Brewer as a dangerous enemy, made a mistake. She should have turned the whole thing into a joke—against Brewer if possible—and should have dropped the question and gone back in a proud misunderstood silence to her knitting. Instead she answered him directly, saying something which was indeed true but was not the whole truth.

"My family would not allow me to," she said with a bitter smile, as if he could now understand how all her aspirations were interfered with.

Brewer drew his chair a little nearer hers.

"Now, let's get this clear," he said. "You mean that if they would allow you to go out as a waitress you would do it?"

We think ourselves free agents, but there is only one reply possible to questions like this. Dorothy bent her head majestically.

"That's just what I mean!" she replied.

"Dorothy is not serious, Mr. Brewer," said Mrs. Whitely maternally.

Brewer looked at her, and raising his heavy brows laughed.

"Oh, I see!" he said. "I thought she really meant what she said"

"I am never thought serious by my family, Mr. Brewer," said Dorothy.

"You did mean it?"

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To Our Imperial Voteresses

By HERBERT QUICK

Oberon: And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream

THAT might have been a perfectly practicable thing for an imperial votaress in ancient Athens or in Shakspere's time. But not now, ladies; not maiden meditation; not fancy-free. Even now it might be all right for a votaress, but not for a voteress; not with the institutions of a world in solution, with hell afloat and no pitch hot. The clock of destiny is tolling for you now every little while, in loud tones. It struck thirteen—and you know what that means—the other day, when Montana ratified the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, Georgia only six days before having refused to strike the thirteenth stroke

So far Georgia is the only state shown to have the courage of her conservatism. Even Pennsylvania and New York have voted for the Federal amendment giving the suffrage to women, and when that happened the event was over save for the mere matter of the lapse of time; and the crape went on the doorknob of the headquarters of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage; or ought to have done so. The election is over; and all that remains is to count the votes.

You are elected to wear the *toga virilis*, or, speaking in Americanese, and as man to man, and voter to voter, the—the pants. Long ago when Bob Burdette was the moral humorist in ordinary to the people, he foresaw this, and in a telling apostrophe said:

"You have won them nobly. Here they are. Take them! Put them on. Oh, good gracious St. Centipede, not that way! You can't put them on over your head!"

But why not? Why not over your head? Why not wear the habiliments of the citizen in a feminine way; and don them as another weapon for the woman's arsenal? I disagree with Bob Burdette. I want you to put them on over your head if that is the way you prefer. Anyhow, I don't want you to be the kind of citizen the man has always been. I want your voting to be as much better than man's as your clothes have always been. I don't want you to buy them out of stock; but prefer that you make them yourselves or have them made to fit you and the occasion. If you ever get into the habit of going to the voting booth and saying, "Give me a Republican ballot—or Democratic, or Socialist—coat thirty-eight, trousers so big round and so long"—I shall be unutterably ashamed of you—and I have been for this thing ever since I can remember; because the female head of our family was the only member of it that really had any political sense

Put them on over your head, please, if it suits you better that way and vote differently from the men. And don't think for a moment that there is going to be any maiden-meditation-fancy-free business for the voteresses of the United States or of any of the nations—God help them!—that have recently enfranchised the women, in the hope, well founded I trust, that where the men have made irretrievable ruin, seemingly, of all our worldly affairs the women, with their true conservatism looking always to the welfare of the race, may be able to bring in the will to upbuild and sustain and, to use a Scriptural term, stablish things on the everlasting rock of righteousness and justice.

I Want Your Voting to Be as Much Better Than Man's as Your Clothes Have Always Been

The Political Conundrum of the Day

YOU are not all mothers in fact, but every true woman is a mother in instinct. I have known many old maids who were the best mothers in the world. We who have ruined things have the right to ask that the world be now mothered a little instead of fathered exclusively; not with the sort of meddling, irritating, henpecking mothering which men have applied to satisfy what they thought might be the desires of the male and female Miss Nancies of the nation; but broad-spirited mothering, such as is given to great children by great mothers. We have the right to hope that the national spirit of motherhood shall be greater and broader and juster than the same spirit in any one woman—that the stream shall rise higher than its source. A miracle, you say; but if the world ever needed miracles it needs them now!

You constitute the greatest new asset—or liability—the nation ever had. Think of it! One half the voting population charged with the duty of coming to a decision as to the character, the abilities and the conduct of our public men; as to the way our governments, national, state and local, have been run; as to the sort of governmental machinery we have set up to be operated supposedly for the public welfare. What a wonderful advantage you possess over that crop of new voters who come in every year. They have always been boys of twenty-one, immature in judgment and under the influence of their seniors, who have been invariably just the common run-of-mine voters who had been carefully fitted to the conventional grooves by their seniors in times past. Good material for keeping things going they have been, but spoiled for any sort of initiative in government before they come to possess any sense.

Look at the men who are trying to bring about better things in government, and you will find that they began voting without much thought, and that it has been only after they have voted unintelligently for a few years that they have by some bitter sort of wrench thrown off the shackles of their political sloth and wakened to the necessity of making things better. But you are coming of age, millions of you, after reaching your years of maturity. You should be morally and intellectually uncorrupted—for it has not been worth while for the political forces of the nation to corrupt you—and let me tell you in the strictest confidence that you are constantly in the minds of the officeholders and the party workers.

"Man," said a philosophical humorist, "was the conundrum of the nineteenth century: woman that of the twentieth. We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up!"

You are the political conundrum of the day. Let me whisper a word of advice to you: Pursue feminine methods as was suggested in the beginning of this appeal. Keep them guessing, keep them guessing! Do not wed any political party. Be girls while you're young. Ask every suitor for evidences that he loves you for something besides your beautiful eyes. Make them show what sort of political citizens they are. It is a fateful time for you, for the nation, for womanhood, for childhood. If the politics of the day comprises blind forces led by dogs of partisanship and passing over every dangerous crossing by the slow and perilous method of stick-tapping on the pavement, look to it that you do not don the bandage with the rest.

Now just what do I mean in concrete terms? I mean that you ought to make yourselves into an organized body for the study of statecraft. You are a powerful force, and you may upset the boat or become a motor for helping her to make a successful voyage. You can't become competent voters by accident—we've tried that with the men long enough to see that it doesn't work very well. That is a sweeping statement, isn't it? And if you are to look about you you have the right to call upon me for proof. I can only suggest the sources of proof, leaving it to you to find it. You ought to study your city or other local government, your state government, and the national Government—for you are to affect them for better or for worse by your votes.

The obvious and natural place to begin would be nearest home; but that would be to neglect the center of our political life—Washington. I guess you will have to organize all along the line, and look into every phase of government; but you cannot delay an examination of the national Government, if for no other reason than this: That our world's future is there being determined upon, and that the tendency of the day is—unfortunately, I think—to look to Washington for almost everything.

You'll find plenty to do when you come to find out what the matter is in Washington; but first you will naturally look closely and long at Congress—both branches of it. At first you will be favorably impressed. You will find senators and congressmen rather impressive individuals as a rule. That is the principal reason why they are in Washington. They have been impressive and they have impressed the voters. You will meet a congressman, for instance, and be really struck by his forceful way of putting things, his apparent strength, his breadth of view; but when you examine his record, not only as to voting but as to committee work and as to evidences of real influence on affairs, you will find that he usually doesn't amount to anything at all. He ought to but he doesn't; and if he told you the truth he would admit it. He has no hold upon anything; he sees no way in which he can do anything; he does not see that anything is to be done. So he goes about putting up a fine show when he can get anyone to attend it, he introduces bills that he knows will never pass, and mails copies to his constituents; he prepares speeches for the Congressional Record, which he never delivers except in manuscript to the Government Printing Office; he hunts for jobs for constituents which they would be better off without; he waits for better committee assignments; he sends out garden seeds of the same sort that his constituents can buy for five or ten cents a package at the corner grocery; and when bills are being voted upon he votes "Aye" or "No" on most of them as instructed by a man at the door as he comes in from the lobby or cloakroom.

Big at Home But Bluff in Washington

HE IS at home a man of strength and power; but here he simply puts up a bluff. Sometimes he knows why he can get hold of the handle of no tool with which to work, and sometimes he doesn't; but he can't. He is filled, if he is honest, in nine cases out of ten, with a sense of wrongness, of baffled hopes, of futility. He knows he isn't functioning. Therefore the happiest men in Congress are those who are satisfied with playing a part and who out of being big men at home get a cheap reward for being useless in Washington.

And after you have studied this baleful phenomenon you will make up your minds, I believe, that the fault is in the system, and that though our system does not militate in the direction of getting and keeping extraordinarily able men in House or Senate these men could do good work unless something kept them from it. It is your business to find out what that something is, and to swat it when you find it.

The Senate, you will find, is mainly a debating society. It has no rule for shutting off debate except one, which does not work and which was adopted recently because the Senate became ashamed of itself. It passed a cloture rule, which it saw to it does not operate, so as to give itself something to offer as an excuse. The Senate is not a body that suggests poetry, but it reminds me of Markham's Vision of Semiramis:

And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead,
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

The final line so strikingly describes the Senate of the United States—lips beating on, with or without sound.

You know the definition of sound? It is a vibration which strikes upon an ear which perceives it. And many of the Senate speeches are never heard by anyone, since empty benches have no ears: and in nine cases out of ten these utterances make no real perceived sound—certainly no sound which, nine sessions out of ten, is of the slightest significance, except for partisan purposes.

Of course every woman who has seen any light in the flood of darkness that emanates from Washington has been impressed by the fact that during all these fateful days that have passed since the armistice was signed both branches of Congress have been doing nothing for the reconstruction of the world, nothing for the returning soldiers and sailors, nothing to find out why it is that every advance in wages is in many quarters more than wiped out by the increased and increasing cost of living, except what it has literally been forced to do by recurring crises that have been foreseen by every thinker but have apparently burst upon Congress like storms out of a clear sky. And when it has acted, not only since the armistice was signed but all through these past fateful five years, it has usually done so in a spasm of panic, without thorough consideration, and generally only when compelled to act by the report of some government officer or commission—often a report unwelcome to Congress—or by action of the President or some department. It has acted in ignorance usually; or upon a hasty survey of the situation, a good deal like that of a girl who has crammed for an examination.

What has it been doing for Congress is the busiest little cup of tea in the world? Among other things it has been setting the stage for the elections of next year. Instead of anticipating conditions and working out measures to save this nation out of the greatest dangers that perhaps have ever threatened it, Congress has been putting in a lot of time trying to get something on somebody, as detectives say, through investigations as to the conduct of a most gloriously victorious war; and on the other side it has been arguing about this crisis.

In the Gray Fog of Congressional Inertia

AND the object has been to get ready for the campaign of 1920. A perfectly proper object, if carried out in an ethical manner; but those senators who have seen in the cruelest crisis of the world's life, the crisis of the League of Nations, nothing save a matter of getting themselves sent back to the scene of their inefficiency, the Senate, should receive the careful scrutiny and calm classification of the women whenever the women have an opportunity to put the future welfare of their sons and brothers and lovers in the balance as against such senators' political maneuverings.

But why is it that some senators and members of the House are so liable to devote themselves to political discussions, political posings, political speeches franked out through the mails, and political jobs in government service? Is it because theirs are such little souls that they cannot see how base such behavior is? Many of them are just such little souls, and probably always will be; but on the other hand a large number of them, senators and representatives, are really able men and genuinely good men.

The trouble is that a blight strikes their souls and their minds when they get to Washington. I remember so many of them, filled in the past with fine fervor and desire for service, palpitant with good intentions, who long ago went to what they thought to be the battle ground for right in Washington, like the bridegroom to the wedding; and now, after many years, I see these same men who were such fine fellows out on the prairies or on the hustings in their cities, growing gray in the service—gray inside and out, gray-minded, gray-hearted, gray of purpose, gray of hope. It is a tragedy which you women can understand but which the men voters seldom can. It is because of the Washington fog and mist of the spirit that settles down on the Capitol, like that of the great battle in the west when,

A death-white mist slept over land and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him that breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed and many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights. . . .
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Yes, some of them have visions out of golden youth—and amidst these visions if you ask nine out of ten members of the House or Senate whether or not they are doing anything worth while they will tell you, if they are honest, that they aren't, and that they see no way of doing any such thing. Now, because in that atmosphere of frustration and futility, in that death-white mist that sleeps over the Congressional land and sea, there is but one thing in sight that they know how to do, they turn finally to that one thing—politics; and because the larger politics is closed to them by their own system of not doing things, they resort to the little peewee politics of garden seeds, and franked soundless speeches, and putting people on the pay roll, and waiting for better committee positions so that they may next session be enabled to put more people on the pay roll, send out garden seeds to more people, and even come to making a speech with sound in it. They are blighted by the system; and for that system they are responsible.

I am trying to depict this so that no matter how you put on the habiliments of the voter you may be inspired to wear them in a strictly feminine way, and come into public life determined to do some national and state and municipal housekeeping. It is strictly a matter of running this house which we call the United States of America. The men have never had the sense to put a good system into effect. Things are every which way and at odds and ends, and the place looks, once you take a glance at it, like a hurrah's nest, and needs to be redd up, and a change made in the manner in which it is run. Then we may be able to tell what those poor boys in the House and the Senate are made of. We can't tell now. The poor, puzzled chaps, with a proper system of working, could show us voters whether any of them are any good, and what to do about sending them back.

National housekeeping! That is what we need; and if you, the imperial voteresses to whom this is addressed, do not help to give it to us it looks as if we might go on indefinitely wasting money through pure ignorance, thriftlessness and dolessness, while Congress sits besottedly by its dirty political hearth sucking at its smelly pipe of patronage and swigging at its mug of paltry popularity—wasting money to an extent that would bankrupt any other nation, and will bankrupt us if we do not stop it; and at the same time rendering it impossible for anyone in any branch of the Government to serve the people as well as most of them would like to do. Let us look at the thing a little more closely as a job of national housekeeping, if you happen to be a housewife; or of church organization; or club organization; or of the management of the store or factory in which you may happen to be employed. There are millions of you who have had the personal experience through which you can easily understand what is the matter with Congress.

If you are charged with the management of a household the first thing you do, or ought to do, at the beginning of the year is to find out two things: How much money you are going to spend for the support of the family; and how much your income is to be. Some things are fixed. Rent, life insurance, church and club dues, tuition for the children—these you know about beforehand, and you set them down, and add to them all the other items of outgo for the year, looking over the expenses for last year and the year before for information as to what they will be. When this is all done you calculate the income for the coming year. If it is uncertain in amount you make the best estimate of it possible. Certain or uncertain, you set the amount of the income on one side of the balance sheet and the outgo on the other, and see where you are likely to be at the end of the year. If the outgo exceeds the income you retrench—for otherwise you know you will be running into debt. If the income exceeds the outgo you know that you will be able, if things go as anticipated, to pay some debts or to put something aside for a rainy day.

Uncle Sam Keeps No Household Ledger

IN ANY case, you feel better after this bird's-eye of your coming year. You know where you stand. You have your appropriations made by your breadwinner, or by yourself if you are the breadwinner, and you have something to steer by. You respect yourself, and you are respected by everyone else in the family. If any person or any department overruns his or her or its appropriated quota the one who holds the purse strings knows it, and can have it looked into.

You have to do the same thing with your church affairs or those of your club; and if you happen to be a buyer for a department store you know how income and outgo are balanced up on you, and how closely the management holds you to the proper relation between them. It is only good business morals. Thousands of you who are teachers have taught the children on the farms and in the cities to carry on operations in which income and outgo are balanced against each other; you understand what I mean. And how many have kept or are keeping boarding houses, or private schools, or earning your livings in the practice of the law or of medicine? A great many of you. Well, you know the importance of knowing what you spent last year and the year before, what you spent it for, how much you are going to spend next year, how you are going to get it to spend, and where to retrench if the income is not likely to be enough to balance the outgo. The matter is perfectly simple—to everybody except Congress.

To everybody but Congress—remember that I said that; and call me to account for it if I do not show how silly and thriftless and scandalously blind and inefficient every Congress is in this respect. Everybody but Congress and most of the state legislatures and city councils knows that even for a small business this kind of system is absolutely necessary. The small household may get along without it, but every one of you would be happier and more self-respecting with it; but as the business grows larger it becomes essential. It is the only thing that stands between the

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Don't Think That There is Going to be Any Maiden-Meditation-Fancy-Free Business for the Voteresses

THE JINX

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"WHAT else could I do?" demanded Eddie Craig almost blubberingly. His manager, Johnny Polk, made as though to answer. But Eddie raged on. The handlers had finished their sorry task of grooming the beaten middleweight's marred body and features and at a grunt from Polk they had departed. The manager and his luckless principal were left alone in the stuffy best dressing room of the Laredo Sporting Club—the club which, half an hour earlier, had been the scene of Eddie Craig's latest and worst defeat.

For the first four rounds of his battle with Young Slavin, Craig had had everything his own way. Then without warning he had all at once flown into a sightless and crazy rage, and had been beaten to a frazzle.

"What the blazes else could I do?" Craig challenged, frowning miserably across into the masklike face of his manager. "I had him going, all right. I knew that. He couldn't stand still any longer—the times the ref'ree butted in between us. He kept a-shuffling like an el'phant that's tied by the leg. That meant he wouldn't 'a' lasted another two rounds at best. He knew it too. And then what does he up and do, hey?"

"He up and win the fight," was Polk's terse reply. "That's what he does. It's what you up and did that I'm yammering about. He ——"

"He said that—that—about the wife," mumbled Craig, his swollen face averted. "He said it while he was hanging to me in a clinch. He said it, 'most loud enough for the whole crowd to hear. You must 'a' heard. It got my goat—like he'd been told it would. Griggs told him, I s'pose. When Griggs tried it on me at Toledo it got me just like it did to-night. And Griggs must 'a' got it from someone that knows Larkin. Just as Larkin got it from——"

"Yep," wearily agreed Polk. "They all get hold of it some way or other. And they all spring it on you—just at the right time. Say, Eddie, if I'd had anything wheezed at me five fights on end, d'you know what I'd do? I'd get so tired of hearing it I'd just yawn in the face of the guy that said it to me. I'd yawn—that's what I'd do. And I'd come back at him by saying: 'Old stuff, son! Old stuff!' And then I'd whang him one. That's what I'd do. I'd never start to bellering and rushing him with both eyes shut and my guard wide open and just inviting him to finish me. Gee, but it makes me sick!"

Eddie Craig was not listening. Slowly and with painful effort he was climbing into his street clothes, pausing every now and then to inspect in a scrap of flawed mirror a bumpily purple lump an inch to the left of his jaw point.

Here had landed Young Slavin's knock-out punch. Craig had not felt it. Not only because he had been too insane with rage to feel anything, but because, in ring as in trenches, you never feel the one that gets you.

But Craig was feeling it now. Not the throb and racking pain that were succeeding the numbness, but the shameful defeat whereof this lump was the symbol.

He had been knocked out again—he who was one of the wiliest and toughest and heaviest-hitting middleweights on earth. He had been knocked out by a man who—his instinct and his ring lore told him—was not his match, just as he knew himself for a better man than any of the four successive opponents—Griggs, Larkin and the rest—who had licked him before this go with Slavin. They had broken in on his long series of straight wins—nearly every win recorded with a mystic K. O. after it—and he had suffered five humiliating defeats in a line, from men in no sense as good as himself.

"He Said That—That—About the Wife," Mumbled Craig, His Swollen Face Averted

"What club do you s'pose is going to put up a purse for you after this?" went on the accusing thunder voice of conscience through the cigar-plugged lips of Johnny Polk. "Hey? Tell me that, Eddie. What club's going to? It was like selling cammumbear for di'monds to get this club here to stand for to-night's bout. I had to lie myself blue in the face making 'em think you'd lost out those other times just to fatten the bets and that you was due to make a killing to-night. And see what you done!"

"Yes," agreed Craig wearily. "I see. Help me on with this vest, will you, Johnny? I must 'a' gave my left shoulder a wrench when I went down."

"What's the next move, I ask you?" demanded Polk, aggrieved. "What's ——"

"The coat's next," said Craig evasively. "Lend me a hand with it, will you? This shoulder of mine ——"

"You know damn well what I'm getting at," snapped Polk. "Look where we stand! A year ago—ten months ago—there wasn't a likelier lad in the whole middleweight division than what you were. You was eating 'em alive—as fast as they came. You was young yet and there was things you needed to know. But I was learning 'em to you. There wasn't a thing you couldn't have rose to. You'd never been knocked out. The worst you'd ever got from the start was a draw—and blame' few of those. Blame' few decisions, either. They was clean knock-outs for the most. You was a comer.

"Look how the sporting writers ballyhooed you! Not that they know one end of a fighting man from another, most of 'em. Another year would 'a' seen you so close to the champ'nship that you couldn't 'a' been told apart from it with a spyglass. Everything was a-hustling your way. Nor yet you didn't have the swell head either. You done your work and you lived clean and hard and you tucked away your money against the future. You'd 'a' been champ by now in a canter.

"And the way you was living you'd 'a' held the belt for a good ten years after you got it. Long enough for the two of us to lay by cash that would give our la'ndry a champagne finish for the rest of our days. Then what happened?"

He made a rhetorical pause. If he expected a reply he got none. Eddie Craig, his back to the orating manager, was seeking to arrange his blue four-in-hand tie before the scrap of glass—and was doing it right bunglingly by reason of a new-discovered sprain in one of his fingers. Polk's flight of eloquence seemed to have passed over the beaten man's head and to have lodged itself harmlessly somewhere in the rough pine ceiling of the Laredo Sporting Club's best dressing room.

"I've dinged all this into your thick skull often enough before," resumed Johnny Polk less fluently. "And that's all the good it's done. I'm saying it this time to explain why I'm deciding that I don't care to handle an all-time loser."

Eddie turned slowly round. His somewhat swollen eyes sought his manager's in dull inquiry. Polk, reddening, eluded his principal's questioning gaze.

"Meaning?" prompted Craig.

"Meaning, I've got to look after my own int'rests," answered the manager. "The fight game won't last forever. I've got to make mine while the making's good. I can't make it if I'm tied up to a dead one. Get me?"

"Yep," grunted Craig 'after a moment's silence. Then: "I been kind of expecting it, Johnny. I don't blame you. Shall we be going now? I'm all ready. We ——"

"No!" bellowed Polk in a gust of temper. "We shan't be going! Not yet! And—and you had no call to be 'kind of expecting' it either, you big stiff! Here! You leave all that truck and the sootcases alone! One of the handlers'll pack up after us. Now you'll listen to me! I was bluffing. And you might 'a' known I was. I started you in this game and I'm going to see you through in it—because I'm a dub, most likely. If I can't scare you by threatening to quit cold, well—well, I'll stick. If I had a dandy racing car and it had a knock in it I wouldn't scrap the car. I'd have the carbon cleaned out. That's what I'm going to do with you, you—you crooked lump of yeller!"

He looked furtively at Craig. The dual insult was the deadliest in ring vituperation. It had left Eddie calm. The manager grunted.

"H'm!" he commented, addressing one of the open suitcases. "Here's a guy that don't bat an eyelash when he's called a crook and yeller. Yet he goes nutty and blind wild when he's told in the ring that his wife's gone back to her folks and ——"

"Drop it!" snarled Craig, his mild face twisting into sudden ugliness. "Drop it! I warned you often enough before not to ——"

"A baby might warn the doc not to throw any castor oil into him," was Polk's unruffled response. "But that's all the good it'd do. It's time for a show-down between me and you, son. I'm going to talk to you plain. If you don't like it you can't walk out on me like you done the other times, because I've locked the door. And if you run amuck like you do in the ring I'll take you over my knee and paddle you. A ten-year-old could do that when you get into one of them blind tantrums of yours. Now, you'll set down and listen to me. If you're sore on a guy who's just trying to help you, why you can keep on being sore."

Polk's air of utter assurance seemed to have a hypnotic effect on the fuming middleweight. True, Craig did not obey orders to the extent of sitting down. But after a choked half refusal and a glance at the locked door he glowered down upon his manager and gave up the struggle. Polk nodded briskly.

"Good!" he vouchsafed. "Now you'll listen to the only man alive who cares enough about you to talk straight. You've been grouching and brooding over this thing till you've got to seeing it cross-eyed. It's got to be one of them mony—mon—whatever kind of buggitude it is that the doctors preaches about. You're dippy on it. And it's put you on the tobog. It'll land you in the scrap heap if you don't put the kibosh on it."

"That's my business," growled Craig. "And I don't want ——"

"It's my business too," supplemented Polk. "And it's due to put the two of us out of business if you don't get sense. You got yourself married to a girl you were foolish over. A fine girl—I'll grant that. Nobody can't say anything against her, not where I am. Her and you has a spat, seven or eight or ten months back. And she walks out on you and goes home to her folks.

"I'd a Little Rather Not Talk About Him—If You Don't Mind," Interrupted Reina Very Sweetly Indeed

"There's the whole thing in a nutshell," he hurried on, forestalling an interruption. "Nobody's business but your own. Nothing to feel ashamed of on either side. A thing that's li'ble to happen to any couple where the two of 'em has got too much spirit and not enough sense. You won't try to get her back and she won't take the first step to come back, neither of you having been married long enough to know that the cheapest way out of a squabble is to say, 'I done wrong and I'm sorry'—whether you reely done wrong or not, and whether you're reely sorry or not. It's the short cut out of a wife-and-husband mix-up. And when you've been hitched as long and as often as I have, you'll know it don't matter a whoop in hell which of the two says it, so long as it gets said.

"You two had a silly spat. The neither of you would give in. And you both thought it was a fine and cute thing to separate and be miser'ble. Just as a kid likes to bite on a sore tooth to see how bad he can make it hurt. Married folks—the youngest ones—is nothing but kids at best, so far as each other is concerned. Only I hate to knock real kids by comparing 'em to such nincompoops as young couples are."

"Say!" cut in Craig, red and scowling. "Let it go at that, will you? Where's the key to that door? I ——"

"You moped for a spell," imperturbably went on Polk, "and it didn't do your work no good. But you took a brace and went ahead. I figgered you did it to show her you didn't care. Anyhow, it was a brace. And it might 'a' carried you across the finish line, going strong, if the fool story hadn't got to the next man you had a fight on with. I was right by the ropes and I heard what he slung at you. All ——"

"Shut up!" roared Craig, striding toward the unconcerned manager.

"All he said," continued Polk serenely, "was: 'Couldn't even make your own wife stick by you!' That was all. But, Lord! It sure was plenty. You went howling crazy. And the next thing you knew I was helping carry you out of the ring. A story like that goes the rounds. It would. And the next man tried it. And the next. And the next one. It was a sure-fire winner, that crack was. And it'll keep on being your count of ten so long as you let it—and no longer. Honest, son, ain't you plumb sick of yourself?"

"I'm sick of everything there is!" raged Craig. "You're right about me. I'm a dead one. But I wish to the Lord I could kill every man who says that damn thing to me in a fight. I ——"

"Wishing won't get you anywheres," exhorted Polk. "And if you really want to kill 'em, the way to do it is to keep your eyes open and your fat head cool and slaughter 'em scientific and efficient. Not wade into their punches with everything wide open except your eyes and the little senses you've got. How many times do I have to tell you that? But you go right on playing their game like a comic-paper Easy Mark. And see where it's got you to! See where it's got the pair of us!"

"You don't have to stick," grumbled Craig, twisting and muttering under the rebuke like an unrepentant schoolboy. "You can quit as my manager any time you want to."

"So can I scrap the racing car I was speaking about," returned the manager. "But I'd rather clean out the carbon. Likewise I'm going to. Say, the things that's been said to you in the ring are sugar-and-cream compl'ments alongside of some of the cracks we've both of us heard fighters make to each other. But I've never but once before knowed of a man who let 'em get his goat like they get yours. That was one time when Corbett was fighting Mitchell and he said something to Corbett—during the second round it was. And Corbett went wild. I don't blame him. I was at the ringside and I heard what was said, and I'd 'a' drawed a gun on him if I'd 'a' been Corbett.

"Corbett was foaming at the mouth over it. But he kept his head—part of it. That's why he won. He knocked his man flat and before he was halfway clear of the ground Corbett had smashed him again. Charley White was ref'ree, but he didn't disqualify Corbett for fouling. White tells me next day: 'If Corbett had kicked him in the face I wouldn't 'a' disqualified him—not after what that feller said to him.' And Charley White was the squarest ref'ree of the bunch—rest his big soul! But just because a man happens to remind you that you and your wife ain't living together ——"

Eddie Craig created a diversion at this point in the harangue by slouching across the room to the locked door, gripping the knob and with one mighty twist ripping the flimsy lock from its soft-pine moorings.

After which, without a word to his irate manager, he stalked off into the dark recesses of the clubhouse.

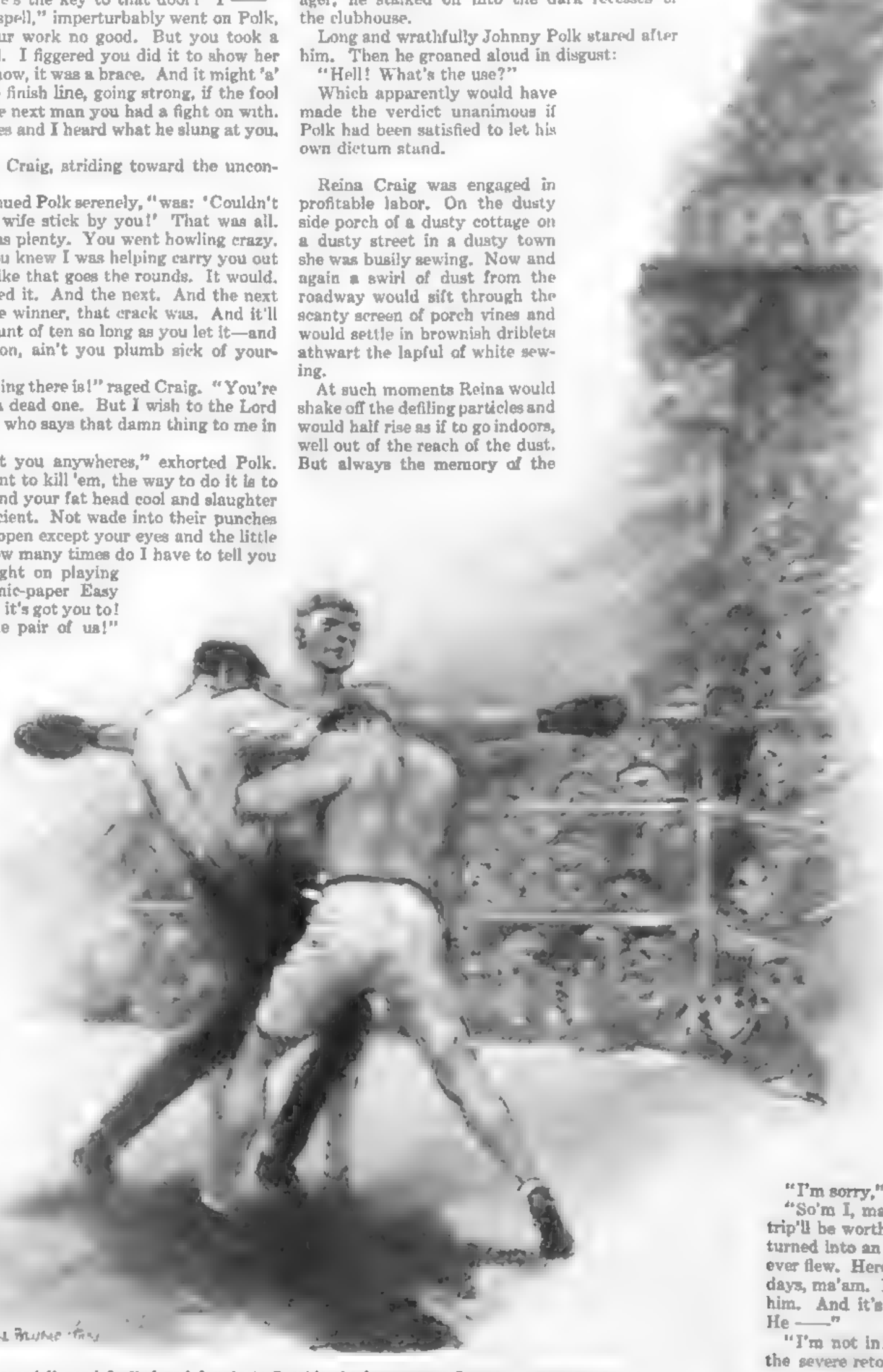
Long and wrathfully Johnny Polk stared after him. Then he groaned aloud in disgust:

"Hell! What's the use?"

Which apparently would have made the verdict unanimous if Polk had been satisfied to let his own dictum stand.

Reina Craig was engaged in profitable labor. On the dusty side porch of a dusty cottage on a dusty street in a dusty town she was busily sewing. Now and again a swirl of dust from the roadway would sift through the scanty screen of porch vines and would settle in brownish driblets athwart the lapful of white sewing.

At such moments Reina would shake off the defiling particles and would half rise as if to go indoors, well out of the reach of the dust. But always the memory of the cottage's stuffily torrid interior made her change her mind and reseat herself at her toil.



So He Cowered Up and Stalled and Sought to Outride the Intervening Rounds as Best He Could

Johnny Polk, making his perspiring way up the street from the station, hesitated for an instant at the gate to watch her at work. Seated far down in the big armchair, with her lap cluttered with sewing material and her face bent earnestly over the steadily shifting needle, she looked to him absurdly little and childlike. Also from his quarter view of the girl's face she looked decidedly haggard and unhappy. Apparently she was not rejoicing in her freedom any more than was her tortured husband.

Polk opened the gate and walked along the short path to the side porch. Reina caught the sound of his step and glanced up—too late to escape. So, after a futilely comprehensive gesture designed to gather her work into a swooping armful as a first move toward flight, she settled back into the deep chair and began to hum loudly. Her erstwhile morose face positively radiated contentment with her lot.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Polk!" she exclaimed, breaking off in the just-begun tune she was humming and extending a carelessly welcoming hand to the visitor.

Johnny Polk pump-handled the unresponsive fingers, let them drop and sat down on the top step. Taking off his straw hat, he fanned himself. With his free hand he dabbled his moist brow, wielding a very large and tolerably white handkerchief.

"That chap, G. W. Washington, sure had one cinch," he observed pantingly, "when he crossed the Delaware-Lackawanna in dead of winter. If he'd tried to cross it in weather like this there'd have been an 'emergency call for the sunstroke amb'lance. How are you, Mrs. Craig? How's everything?

"Splendid!" enthused Reina. "I'm so happy, somehow, nowadays that I'm always catching myself singing round the house. I ——"

"Yep," assented the manager. "I caught you at it myself just now. Well, I'm mighty glad one member of the team can be happy. Poor old Eddie certainly ain't. He ——"

"I'd a little rather not talk about him—if you don't mind," interrupted Reina very sweetly indeed and still more decidedly. "I try not to let myself think of unpleasant things, you know."

"I didn't know," said Polk. "And even if I did know, it wouldn't matter much. When you get as old as I am and have as few teeth, you're due to learn we can't stop things from being unpleasant just by conning ourselves into not thinking of 'em. F'r instance, it wasn't any May-day orgy for me to tell Eddie a lie about having to run over to Boston on business; and then to unhay myself at screech of dawn this morning and travel out here for five hours on a day coach that had promised its dying mother to take in all the cinders it could and never to let any air in along with 'em. Even the treat of saying howdy to you didn't really make up for it. I tried not to think of unpleasant things. But a lot of 'em got into my ears and nose and eyes. And ——"

"I'm sorry," said Reina primly.

"So'm I, ma'am," replied Polk. "But I'm hoping the trip'll be worth it. If it is I'd be willing to let myself be turned into an orphan asylum for every little cinder that ever flew. Here's the idea: Eddy's mighty mis'rable these days, ma'am. He's been getting worse ever since you quit him. And it's getting worse and worse. Honest, it is. He ——"

"I'm not in the least interested in him, please!" was the severe retort.

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HELPING RUMANIA

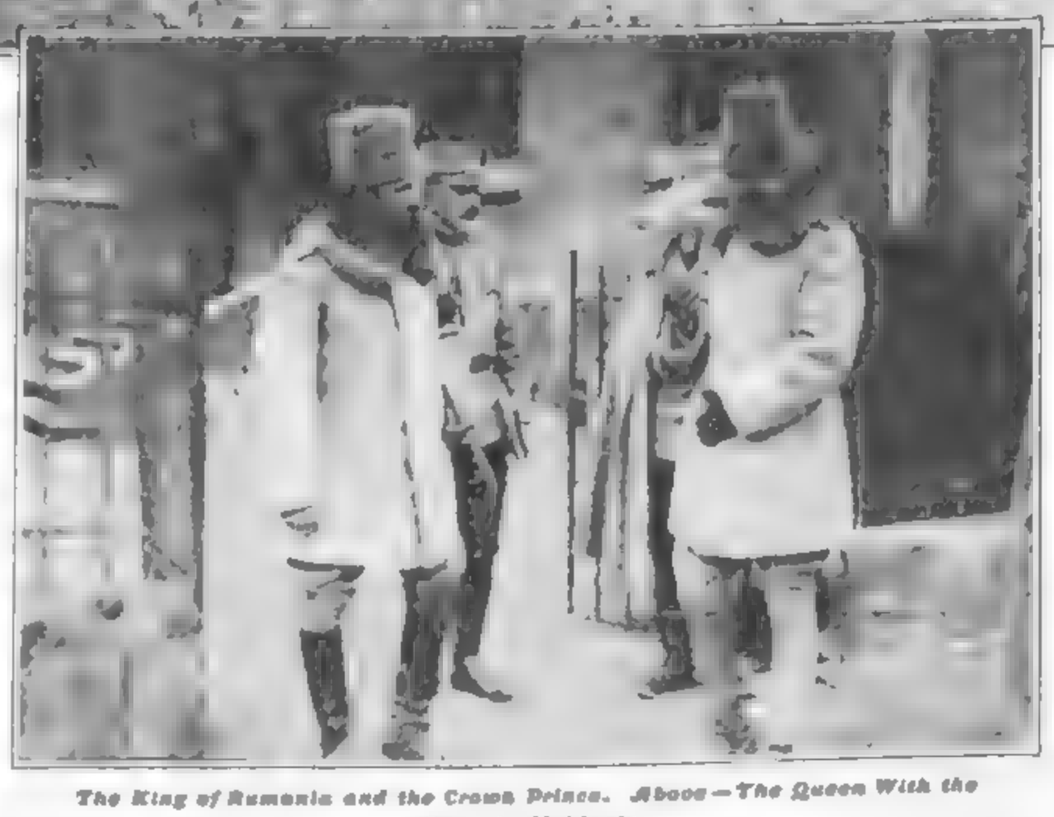
By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE declared purpose of the various relief missions—mostly American—that began in the early part of the year to arrive in Bukharest was to help Rumania to help herself. Comment on the eventual outcome of this undertaking would be superfluous, but perhaps a brief review of the wherefores and the processes—along with a few lines about the Rumanians and their situation—would serve to illuminate.

More than any people I have ever encountered the Rumanians resent criticism. Unless you can agree with the opinion they have of themselves they think you should go away off somewhere and hide in the dark. In this they are very like the Italians, with whom they claim close kinship, and it may be one of many proofs that they have streaks of Latin blood.

The impression one gets of them is that they are a very new people. In fact everything in Rumania seems to be new, and so far as merely material things are concerned it is an unfinished kind of newness at that. It is as though a mighty effort at building and development had suddenly been arrested through lack of something necessary to go on with. This is the most notable evidence to be observed that the war marked for Rumania a definite epoch.

One thinks of the Rumanians as having got up bright and early one morning about forty years ago, fresh-spirited and inspired by a prophetic vision.



The King of Rumania and the Crown Prince. Above—The Queen With the Army in Moldavia

Smallest National Debt in Europe

"COME," said they, "let's get to work! We are to have a great future! We have materials to work with and a command of them which is a part of our newly acquired freedom. Let us be rich and become builders of prideful things!"

They had no education, no intuition born of fine traditions, but they had a capacity for large conceptions. They now resent the suggestion that they have no traditions and say that when the new era dawned for them they squared their shoulders to an inspiration that had its origin in the centuries when the nerves of their fathers tingled to the stimulating crush of Roman glory, this being their own way of expressing it. They think boldly, are far-sighted and, regarding themselves as the rightful heirs of Trajan, move forward with a fixed intention of reconquering their ancient inheritance. Their writers write sonorously about them as a people that has marched up the corridors of time. They hear in their history's echo a blare of triumphant trumpets and the measured tread of serried hosts on a measureless highway metaled with the steel of national purpose. In fact their propaganda is overloaded with hyperbole and is thrown at the head of the inquiring stranger with apparent faith that it will stun him into unquestioning belief.

It is to be believed that they will continue to move forward; it is to be believed that they are destined to be a power in the new world that is expected to rise from the ruins of the world we have scrapped; but it is not possible to see them in their evolution quite as they see themselves. One does see them, it is true, against a background of a limitless past, but as far as vision reaches one sees them struggling in a morass of subjugation plus mutual distrust, absorbing rather than combating new elements of blood that came with sordid invasions from the East, and during the last half millennium becoming saturated with the Turkish example in civic morals. They have emerged from age-old benightedness and stagnation to modern activity and self-realization in an amazingly short time and in an astonishing kind of way, but—all things considered—one cannot take them so seriously as they take themselves.

They have built magnificently, but with ostentation rather than with nicety of judgment. And at that, I may be mistaking for a characteristic inherent in themselves an influence wielded by the Hohenzollern princes who have ruled them in their modern progress. I wonder. In any case the influence of the reigning prince amounts to little enough. It is considerably modified by the circumstance that he is a German and is completely overshadowed by the prestige of a British-Russian queen who smilingly complains that she is British in her political beliefs and substantial qualities while being wholly Russian in her tastes.

And the Rumanians are not poor. It is a mistake—in one's pro-Entente and war-sentimentalized enthusiasm—to refer to "poor little Rumania!" Poor little Rumania as much as you like so far as Rumania fought with the Allies and suffered, but poor little Rumania economically not altogether! The country's credit, backed by valuable resources, is good; and if the government can maintain the national equilibrium and ward off social chaos it will have the smallest national debt per capita in Europe.

The Rumanians were not poor even before they reached out and annexed the better half of the wealth of Hungary. The heart of old Rumania is a vast rolling plain owned by the few and tilled by the many and is so fertile that its productiveness is not surpassed by any plain in Europe. It has yielded always a tremendous export of grain, while providing abundantly the wherewith to meet the needs of the people. It spreads southward from the base of mountainous lands that are rich in many of the raw materials of industry and particularly rich in oil, the most valuable of earth's products if the modern manifestations of oil serve to prove anything. The cities of Rumania fairly reek with oil. Not in an actual odor, of course, but in an odor of opulence, so to speak—an opulence which expresses itself in ornate mansions, splendid public buildings and an extravagance of living that would befit the proudest capitals of Europe.

High Society and Low in Bukharest

BUKHAREST is one's point of outlook, and to say the least Bukharest is unusual. Most cities exist for reasons that are easy to define, but this one seems to be an exception. It has no connection whatever with the country's resources and is as far removed as possible from the natural arteries of commerce through which its lifeblood flows. It lies in the middle of the plain, with the mountains and their ring of industrial centers far to the north and with the Danube far to the south and east; and it bears no direct relation apparently to any part of the country except the miles of flat farmlands by which it is surrounded and by which it must be fed.

It is a very proud city nevertheless, the busy if inconvenient headquarters of the nation's economic activities and the center of a rather remarkable society which circles round the throne and has built for itself some extraordinary avenues of very large residences that are notable chiefly for their infinite variety of ornamentation.

The business districts reflect the taste of the boulevards, while the government buildings—being very fine for the most part as regards materials and architectural conceptions—suggest an idea that their first and foremost intention was to be enormous.

Contrasted with all this splendor are outlying sections of the city that would be difficult to match anywhere for squalor and filth, while the contrast between the two main classes of society is no less striking. The degradation of the degraded is complete; the spirit of the prideful few I think of as being exemplified by their charming manners, their curious indifference to generally accepted standards of morality, and an occasional display of arrogance which startles one in these days as something belonging to an era so far in the past as to be almost forgotten—the era

just preceding the world's upheaval. Such a display would pass unnoticed in London or Paris or New York perhaps. But Rumania is on the first line of defense against the red terror.

As examples—typical rather than exceptional—I remember a couple of young men who for some reason were not in the uniform of their country. Pinks of peace-time perfection as to clothes, they showed themselves in the streets of Bukharest nearly every afternoon in yellow-wheeled and insolently high dogcarts behind the kind of horses whose feet seem to spurn the paving stones beneath them. They were always attended by footmen who sat on low seats behind them with arms primly folded across many-buttoned and immaculate liveries, and they made their way through the throngs at a reckless pace, regardless of possible consequences—regular pre-war splurge.

The Rumanian army was battling with the Bolsheviki on one side and with the Hungarians on another; the Peace Conference had been sitting in Paris for a very long time with little to show for its efforts; the whole of Central Europe was in a ferment of protesting despair, and starvation in nearly all of the countries had become a commonplace.

On an evening of a day of such days I was walking along the main thoroughfare of Bukharest with an American—weaving on and off the curb, in and out the gutter in a vain attempt to keep a footing on a narrow crowded sidewalk—when one of these young gentlemen drove by. His air of disdain was a wonderful thing to see, and he paid no attention to the scowls that followed him as the people hurried out of his way. Said my American companion, a serious-minded Red Cross officer:

"What do you think would happen to that chap if he should suddenly appear with that outfit in the streets of Vienna or Budapest?"

"He would be mobbed of course. But he is very picturesque and ornamental, just the same."

"Do you think so? But you don't! He's a blot on the landscape—an incitement to murder!"

"But that he can parade round like that is a pretty sure indication that Bukharest is not yet Bolshevistic."

Masked Balls in the Midst of Chaos

"HE REPRESENTS in my opinion a danger that Bukharest may become Bolshevistic. In a country like this the thing to repress is not proletariat discontent so much as upper class 'side.' You see more of it here than any place else in this part of the world. And it has been only since the Allies won the war and Rumania became great. They don't seem to realize that to carry a red rag into a bull pen is not a particularly wise thing to do."

Let me say at once that those were exciting days. By reason of divers and divergent clamors one's thoughts were in a continuous state of scatterment and one was withheld as though by force from concentration on any one interest.

Odessa had been surrendered to the cohorts of chaos and the leaders of these cohorts had boldly announced their intention of reattaching to Russia the province of Bessarabia and of coming to Bukharest for the purpose of overthrowing the monarchy and establishing a Rumanian soviet government. With the fleeing refugees from South Russia had come into the country a small army of Bolshevist propagandists and to get these worthies the government interned every Russian in Rumania, regardless of all rules

A Rumanian Machine-Gun Nest. Above—A Rumanian Crowd

Princes and paupers were herded together in narrow noisome quarters for days on end while the Rumanian authorities on whose convenience they waited were spending their time "day after day! Good Lord, what a system!"—over sumptuous luncheons and dinners and at masked balls where wine flowed and where revelry was cumulative into the small hours of the morning.

I intend the "masked balls" as a special touch. As a matter of fact they occurred only once a week, but they were free for all and everybody went. And the day following one of them I was cornered in the hotel dining room by a handsome young Russian prince, who robbed me of a whole afternoon in order that he might pour into my ears every detail of the tortures to which he had just been subjected. He had been detained in the city prison for three days in company with all the riffraff and could get no attention from anybody! And he was specially sore about the masked ball. He emphasized it because he had been forced to miss it and with it an engagement with a charming young relative of no less a person than—but why identify the lady? It was not her fault. Looking at the prince one could be sure of that. He was Russianly magnificent as to features and physique and would be very rich if the Bolsheviki ever were compelled to give back his estates and his great factories. He a Bolshevik? Had everybody gone mad? That was what he said. And there were so many like him! Hundreds of hunted Russians had fled to Rumania.

The propagandists may all have been interned, but subtly the propaganda was doing its work—or so we thought. We thought we recognized among the lower elements in the population the working of a dangerous leaven of hate-clouded enlightenment, and we sensed rather than realized a movement among the people like the movement caused by a slight gusty breeze in a forest undergrowth.

The monarchy was not sure of itself. The queen was working overtime to buttress her popularity with demoeratic demonstration. And say what you will, she is one of the most remarkable queens that ever sat on a throne. Because she was born to the purple the world is minus an extraordinary actress. She "puts it across" by virtue of a magnetism that is actually her own and has little or nothing to do with the exalted position she occupies. She is quite plebeianly beautiful—really beautiful—and she has herself photographed in every kind of appealing pose. She chooses to regard her queenship merely as a job, and she said to me one day:

"My dear"—just like that—"this being a queen is about as difficult in these days as anything could be. But it's a job—just like any other job. I like it and I want to hold it, so I'm trying to do my best with it. But if I don't make good—as you Americans say—I ought to be kicked out!"

She thought at that moment that she probably would be kicked out sooner or later, so her idea was to move with the traffic and watch the signs. She was in on everything, taking a personal interest in the welfare of the people that could not fail to have its effect. And for her purposes she had thrown down just as many barriers between herself and the populace as she possibly could without surrendering altogether her royal dignity. I didn't know whether to be horrified or amused when I heard young American relief workers talking about going "up to the Queen's." They went "up to the Queen's" to consult Her Majesty on all manner of problems as though it were like going "up to Mrs. McCarty's" for a cup of tea.

The Job of Being a Queen

NEVERTHELESS, with admirable tact she managed to keep herself in the political background in order that the king might shine with such light as he had. She used every art she possessed to emphasize his kingship, and in this her unquestionable dramatic genius served her well.

I was interested in the fact that during Germany's occupation of Rumania none of the art treasures of the kingdom had been disturbed. The German officers lived and had their headquarters in the royal palaces and free use was made of all the public buildings. But contrary to their usual habit they took excellent care of everything and carried nothing away with them on their retreat. I mentioned this to Her Majesty and expressed my astonishment.

"Well," she replied with a rather fascinating British drawl, "my husband is a German and that may have had something to do with it."

And while she won the people with her beauty and charm and really worked indefatigably in their behalf, he was doing his part by reviewing troops as often as possible and giving out medals. That seemed to be all he had to do with it. The government was running the wars.

He staged a pretty tableau one day when, surrounded by a multitude of people and attended by picked companies of men standing at salute, he pinned on the breasts of some handsome little boys the decorations their fathers had won before they lost their lives in battle for their country. The city wept, and in the

(Continued on Page 95)

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

A Valley Rancher Found the Bodies of His Murdered Herders to Mark the Beginning of the Trail Left by His Stolen Cattle

Joaquin Murieta

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN THE days of Forty-nine, when Murphy's Diggings was as lively a little placer camp as one could find in a long ride through the red foothills of the Sierras, a young Mexican monte dealer disappeared. He was a handsome fellow, lighter of complexion than most of his countrymen, owned a sunny smile and spoke English fluently, all of which things made him a favorite among the American customers, and consequently an asset to the house. So when dusk came and the booted miners began drifting into the long canvas-roofed hall the proprietor scanned the crowd for him with some anxiety.

But the proprietor might as well have saved himself the trouble of that search; the monte dealer had forsaken his table for a different sort of job.

Just at this time he was on the hill beyond the upper end of the camp kneeling beside an open grave; and in his clasped hands, uplifted high above his head, he held a naked bowie knife. Some light still lingered here among the stiff-branched digger pines, a faint reflection of the sunset far beyond the flatlands of the San Joaquin Valley. It shone upon his face, revealing a multitude of lines so deeply scored, so terrible in their proclamation of deadly hate that the sight of them would have startled the most case-hardened member of the crowds down there where the candles were twinkling in the humming camp.

The waning light that sifted through the long-plumed tassels of the digger pines showed a little group of Mexicans standing at some distance, listening in frightened silence to what he was saying. He spoke to the dead man in the open grave; and when events that followed brought the words back to their minds some of these auditors repeated the vow he made—to color that knife blade and his hands bright red with the blood of twenty men of Murphy's Diggings; and after that to devote his life to killing Americans.

This was the monte dealer's new job, and in order to understand how he came to undertake such a piece of work it is necessary to go back a little.

He was only nineteen, but life had been moving so swiftly with him that the beginning of these events finds him in that year overseer of his father's great rancho down in Sonora, a Mexican of the better class, well educated as education went in those days, a good dancer, as every girl in the section could bear witness, pleasure-loving, easy-going, and able to play the guitar very prettily. Sometimes—and more often as the weeks went by—he played and sang at the home of Reyes Feliz, a packer in his father's employ; and Rosita, the packer's daughter, liked his music well enough to encourage his visits.

Class counted then, as it does to this day, in Mexico, and parents liked to have a hand in marriages. But Reyes Feliz was away from home a great deal with his train of mules, the landholder was busy at his own affairs; the girl was a beauty and the landholder's son had a winsome way with him. So one night Rosita took the horse which he brought for her and rode off with him to California.

They made their journey with their mounts and a single pack animal across the hot plains and arid mountains of the South, then up the long Kings Highway which the padres had beaten down nearly one hundred years before their time. It was winter, and California winter means Eastern spring: green grass rippling in the soft breezes, poppy fields and a rioting of meadow larks to make their honeymoon ideal. They rode their dancing horses on northward into the Santa Clara Valley, where a gleaming mist of mustard blossoms hung under the great live oaks as far as the eye could reach. Then they struck off eastward across the coast range and the flatlands of the San Joaquin to climb into the red foothills where the Stanislaus comes out from the Sierras. Here they settled down and took a mining claim.

Now the feeling engendered by the Mexican War still rankled in many neighborhoods; and every mining camp had its lawless element whose members took full advantage of that prejudice against the conquered race. The claim proved rich enough to tempt some ne'er-do-wells. These gathered a crowd of their own breed and the mob came to the young pair's cabin one evening with the purpose of jumping the property. When the owner made a show of resistance they bound him hand and foot, after which they subjected the girl to such abuses as will not bear the telling. She pleaded with her lover when the crowd had gone and managed to induce him to leave the place without attempting vengeance. They went to Columbia and within the month were driven out by another anti-Mexican mob. Their next move took them to Murphy's Diggings, where the boy got his job at dealing monte and was doing very well—until this evening came and with it tragedy.

He had been visiting his brother, who had come to California and settled near Murphy's; and the latter had loaned him a horse to ride home. As he was nearing the upper end of the camp a group of miners stepped out into the road before him and halted him. The horse had been stolen from one of their number and they were searching for it at the time.

They listened to his explanations and went with him to his brother, who told them how he had bought the animal in good faith from a stranger. Whereat they seized the narrator, bound him and hanged him to the nearest live-oak tree; then stripped the monte dealer to the waist, tied him to the same tree and flogged him until the blood ran down his bare back. After which they departed, satisfied that they had done their share to bring about law and order in a neighborhood where thefts were becoming altogether too frequent. But some of them mentioned in Murphy's Diggings—during the brief space of time while they had the opportunity—the strange expression which came over their victim's face while the lash was being applied. Each of these men spoke of the look as having been directed at himself. Had they been members of one of the dark-skinned races to whom the vendetta is peculiarly an institution they would have understood the purport of that look.

But none of them understood and the monte dealer was left to fulfill his vow to his dead brother. He turned his back upon the grave and went about the keeping of that promise as ambitious men go about the making of careers; and in the days that followed, while his swarthy company was sweeping through California like fire on a chaparral hillside when the wind is high, he gained a dark fame so lasting

that there is hardly an old-settled community from Mount Shasta to the Mexican line which has not some tale of the bandit, Joaquin Murieta.

Sometimes during the weeks following the lynching a miner on his way to the gambling houses after supper got a glimpse of Joaquin Murieta in the outskirts of Murphy's Diggings as he glided among the tents, cloaked to his eyes in his serape. Occasionally a late reveler returning to his cabin in the darkness was startled by the sight of his figure beside the road, as black and silent as the night itself; or was chilled to dead sobriety by the vision of that drawn face confronting him on a narrow trail. And in the chilly mornings men going to their work came on the bodies of his victims in the soft red dust of path or wagon track, or stumbled on them in the chaparral.

And now fear began to seize the survivors of that lynching party. By the time its twenty members had dwindled to something like a dozen the succession of spectacles afforded by companions whom they had been summoned to identify was getting on the stoutest nerves; the dullest imaginations were working feverishly. Some found friends to act as bodyguards; others moved away to try their fortunes in new camps; but the bodyguards could not be on duty all the time and the departing ones in most instances made the mistake of confiding their intentions to acquaintances. All authorities agree that Joaquin Murieta managed to kill at least fifteen—and possibly two or three more—of the score whose faces he had so carefully imprinted on his memory while the lash was biting into his bare back.

When he had finished with the work which the first part of his vow demanded he rode away from Murphy's with Rosita and set about the task of gathering a band that he might be able to carry out the second half of that promise which he made beside the open grave.

There were plenty of cutthroats in California during that spring of 1850 and no lack of Mexicans among them. Several swarthy leaders of bandits were then operating throughout the state. One of these was Manuel Garcia, better known as Three-Fingered Jack, who had been ranging over the Sonoma Valley for several years, occasionally varying the monotony of murder by tying a victim to a tree and flaying him alive. Joaquin Valenzuela was another, a middle-aged outlaw who had learned the finer arts of bushwhacking down in Mexico under Padre Jurata, the notorious guerrilla chief. There were also Claudio, a lean and seasoned robber from the mountains of Sonora, adept in disguises, skillful as a spy, able to mingle with the crowd in any plaza unrecognized by men who had known him for years; Pedro Gonzales, a specialist at horse stealing, who had driven off whole bands under the very noses of armed herders; and one or two others, including Tiburone Vasquez, who was just embarking on his storied career in the country between Monterey and the mission of San Juan Bautista.

Every one of these leaders save Vasquez had his own ugly gang of riders and his own ill fame long before young Joaquin Murieta ceased dealing monte; and each was getting rich pickings from pack trains, stage coaches, valley ranches and miners' cabins. Yet within six months they all turned over their bands and became lieutenants of the nineteen-year-old boy. That list of victims at Murphy's Diggings, his superior breeding and his finer intelligence gave Murieta high standing from the beginning, but his greatest asset was the purpose which had driven him out among them. They had robbed and killed and fled with the aimlessness of common murderers, but here was one with a definite plan to leave the whole state a smoking shambles. They submitted their lives and fortunes to the possessor of this appealing idea.

During the first year, while organization was being perfected, Joaquin Murieta traveled through Northern California with Rosita, gathering recruits, establishing alliances among disaffected Mexicans and spying out new fields for plunder. Gradually, as he accomplished these things, the bands under his different lieutenants began to rob and plunder more systematically and the scene of their operations shifted with bewildering rapidity. Today a number of travelers were dragged from their horses by the reatas of swarthy ambuscaders in the Tuolumne County foothills, and to-morrow a valley rancher found the bodies of his murdered herders to mark the beginning of the trail left by his stolen cattle. As the months went by, suspicion that these different bands were working under one leader grew to certainty among the longer-headed officers. Then the name of Joaquin Murieta began to be spoken as that of the mysterious chief. He was quick to confirm the rumors of his leadership, and before the spring of 1851 was over he managed by grimly spectacular methods to let more than one community know that he was responsible for some outrage that had startled its inhabitants.

That was the case in San José. A number of the robbers had swooped down into the Santa Clara Valley; and their chief was living with Rosita in the outskirts of the town, directing their raids, giving them such information regarding travelers and plunder as he was able to pick up by mixing with the crowds in the gambling houses. A deputy sheriff by the name of Clark captured two of the marauders red-handed and Murieta determined to make such an example of him as would put fear into the hearts of other officers.

In those days the fandango was a popular function in San José, which still retained all the characteristics of a Mexican pueblo, and there was not a night without the strumming of guitars and the lively stepping of the dancers in some public hall. Murjeta went to one of these fandangos and by some arrangement with confederates brought it about that Clark came to the place searching for a criminal.

The dancing was in full swing when the deputy entered; scores of lithe dark men and their black-eyed partners were whirling to a fervid Spanish waltz; but as he crossed the threshold a discordant note arose; disturbance broke out in a corner of the hall; a woman screamed; a knife blade flashed. Clark shoved his way through the crowd and reached the fight in time to disarm a good-looking young Mexican who was flourishing the weapon; placed him under arrest and took him away to the nearest justice of the peace, who passed sentence of twelve dollars fine.

"I have not the money on me," the prisoner said, "but if this officer will go with me to my house I can get it there."

It was an easy-going period and such small matters as pulling a knife were of frequent occurrence. The deputy consented to the request and the pair went forth together, out from the lighted streets to the fringes of the town. They were talking pleasantly enough when they came to a dark place where willow thickets lined the road.

Here the prisoner halted abruptly.

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They Occasionally Varied the Monotony of Murder by Tying a Victim to a Tree and Flaying Him Alive

The Closet Drama and Theatrical Management—By David Belasco

The Provincetown Players in a Scene From a One-Act Play Called "Pan"

The Workshop Players in a Scene From "King of Cammaran"

The Provincetown Players

THERE is an aspect of theatrical management—if so it should be called—not peculiar to this period though now conspicuous, on which I would specially comment, and against an excessive, an extravagant commendation of which—such as is often made—I would record my protest. I mean the more or less sporadic production, by dilettante experimentalists, of the closet play, the so-called artistic, literary drama, which the commercial manager is seemingly supposed to be suppressing, and upon the presentment of which it also seems to be thought that a liberated and regenerated theater depends!

I would not be understood as lacking tolerance for—nay, more, sympathy with—the men and women—generally young, often mere boys and girls—who combine to form community playhouses, suitcase theaters, neighborhood players and so following, and who produce, along with occasional dramas of merit, many variously inutile, undramatic, freakish, interlocutory compositions, miscalled plays. On the contrary I recognize that out of almost every such callow enterprise there come one or two capable actors and more or less useful writers, and sometimes a distinguished artist. Henry Irving, for example, received his first training for the stage as a member of an elocution class; John McCullough began his theatrical career in a dramatic club, which he joined under the influence of a stage-struck chair maker; Forrest began in a similar way. Augustin Daly began, in boyhood, with the production of his own plays. And so the record runs.

Some Phases of Artistic Faddism

THEREFORE I am sympathetic with all these amateur or quasi-amateur experiments and ventures. Indeed, as to this matter I feel as Acres in the play does about jealousy: "I know all about it, because I've had it myself, you see!" When I was a lad I began as Daly did; and when I was a young man, among many other things, I went through all the phases of artistic faddism, and I have experienced feelingly with what exalted though misguided ideals and hopes the special bills, the literary masterpieces, the sublime old tragedies, the superlative new dramas are arranged and rehearsed. And I know—"none so well!"—how the treasury runs dry; how the unpaid bills—the bills that, alas, can't be arranged!—accumulate; and how the patrons and subscribers who were going to stand by and support Dave and Tilly and Cora and the rest in their crusade for Art, with a capital "A," vanish into thin air!

But all these movements and experiments and enterprises to which I allude—by whatever name called—whether made in London or Paris, New York or Nyack Center, and whether in rented regular theaters or in specially built playhouses or in attics or in barns—are essentially nothing more or less than parlor theatricals, and they ought not to be regarded by anybody as anything else. They have practically no bearing on true theatrical management, and genuine theatrical managers should not, I maintain, be censured or disparaged—as often they are, directly or indirectly—because they do not participate in them.

It has been urged, and it is true, that authentic theatrical management implicates administration of the arts and of an influence at least quasi-educational; it is also true, and it ought to be remembered, that it is likewise a business—a commercial business. The real theatrical manager, unlike the amateur, cannot go about with his hat in his hand begging for support—and it wouldn't do him any good if he did. He must have plays that pay, and in these days you may write that "pay" with a capital "P"! The closet drama, the merely literary play, whether or not it be a masterpiece of literature, does not as such, never did and never will pay.

This little protest of mine is neither a plea for nor a defense of a sordid, basely commercial administration of the theater. It is a plea for "sweet reasonableness" as I see it, in consideration of theatrical management and the productions of theatrical managers. In all simplicity I feel that nobody can justly assail me as being in the common sense a commercial manager. It is true, I direct a solvent business; I pay my bills—which are heavy—and I enjoy first-class credit. But I honestly believe myself to be as much interested in and as unselfishly devoted to the great and beautiful art of the theater as any other man alive is. At any rate I am sure of this much: For every dollar that has been expended by even the most liberal among my censurers, for the cause of "Art for Art's sake," I have first earned and then spent at least five hundred dollars; so I feel that my withers are unwrung by censure of commercialism. And I desire to record my views, to make my plea not for men and women who misuse and debase the theater but for justice toward all those of my calling who conduct legitimate theatrical business—most of whom, as I entirely believe, have higher ideals of art than either the average theatergoer or the average commentator on theatrical subjects. According to my observation there are few men of the theater whom success, prosperity, does not broaden; nearly all managers who succeed financially rise to higher ideals, a higher, more altruistic view of their relation to the people, whose patronage makes their success, professionally their very existence, possible. But the success—the cold, hard cash—must come first. You, ladies and gentlemen, who yearn so for the higher drama, pray tell us: How is the manager whose theater rent is fifty, sixty, seventy-five, one hundred thousand dollars a year, and who has, besides, many other large items of expenditure—how is he going to pay his bills if the public will not first pay to see his productions? As King Claudius exclaims, "Oh, speak of that; that do I long to hear!" The New Theater—the splendid extravagance of an impracticable public spirit—represented an investment of $3,000,000 in its plant, was conducted for fourteen months, and then closed up with a net loss—as I am informed—of about $500,000 more, on the production account! Not even the lavish—indeed, prodigal—generosity of an Otto Kahn—perhaps the most liberal patron the stage has ever had—can long sustain theatrical management at that rate.

It Does Not Pay to Bore People

FIRST, reform the public, I say, if you are dissatisfied with the conduct of the theater. And even the public—which seems so blandly and happily indifferent to critical reproaches—is not, I feel, rightly to be condemned for not supporting the closet drama when it is placed on the stage. The truth is—at least, so it seems to me—that the merely literary drama, aside from the passing and never very intense interest bestowed upon a curiosity, is rightly as well as actually regarded as a bore when it is acted. I have in my time produced old Greek tragedy, and have pride in thinking that I produced it rather well. In the future I may—perhaps independently or perhaps in one or another of several possible associations—produce it again; and also, if occasion serves, I may revive some other unacted literary classics; but all such undertakings, as I see them, must always be mere incidents—side ventures, as it were, and of very limited, wholly transient appeal. And I have no hesitation in declaring my belief that there is no proper place in the contemporary regular theater for the old Greek tragedies—or comedies either: for Electra and Medea and Œdipus; for The Clouds and The Wasps and The Birds; or for any other compositions that are merely or chiefly antiquarian in their appeal and literary in their merit.

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Cutting the Sin Out of Cinema

By ROB WAGNER

S'POSE we do a little supposing. Suppose, for instance, this tale is bought by a big editor—not my editor, of course, but a big horrid editor—and one day he turns to his assistant and says: "Dave, I'm afraid we're stung, but so long as we've paid for the darn thing, stick in a little love interest, give it a happy ending and put a kick in the title."

Thus edited, suppose my story goes to the printer, and he, being a graduate of Harvard and a literary purist, cuts out all my snappiest idioms, thinking them to be slang. Then let us suppose the make-up man, who is more interested in the looks of his magazine than its contents, lifts out a few random paragraphs in order to balance his advertising pages. Next, suppose an obsessed proofreader, having been prenatally marked by hatred of geography, removes all reference to Kansas and the Tropic of Capricorn; and then finally, suppose the photo-engraver swipes a few cuts of his film favorite to give to his girl. Imagine what this tale would sound like if all these things happened to it! You will appreciate the possible loss to letters when you have read through to the end. Nor is this all; we have several wonderful suppositions left. Let us suppose the wounded classic is next passed along to a committee whose function it is to guard the poor helpless public against the bad taste of writers; and these three, armed to the teeth with scissors, pencils and paste pots, immediately set about their dreadful task of saving humanity from bum culture.

If your imagination is still working, let us suppose that of these three spiritual monitors one is a butcher, another a baker and a third is the fourth wife of a candlestick maker.

Says the baker, trying to look like Doctor Munyon: "I think we'd better eliminate the reference to the Knights of Columbus; there's a lotta people in this town who can't talk about religion without gettin' all het up."

"Aw, forget it!" answers the butcher. "That stuff's all right, but what I object to is the violent way this fella has used our grand old mother tongue. What'll become of adverbs and syntax if we let this stuff get by? We pay taxes to the schools to learn us good English, and then let dubs like this print pieces that ruin the minds of the young!"

When Censors Disagree

"YOU are a fine one to object to violence—and you a butcher!" cuts in the fourth wife of the chandler, who is a vegetarian. "My objection is the scandal; not so much in the story, mind you, but in the author's reputation. Perhaps you didn't know that this is the fellow who beat up his wife right in Westminster Abbey and then ran off with a Mrs. Stoke-Pogis and lived in Tahiti, where people don't wear any clothes. If you ask me, I think we'd be in poor business as parents to pass a story written by a deckydant."

"A what?" pipes up the tradesman.

"Well, you two ought to know what I mean," sniffs the chandler's fourth prize.

And a brawl is on, in which one censor will deem my highest flights as irreligious, another will insist that my most whimsical wheezes are ribald vulgarities and the third—not agreeing with either—will be willing to cut out every other chapter just to show he is no bigot.

But let us go on and suppose the literary remains are bound into the magazine and sent to the dealer, and he—good practical tradesman—having just built a new news stand finds the magazine doesn't fit—it is too big. So he sends the bundle next door and has three inches cut off the bottom.

Thus would my beautiful piece reach posterity—and you, cuddled reader. I don't know how you feel about it—perhaps you would applaud the cutworms, but I'm sure posterity would make an awful holler if it knew so many meddling middlemen had taken a hack at a masterpiece. Societies would be formed to gather up the cuts and deletions and to restore my story in all its literary purity.

Do you think my little allegory far-fetched? Well, this is to be the story of the photoplay as it isn't; of the ravages done to a sister art of which the foregoing description is only a slight exaggeration. I shall tell of the changes wrought during the sprightly journey of a film play from the producer to the consumer, and the things removed lest your beautiful souls be soiled by a colony of monsters hiding away out behind the Rocky Mountains, close to the setting sun. The story of the movie-makers' editorial crimes has been told before; that is a quarrel between author and producer and does not concern us here. So I shall begin with the changes that occur between the time when the photoplay leaves the studio and its appearance on the screen. And perhaps after hearing these quaint episodes you will reserve a few of your brickbats for the well-intentioned but none the less terrific assassins of a great struggling art.

It is a fact—perhaps new to you—that even the titles of pictures are sometimes changed by the exhibitor, especially in billing a film. One exhibitor here in Los Angeles told me he had experimented a great deal with titles, and if his show wasn't going well he would "shock the village and crowd the dump"; that he once changed the name of a picture three times in a week before it began to pull. This offense, however, is rare enough to be inconsiderable.

But serious consequences follow both to the public and the producer when an exhibitor attempts really to edit a film. One day I went to see a running of Stevenson's Bottle Imp and to my chagrin the prologue, showing Stevenson with the children on his knees telling them his fantastic tale, was missing. Without the prologue the story became realism—and as such was absurd. The fellow next to me said to his wife—I suppose she was his wife: "Any chump can write a scenario if he just has things happen that couldn't possibly occur in life."

Films Fed to the Cannibals

WHEN I asked the exhibitor why he had cut the prologue he burst out: "Aw, these bonehead producers ought to eat a few firecrackers and get a little pep into their stuff! I have to speed up every fillum I get, and I do it even if I have to cut out everything but the big punch and the clinch."

Here is another episode—oh, so typical—over which the producer and public may mingle their tears. My company spends enormous sums to make pictures ring true, and a short time ago we released one which we felt sure would be a great hit. It appeared on the first run in one of the largest theaters in the country, and to our amazement all the press notices from that city were unfavorable. "Weak story," "Poor continuity," "Something seems to be missing"—were the comments. I telegraphed our local man and he did indeed find something missing—just eighteen scenes! All the stuff we had gone away to New York to make had been cut to shorten the film. You see, the exhibitor was showing a cannibal travelogue that week and the two pictures were too long for his program, so he just fed eighteen of our most beautiful scenes to the cannibals and all but ruined our picture.

The public, not knowing these details, quite naturally blames the producers.

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Underworld Stuff and Gun Play are Often Forbidden by Nice Censors Who Do Not Believe in Such Things

PHOTO BY METRO PICTURE CORPORATION

Above—"Kidding a Cop" and Making Faces are Censorable in Several Places

Coming Motherhood May Not be Even Suggested in One Great State

THE PEDDLER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

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TO CERTAIN natures love comes because of something, to others it comes in spite of everything, and to still others it simply comes.

Diana Kirkland had never been in love. It is probable that an outdoor girl of athletic tastes who grows up with four tempestuous brothers gets a sort of inoculation against masculinity; or it may be that where these are of manly even though violent type and harshly critical of other men, she becomes hypercritical herself and inclined to compare a would-be suitor to his disadvantage with her own masterful kin.

Casting up the four Kirkland boys as a unit, a very powerful personality would have been required to stand this acid test, while a swain of sentimental inclination must needs have been ripped up like a lap dog tossed into the Airedale kennels. Diana had never had an actual beau, had never felt the need of one, would have greeted tender approaches with rather more than scorn, regarded an amorous tentative as sickening. She didn't object particularly to a sort of rough camaraderie which might have shocked most girls, even to being mauled about a bit in a gust of virile emotion, especially in a general frolic. But her soul had always shrunk in disgust from anything approaching a sentimental situation, mawkish romance, a clandestine tryst. If any ardent admirer had begged her for a favor, her glove perchance, he might have got it across the ear, possibly with the hand inside, while the irony of her brothers would have trumpeted the death of his potentialities as a suitor.

She frightened men off, was invisibly posted with No Trespass signs. Even as a very young girl she had never been kissed without a struggle, and the caress had been paid for painfully. Like Jean Jacques Rousseau, the more she saw of men the more she esteemed her dogs, while her observations of women led her to a greater toleration of cats.

And then the peddler had come, most opportunely to throw a good half of her prejudices in disarray. From the moment of her fixing this curious individuality with her violet eyes she had been impressed with much doubt in regard to her previous findings. His face had pleased her, not only in feature but through some quality in its respectful mockery and the suggestion of an inward amusement at most people and things. She had met philosophers before, but never a laughing one. She liked his massive physical proportions with their singular lightness of motion and graceful coördination. She had intensely admired the good humor with which he had stood fast under James' cutting admonitions and the peculiar quality which appeared to make him impervious to them without the loss of dignity.

Then had come her rescue and that of James, the actual fact of which stirred her less than the swift nonchalance with which it had been achieved and the subtle understanding displayed in diverting their minds from the fearsomeness of their position. Diana reflected that ninety-nine men out of one hundred would have been struck aghast, gone about the business in nervous trepidation, whereas the peddler had been throughout as blithe as a squirrel running along a limb, and imbued them with a sense of security from the instant of his arrival on the scene.

Here, she reasoned, was a born leader, director, a master mind who wore his domination gayly, unconsciously as a falcon might wear its wings. Their talk on the cliffs had struck even more deeply perhaps at her rich emotional qualities hitherto latent. She saw in this peddler far more than a genial witty itinerant purveyor of odds and ends and skilled artisan for the adjustment of things. Peddler he might be, and jack-of-all trades, but underneath was the gallant gentleman, and something more if there be more than this—a soul which was sweet and strong and kind.

Diana Drew Quickly Aside, Stepping Behind a Clump of Hazel Bushes. She Was Astonished and Disturbed

Then pondering these things and finding subconsciously a new and thrilling pleasure in so doing, potent forces were set in motion, and before she realized just what had happened, perhaps without realizing it at all, Diana was suddenly in love. She fell within all three classes previously indicated—because of something, in spite of everything, and simply because.

For one may readily perceive that there was perfectly good reason for her falling in love; also that there was every reason why a lady of her quality should not permit herself to fall in love with any such nondescript merchant of the open road; and that, one of these neutralizing the other, she simply did.

It is rather pleasant for a high-spirited girl to fall in love and know it and refuse to admit it even to herself, because of such is true romance, and everybody loves true romance in spite of all disclaimers. The situation was filled with improbable possibilities. She might yank this peddler up to her social station or parachute thrillingly to his. Perhaps he was Prince Charming disguised as a peddler; or a Diogenes in a rolling tub. Perhaps he was a spy, breaking ground for the war of 1930. Or a sociologist, or a poet, or a distinguished author, or a Bolshevik propagandist, or almost any of many exciting things, besides a peddler.

All of this as well as the personal attraction made such powerful appeal to the unsuspected romance in Diana's rich nature that she went about with ears alert and heart that rattled off like an alarm clock at the distant clamor of any old and ill-adjusted car. Thus, dining at the Metcalfs', who entertained largely, her nerve centers began to fire sympathetically and with shocking inaccuracy of aim so far as coordinate idea was concerned when the peddler's approach was blatantly heralded from afar, to cease abruptly in the parking ground conferred upon him in fee simple by the jovial host, who found in this eccentric merchant much to delight his boyish nature.

But these vague impulses in Diana began to crystallize most indiscreetly as the evening wore on. By this time she and the peddler had grown pretty well acquainted. He had done several bits of skilled craftsmanship at Kirkland Manor, adjusted the twins' hydroplane, and taxied it most cleverly round the cove, wired the hangar, chained and shackled some trees, shown her how to distinguish edible from poisonous mushrooms, to the alarm of the brethren, and always with his quaint yet scholarly patter. He puzzled, impressed and fascinated Diana, and he bore the distinction of being the only male individual she could think of who had never suffered a rap from some member of the family—possibly because it was so very evident that he would not have cared a rap if he had. In fact, the peddler appeared to invite rapping. But the brethren on their part seemed to regard him as one possessed of some cosmic immunity from criticism. As strong-bodied men they had only to watch Clamp to admit that he was stronger. Quick of wit, they felt him to be quicker. As good mechanics they gave homage to his superior technical ability, and as canny folks they respected his shrewd business qualities, with which no social intercourse for an instant interfered.

The Metcalfs took their entertaining lightly, providing all that any reasonable guest might desire and then leaving him free to follow his inclinations, whether to dance, play billiards or climb a tree. Wherefore Diana, fraught with an irresistible attraction located in the far corner of the pasture, so maneuvered as to fade imperceptibly away and merge into the nocturnal landscape with a facility aided by the lack of perspective which is a well-known quality of moonlight and the mimicry of Nature enhanced by a mist-colored tulle evening gown.

She passed through the sunken garden with its little pond and cobweb bridge to the Temple d'Amour in its center, followed the straight path between the cypresses to the Etruscan gate, crossed the road, flitted down it to the lane with its turf walls and pollards, where one might imagine oneself in Brittany and, reaching the entrance to the pasture, which was open, hovered there like a big gray moth startled yet tempted to flutter toward the flame.

The witch mist hung over the meadow bosom deep and Diana looked out across it like a swimmer in limpid water. In the far corner deeply shadowed by the white oaks the body of the van was invisible, so that the figure of the peddler in his deck chair with a lantern just behind his shoulder had the curious aspect of being suspended on a staging in mid-air. Diana could see him quite distinctly, and so vivid was the moonlight in which she was drenched that it vanquished the projected glow of the lantern, enabling the peddler to discover her.

And so the two watched each other for a moment across the lake of mist. Diana did not believe that she herself had been discovered, and realizing suddenly that she was doing something rather more than unconventional in paying this nocturnal visit, with no excuse or pretext which might warrant it, found her courage fail her for the first time in her arbitrary life. She decided to go no farther. But something stronger than propriety held her there, and as she

lingered she saw the peddler reach behind him, take the swinging lantern from its hook and extinguish it.

She was about to retreat when suddenly she found herself torpedoed in this sea of mist. A long projectile beneath its surface was launched against her, to explode in squeals of welcome. Diana stifled a shriek.

"Torp!" she whispered and stooped to caress the wriggling body.

Thus occupied she did not see the head and shoulders of the Triton advancing toward her through the swirls of vapor, and was even more startled when a resonant voice said calmly: "Having scored a hit with my torpedo, I shall now inspect the potential destroyer."

"Why destroyer?" asked Diana. "And why potential? What might I possibly destroy?"

"If Mrs. Metcalf were to see you at this moment," said the peddler, "she would quickly make that point quite clear."

"Upon my word!" said Diana with a perfectly good affectation of surprise. "Are you trying to say that I should not have come to tell you that my brother James wants you to stop to-morrow and go over the hydroplane again? They can't seem to keep it off the water."

The peddler smiled.

"That is the result of my skilled adjustment," he answered. "It was no part of my plan that it should leave the water until your brothers have learned a good deal more about its manipulation. Water, Miss Kirkland, is an inelastic medium, as one is apt to discover when dropped upon it in a hydroplane from an altitude of several hundred feet. But if you value my poor services do not tell your brothers this."

"The more I see of you, Mr. Clamp," said Diana, "the more I am convinced that you are a *deus ex machina* and a sort of acting tutelary deity watching over the bones and bodies of the crazy Kirklands."

"If Messieurs David and Donald had been in the car the day we met and like their elder brother sworn to eschew strong waters and deny them, I never would have presumed to limit their aërial dimensions," said the peddler; "but though an experienced flyer might be no worse for a glass or two the chances are that the novice so indulging would never live to become an experienced flyer. Appreciating this I limited the power of the machine by an ingenious trick which I do not think they can possibly discover."

"Then what will you do to-morrow when you are asked to look it over?"

"Make sure that my appliance is still in perfect working order," said the peddler.

"Oh, dear—do you treat everybody as though he were about ten years old?"

"That is about the average age of the idler's intellect."

"Then you think we are mere idlers?"

"In time of peace. You personally are not, because you are the nurse of four adult babes."

"Make it five while you're at it. We seem to have acquired a tutor now."

"I toot only when on the route," said the peddler. "In the case of your brothers it is my earnest wish that they may get disgusted with their new toy and scrap it. Those who have come back safely from the war live in great danger to their lives because their sense of caution has become atrophied."

"I think that you are right. What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Chasing the nimble dollar. I acquired a new client to-day—the Comte de Vallignac."

"Really? Did you see the beautiful ladies?"

"I saw the beautiful countess. I am not so sure about the beauty of their guest."

"Why?"

"Because her beauty struck me as being rather like that of a vampire, not the movies kind but the original article; and to the philosopher beauty should shine out from within like a lighthouse and not be spread over the surface like grease paint."

"Isn't that pretty severe censure for a first impression?" Diana asked, secretly rejoicing at the delicacy which prevented his inviting her to visit his van, and reflecting how few if any of the men of her acquaintance would first have criticized her seeking them and then remained standing almost at attention and at the distance of a yard or two while talking to her.

"To some extent," said the peddler, "I am guided by animal instinct, not only my own but that of my little companion. Torp ran to the countess, but he gave Miss Melton a wide berth. He seemed to feel that she might be loaded with T N T—Terribly Naughty Thoughts."

"How did you learn her name?"

"That is part of my business—the successful peddler should know the names of all on his route, their financial standing, social status, political and religious views, favorite flower, personal failings, family scandal and skeleton within the closet. He should retail this judiciously, dwelling at length upon their magnificence, their courage, their war records and, in the case of the ladies, the quantity of bandages rolled."

"Do you think that you have any magnificent people on your route?"

"Mr. Metcalf is magnificent. He presents me, a poor peddler, with a parking place. What saith Aristotle? 'The magnificent man is like a man of skill, because he can see what is fitting and spend largely in good taste.'"

"Then you don't like Miss Melton?" said Diana.

"What am I, to like and dislike my patrons? I should not say this to anybody else, but I say it to you because, having been instrumental in saving your life, I am, according to Chinese philosophy, in a measure responsible for its welfare." His voice, seldom without an elusive note of mockery, seemed to lose this abruptly, to strike a timbre of earnestness. "Please have as little to do with Miss Melton as you possibly can. If Torp's instinct and mine have any value she is bad medicine, not in the physic but in the psychic sense."

"What about her hosts?" Diana asked.

"I do not think they are apt to bother you. Please consider this as confidential." He paused for a moment, then said: "Very well. I shall stop to-morrow and give your brothers some bunk about their flying boat, for which I shall charge them a few dollars; and you will be the only person to know that this apparent fraudulence may be considered in the light of a fee for longevity."

This very obvious dismissal brought the blood to Diana's cheeks even while she felt bound to approve it. She knew that the peddler was right, that she should not have come, and that having come, albeit with a shallow pretext of a message, she should have delivered it and returned forthwith. Still it was with a stab of vexation that she found herself thus given congee. She, Diana Kirkland, descendant of colonial governors and Constitution signers, whose family had lived for generations on the land, to be sent trotting off by a peddler! And as this was passing in her mind she found her arm grasped suddenly, herself drawn through the open gate into the field.

"Pardon," said the peddler in a low voice. "Somebody is coming down the lane. A groom and housemaid I think. Walk back this side of the hedge and go over the stile. Good night."

And he stepped into the lane and moved off to meet the approaching figures, humming his little song:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

"I Think I'll Go Join Her if You'll Put Me on the Path," Said She to William

VI

A FAMILY row was in full cry at Kirkland Manor, the battleground being of course the dining room.

Just why mealtime should be chosen for family fights seems difficult to understand. Why the dining room to the ruin of appetite and digestion, when the meal might be finished in peace and a postprandial fight started later in the billiard room, where there is less to break, and with cues and balls conveniently at hand? The reason is probably because at mealtime, when seated about the table, the different members are obliged to stare at faces monotonously familiar, thus evoking animosity. But in the case of the Kirklands the *casus belli* was less this psychological fact than a natural inherited inborn love for strife. To these combative natures a quarrel at certain intervals was a constitutional demand, with strangers where possible, with friends in dearth of strangers, and with each other in dearth of friends. Of course among themselves it never reached the point of physical violence, nor often even that of real personal abuse. In fact, it was principally noise—they glared at each other and yelled, shouted, growled or snarled, then stopped suddenly and forgot about it.

In these unseemly bickerings distinct sides were usually chosen, this partisanship by no means a constant factor, but depending upon the question in hand. William was now the disturbing element and, as seldom happened, supported by his elder brother, James, and Diana. This made things fairly even, paterfamilias

(Continued on Page 142)

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

I Looked Over to Where Jane and the Driving Mare Had Been in the Paddock Next to Us, But Could Not See a Sign of Them

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

IV

WE SETTLED down in our new home for a long stay because from the talk I heard between my master and Barney I gathered that I was about to receive my first lessons in real racing. There was a little track adjacent to the barn we were stabled in and here I went through the kindergarten stage, which is the lot of every young race horse.

The boys often spoke about the home we had left and how good the farmer's wife had been to us. One day they were talking about her, and Barney expressed the opinion that she must have been very beautiful when she was younger and before she commenced to get stout. My master agreed with him. He said: "Yes, Barney, her heart is so big that it kind of spoils her figure."

I thought when he said that he said it all, don't you? Some people think boys forget little kindnesses extended to them, putting it down to the thoughtlessness of youth, but they are far more appreciative than they are given credit for, only they don't say much about it. Anyway I have found out that kindness and charity and a big heart go further in the final accounting than any amount of distinction or beauty of face or form.

As I was saying, my education now seriously commenced, because every morning I was taken to the race track. My master rode me, and Barney rode Grasshopper or Jane. First, we would trot round perhaps a mile and a half or so and then canter a short distance. I should think our whole exercise was limited to two and a half miles. After the first week we went a little farther. When we were through our exercise our mouths and nostrils were sponged out and we were then unsaddled and rubbed lightly with a soft rub rag made out of old salt sacks. As these are the best, salt sacks such as we used were always hard to get. Since the war I imagine it is almost impossible to procure them. Then we were clothed with light sheets and walked about in a circle until we were thoroughly cooled out. A bucket of fresh water was placed in the center of the circle and every few minutes we were allowed a swallow or two, because it would never do to give a horse all he wanted to drink at once when he has just finished his exercise. A bucket of water was always placed in the corner of our stalls both night and day so that we could refresh ourselves at will. This is the healthiest and best way to water your horses.

In the old days race horses were worked a great deal more severely than they are now. Many of the old-time trainers absolutely butchered their horses. They trained runners as they would have trained a trotter, which of course is a different game altogether. But training improves, as do a great many other things.

And while I am talking about the improvements in training, it is not generally known that Americans first used the light racing plate, or shoe, which is now universally in use in all countries where horses are raced. Even in England, where they have raced for centuries, the runners wore what we call working shoes when they raced and did not adopt the light American plate until after the so-called American invasion. I might also mention that over there most European jockeys rode with a very long stirrup and sat almost bolt upright on their horses until Tod Sloan, the Reiff boys and Martin and O'Connor, Nash, Turner, Shaw and others went over there and demonstrated the American style of riding.

These statements, or ones like them, have always been resented by our British cousins. But deep down they know them to be true. The fact of the matter is that American trainers and jockeys in many ways almost revolutionized racing on the other side of the pond.

Now, mind you, I am not saying that the American invasion, as it was called over there, was not accompanied by certain features which did not redound to the credit of the visitors in a general way. And these drawbacks served the unfair-minded as a hook upon which to hang a blanket indictment against all Americans.

The real facts of the case are that American trainers handled their horses in a more common-sense way than their brethren on the other side. Their methods of training and working their horses were entirely different, one instance being that they did not work their horses so much; another, that they had more advanced methods of taking care of their horses after they had worked them.

We have an old saying in this country when we speak about odds that it is "shoes to plates," which means to distinguish the difference between a horse who runs a race in his working shoes and a horse who is shod with light racing plates, the former being so much heavier than the latter that in this country we always considered the horse who wore working shoes to be very heavily handicapped.

So it was that when our trainers went over there, shod their horses with the light-weight plates and had jockeys ride them who used a short stirrup and a crouching seat, they won race after race before the European trainers woke up to what had really happened.

It is needless to say that all this gave rise to certain criticism, accusation and innuendo. They were a conservative lot and for a long time refused to admit that the methods they had followed for generations had not been all right. They were a good deal like a surgeon operating along the lines and using the formula that was in vogue half a century ago.

Of course there were exceptions to this rule and I do not speak of all trainers over there, because some of them were men of as keen perception, class and ability as you will find anywhere, and when they discovered that many of the American methods were best they simply adopted them and did not waste their own time or their patrons' money in trying to prove that the old system was correct. Moreover, they employed American jockeys to ride their horses whenever they could get them, but be it also said that the English riders were not so slow to pick up American ways as were the older men. Some of them fell right into the American style of riding and thereby to a great extent held their own against the newcomers.

But mainly what gave the Americans a black eye was the fact that a coterie of race-track touts and other

undesirable gentry connected with the turf on this side, realizing that the occasion was ripe to make a killing, flocked over to London like the camp followers of a successful invading army. It is needless to add that they did not reflect credit upon the land of their birth or upon their countrymen who had gone over there to engage in racing from the purely legitimate standpoint

This was very unfortunate and led to all kinds of misunderstandings, because many trainers and others who had been affected by the startling string of American successes raised a hue and cry accompanied by charges of unfair dealing directed at the visitors. American jockeys were accused of dishonesty, and trainers and owners of sharp practices. But the insurmountable argument against this was that American jockeys won a large percentage of their mounts and American trainers kept sending winners to the post. Light racing plates, improved methods of conditioning and horsemanship brought down to a scientific and intelligent basis did the trick.

It is generally accepted that Tod Sloan is credited with inventing the crouching seat and short stirrup. Though I do not know that he is entitled to all the credit for this he certainly caused that style of horsemanship to be regarded internationally, though several riders here had adopted it to some extent, if not to such an extreme as Sloan did before he came into the limelight. Such riders as Barnes, Harry Griffith and some others of their day must be credited as having been among the pioneers in realizing the advantage of this style of riding in a modified form. But, however this may be, no one on either side of the water questions the efficacy of it now and nowhere can we find horses raced where they do not wear the light racing plates first adopted in this country. I have heard my master say that part of Sloan's equipment when he went to the other side was a big valise full of American racing plates. He also knew how to make a wind shield for his mount by pulling in behind the other horses in the race. That, together with his crouching position, made him subject to little or no wind resistance until he got ready to pull out and make his run for the judges' stand. Another help was that, by reason of having ridden so many trials against time as they do in this country, the American boys were better judges of pace than their English brethren.

No one questions England's supremacy in breeding great race horses and laying the foundation for the best specimens of the thoroughbred that the world has ever seen. But it must also be admitted that American trainers and riders helped a long way to perfect the art of conditioning and horsemanship. From time to time we have imported into this country the best blood in England and Australia. Why, away back in 1780 Diomed, the very first horse to win an English Derby, was imported to America. It has been said that the majority of the English cracks have the blood of Diomed in their veins. Diomed's strain persists in many American first-raters, but to England must go the credit for evolving and fostering the thoroughbred until it reached the climax of excellence.

It is hardly fair to draw a parallel between English and American bred horses from the racing standpoint. Of course all of ours here are direct descendants of the English thoroughbred. But owing to climatic or other conditions very few English horses do well in a racing way when imported into this country, and in the same way when our horses are sent over there they do not seem to achieve the same success they would be likely to at home. There are exceptions, of course, and I speak in a general way. Where failures are recorded it is usually set down to the change of climatic conditions, because we find that when these horses are sent to the breeding farms their progeny growing up in either country seem to have the usual share of success.

I am afraid I wandered up a bypath when I got off on the subject of Anglo-American racing, but as it was bound to come up somewhere in this story it might just as well be spoken of at length at this place as anywhere else. So I will get back to where I started out to tell you about my own first experiences.

After I had been trotting and galloping for some weeks I was allowed to speed a little at the end of my work. I was not speeded every day, but every other day. I loved this and was always eager to break away. It seemed to me that I could run about as fast as I wanted to, but my master always kept a steady hold on the reins and never allowed me to extend myself to the limit. Still I went fast enough as it was. Then one day I was allowed to speed for about one hundred yards, and two days after that the distance was stretched out until I raced a full eighth of a mile.

My master was always very particular about getting me off on the right foot whenever I broke away. That is one of the most important things with a race horse, because if his early education is neglected in this respect he is likely to get away from the post all tangled up – that is as regards his legs when the barrier lifts. Nothing handicaps a young horse so much as not being clever on his feet, so my schooling in this respect was pretty thorough. For instance, I never broke into a canter from a trot. My master always pulled me up and made me break either standing flat-footed or walking slowly. So it was that in after years when I came to race I had learned to break away from almost any position in which I happened to be standing and so could discount being pushed round at the starting post.

At the time of which I speak the starting barrier, as it is now used on all race tracks in the world, was just beginning to be used by racing associations here. I believe the idea originally came from Australia; at least I have heard my master say so. But the first was not by any means so efficient as it is to-day through the medium of American improvements. It is needless to add that as soon as some of our inventive geniuses grasped the idea several starting barriers, or gates, made their appearance in the bid for public approval, because everyone recognized that starting horses with the aid of a barrier was in a general way the best method and had come to stay. So far as I know, the first barrier to work without a hitch and that appeared to fill the bill was invented by an American racing man This was later improved upon, but there have been so many claimants for the honor of origination that I would not go on record as adjudicating upon this point.

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Bill, the Game Chicken, Was Just as Chipper as Ever; and Barney, to Cheer My Master Up, Cracked Many Jokes at Bill's Expense

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919

Controlling the Railroads

ABOUT sixty per cent of the outstanding capitalization of the railroads consists of bonds that have no voice in the management and on which the average interest rate is less than four and a half per cent—which is a lower rate than the Government could borrow on at this time. Voting power—and, consequently, control of the roads—is vested in the remaining forty per cent of capitalization, consisting of stocks. These stocks are very cheap at present. Only seven in the entire list, the day this is written, sell above par.

Many of these stocks are good collateral; any bank will lend seventy-five per cent or so of their market price. And a majority of the stock of a given road carries practical control of it—subject, of course, to the public's control. At current market prices an investment equal to five per cent or so of the total railroad investment would probably give the investor control of the railroads. Two and a half million railroad employees contributing a thousand dollars apiece could do it. And if not all of them have a thousand dollars to invest, the credit of the brotherhoods, if they should seriously devote themselves to the proposition of buying control of the railroads on a strictly business basis, would go a long way.

Two and a half million savings-bank depositors in Massachusetts have a billion dollars to their credit. We have no doubt that a like number of railroad employees, organized as a cooperative savings association for the purchase of railroad shares and exerting themselves to that end, could finally get as large a voice in railroad management as the Plumb plan proposes. That plan proposes that the Government shall buy the roads and give the employees the voice in management. Naturally we would rather receive anything as a gift than work for it, but moralists say it is not so good for us.

Rates and Taxes

THE public is paying this year something more than four billion dollars for railroad transportation and something more than five billion dollars in Federal taxes. The latter is a more important factor in cost of living than the former. Some taxes fall heavily on rich individuals and theoretically cause them to retrench. Actually, in all probability they now have no such effect. The man who pays a heavy individual surtax this year probably spends as much on living as ever; what the Government takes is simply what he would otherwise have invested in industry. The war motive to save is over with. Very likely he is more or less catching up with his wartime arrears of spending. Certainly there is spending on a prodigal scale.

Whether the taxes are paid by an individual or a corporation, a great part of them is the same thing as a tax on the profits of a business which the taxpayer manages or has a voice in managing. Undoubtedly he does the best he knows, or that his conscience will permit, to recoup by increasing the profits of the business. Undoubtedly a great deal of profiteering is traceable to that motive. It is doubtful that human ingenuity can devise any tax that does not in great part fall on the consuming public. That the great part of these war taxes falls finally on the consuming public is certain.

Add that a good deal of the tax money, including that raised on real estate, is unproductively, unprofitably or wastefully spent, and you have altogether a very important factor in cost of living.

Mister Chicago invests a hundred thousand dollars of surplus income in bonds that financed the construction of a terminal elevator by means of which wheat is handled more cheaply. Or Mister Chicago pays a hundred thousand dollars to the Government as income tax, thoughtfully marks up the price of goods sufficiently to recoup himself, and the Government spends the money on a Federal building which renders such poor service in proportion to its cost that it amounts to a standing tax on everybody who uses it.

A comprehensive study of taxes, with regard to who finally pays them and what the final payer really gets for his money, would be a valuable feature of the Government's cost-of-living inquiry.

Depending on the Government

THIS high cost of living is a very old problem. Long ago a certain small body of poor workmen in Great Britain found themselves cruelly ground by it. Matching their wages against the cost of necessaries and making the ends meet seemed literally impossible. At that time the British Government was not likely to be very much interested in the problems of an obscure body of poor workmen. The notion of taking their trouble to the government and having it fixed up for them overnight did not occur to these workmen. If they were to be helped at all they had to help themselves. So after much thought they put their scanty shillings into a fund and set up a cooperative shop, and out of that grew the great Rochdale cooperative movement which has made cost of living a less difficult problem for millions of British workmen.

Most of the branches of our Federal Government responded promptly to this agitation over high cost of living—generally proposing to remedy the situation in short order by indicting a great many individuals and setting up elaborate schemes of government control. One branch of the Government—the Federal Reserve Board—responded by pointing out that the great causes of these high prices were beyond political control and could be corrected only by increased production and greater care in consumption.

As the board tersely put it, the remedy "whether viewed from an economic or a financial standpoint is the same, namely: Work and save." But the Reserve Board is not a political body; and it is a settled principle with politics that its remedies, whatever the complaint, must involve no cost or inconvenience to the beneficiaries. Politics will seldom say "Work and save." Usually it will say "Just wait a minute and I'll fix it up for you with no effort or discomfort on your part."

An agitation over high prices was decidedly in order. The Government's activity in helping to focus attention upon it and by way of threatening gougers will no doubt do some incidental good; but those activities will not touch the great causes of high prices. As for price-fixing schemes, wholesale prices in the United States at the beginning of August, as reflected by Bradstreet's index number, were about four per cent higher than the year before, when the Government was—theoretically and on paper—exercising extensive control over prices. And doubtless prices would have been that four per cent higher if Government had continued its price-controlling.

Politics' stock remedy for all troubles is to indict somebody. It is always by way of saying: "If anything troubles you some malevolent individual must be to blame for it. I will put the individual in jail for you and then your trouble will disappear." The great objection to this sort of economic demonology is that it distracts attention from true economics.

There is no doubt a good deal of grafting on consumers—born of the time and the situation. The Government's activities may do something to stop it and thereby do real good. But by inculcating a notion that politics is going to fix it up for us, so we need not bother with trying to fix it for ourselves, the Government's activities may do a great deal of real harm. You will get much farther toward a cure of your own individual cost-of-living trouble by swallowing the Federal Reserve Board's remedy, "Work and save."

Industrial Peace

NO MATTER whether a man is a Bolshevist or a Tory, if he has any sense and any feeling at all for living, hoping and suffering men, women and children—for actual human life instead of mere theories about it—he will agree that no problem can be bigger than this one: How to insure continuous efficient operation of industry. The Bolshevists have found out by experience how important that is. It involves steady application of labor. New York, Boston and Chicago recently found that discontinuance of labor in local transportation for only comparatively few hours inflicted enormous damage on the public.

Some people turn to compulsory arbitration; but compulsory arbitration—now that the czar and his Cossacks and the kaiser and his Prussian regiments have vanished is out of the question. Capital can easily be compelled, but labor cannot be. An award against capital can be enforced by a deputy sheriff with a piece of paper. Without Cossacks there is no way of enforcing an award against labor.

But there can be binding arbitration, agreed to by labor; and in transportation at least there ought to be. It must be part of a bargain voluntarily accepted by labor. It must amount to saying: "Name the terms on which you will agree to submit your claims to a court and abide by its judgment. How do you wish to be represented in all discussions and decisions affecting the conditions of employment in any way? How do you wish the court to be constituted? We will talk it over with you and formulate a plan acceptable to both of us and to the public, which has more at stake than either of us."

Doubtless labor will not readily agree to any terms for binding arbitration just now. It holds a strong hand at the moment and is inclined to play it to the limit. But interruption of industry and a continuing state of uncertainty and insecurity are finally even more dangerous to labor than to capital. With any material slackening of industry, labor's hand would turn weak and the employer would have the advantage. What the public wants is not a seesaw of advantage from one side to the other, with each side pressing its advantage of the moment and consequent irritation and periodic interruptions of industry, but a fair, stable relationship. In the long run that will benefit labor even more than it will capital.

Some labor leaders talk vaguely of their inherent and constitutional right to strike, just as many business men used to talk about their inherent and constitutional right to run their own business exactly as they saw fit. The one set of rights is no more sacred or important than the other. Whatever rights of any sort any man has he can agree not to exercise them. Labor can agree not to strike in consideration of conditions that meet its reasonable wants as to a voice in all decisions affecting it and assurance of a fair hearing of its claims. That will be to its own advantage finally. The public has a right—the right to insist upon reasonable assurance of continuous operation of transportation agencies. The damage caused by interruption of those agencies falls almost wholly on the public.

Probe Here!

REPUBLICANS are entitled to all the satisfaction they can get in discovering waste of public money during the war and charging it up to the Democratic Administration. There is undoubtedly abundant opportunity for probing in that field. But that money is spent. Whatever wastes there were are irrecoverable. And this current year a Republican Congress is authorizing the expenditure of six and a half billion dollars of public money. So far we see precious little evidence of any probing there.

The public knows the old game in which Democrats out of power pointed with horror to Republican extravagance and Republicans out of power pointed with horror to Democratic extravagance, and neither party when in power made any attempt at economical and efficient operation of the Government. The public not only knows the game but is sick of it. Getting along ten feet with a budget system, for example, will win the Republicans more credit than exposing a mile of Democratic war waste.

Reactions

FOR more than two years here and more than four years in Europe the most restless and energetic part of the human race marched in lock step—submitting to discipline and regimentation such as mankind, broadly speaking, had had no experience of before.

A natural reaction came. When the weight was removed the spring recoiled proportionately to the compression. Loosely speaking, nobody wanted to listen to Authority, nobody wanted to be bound by anything, everybody wanted to shout, tip something over, cut loose and—especially—go on a strike. It was a natural reaction. Even if there had been no particular disgust with Authority, because it was helpless to save the world from an utterly stupid war and because of its muddled peace, there would still have been a good deal of the same turbulence.

It affects organized wage labor particularly because that is near the center of gravity of the human mass and is in peculiarly good position to make an effectual disturbance. The organized labor the world over that has not been striking or threatening to strike appears to be exceptional. It is fairly epidemic, and unless it subsides reaction from that also is inevitable.

Getting a more stable condition through a decrease in industrial activity and an increase in idle hands is a costly process that every intelligent person wants to avoid, but an epidemic of strikes will finally force such a reaction.

PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SARAH WHITTEN, on her way back to Lewisburg after a half year of war work, stood next to a recently demobilized second lieutenant who had crowded his young civilian-clad figure into that food-smelling mahogany box which you'll find leading into every respectable Pullman dining car. There was no reason why they should not have scraped up an acquaintance, because Sarah might, however foolishly, have considered herself beyond the age of indiscretion. Moreover, she wore that on the third finger of her left hand which proclaimed her to be of the supposedly self-chaperoning state; moreover, he was ridiculously under thirty, while Sarah was, to her own knowledge and belief, appreciably over. Whatever their inward surmises, they stood outwardly oblivious of one another, gazing into space as well-bred passengers are supposed to do while others take their time over unnecessary helpings of cottage pudding or pie à la mode.

Perhaps two years of artillery practice had sharpened the ex-lieutenant's powers of observation. At any rate, without seeming obtrusive, he was able to take in the modest plain platinum band and the small solitaire diamond on her left hand; and in the interminable wait by the hot galley he got a general impression and paused to wonder. She must have been married some time; her wedding ring proclaimed that, for it was perfectly plain, in the style which was popular when platinum first came into general use for jewelry. It looked like one of the tinny affairs they had called "rheumatism rings" when he was a schoolboy. The solitaire diamond, too, was of no great value. The rings looked out of place on her well-kept, aristocratic hand. She was a slender, rather tall lady in a light-gray suit which she wore with remarkable smartness, considering the bituminous horrors of Middle-Western travel. He got a glimpse of a delicate, rather troubled, but decidedly attractive face under a fashionably plain hat brim. He jotted the name of a desirable fruit—to wit, a peach—in his mental notebook; then he wondered why her eyes were sad—or was it merely a reflection of the general protest against a belated luncheon in a government-controlled dining car?

At last from a two-seated table by the door arose a ghoulish traveling man, sated with cottage pudding. The ex-lieutenant stood aside for the lady in gray just as a steward, coming forward, motioned her to the empty place.

"This way, madam."

Did she start self-consciously at the words addressed to her? Or was this merely another freak of imagination on the part of the ex-lieutenant? An instant later the steward was beckoning to him also, and he found himself seated opposite the charming matron with the costly clothes and the economical rings.

As the waiter was performing his humble sleight of hand, slipping a clean cloth under two sugar bowls while the train was rounding an acute curve, the ex-lieutenant got a better look at her as she held her menu by its German-silver handle and gazed into it as Venus might have gazed into her mirror. They were hazel eyes, which might have been witty or even a little wicked except for that haunting shadow that lay in them. Now they were looking over the Railroad Administration's inhuman bill-of-fare tragically as though her doom lay written therein. The second lieutenant, being young and unmarried, indulged himself in a sigh and reached for the extra menu. It was after he had chosen corned-beef hash with a poached egg, coffee and custard pie that he looked up and was confused to observe that the beautiful matron was regarding him with a friendly eye.

"Do you mind riding backward?"

His ear was tickled by that sweet, rather modified Southern accent which cultivated Southerners manage so well.

"I love it!" he protested, and was on his feet at once to change places with the lady in gray.

"I detest making a nuisance of myself —"

"That would be impossible," he assured her gallantly, holding her chair.

"—— but there are some things I can't stand this morning. Rather silly, don't you think, for anyone who has just finished a week on a transport?"

"Then you have been on the other side?" was his very natural question, to which she replied:

"Barely over. I was just a Y worker and I started rather late, I'm afraid. At any rate, they decided to stop the war before I got well started with my canteen in Paris. I had two months of work though, and ——"

"I scarcely saw Paris," he explained not without regret.

"Of course you were in the service." She eyed him with a searching look, as though there were something peculiar about any man of twenty-three being abroad fighting for his country. Again that disturbed look fluttered across her face. He wondered about the wedding ring and the all too modest solitaire. They couldn't mean a military romance, because they were of a style that antedated this man's war. Could she be a widow or what?

"I was with the Seventy-seventh," he explained simply. "I haven't seen an awful lot of fighting—you see I got a mouthful of phosgene early in the Argonne and I've been boarding round in base hospitals pretty much ever since."

"Oh," said she. She might have been exclaiming at a dish of cold tongue with sliced tomatoes and a pot of tea which the waiter was then clattering on the cleared space before her

He had demolished his corned-beef hash and sat waiting for his custard pie when she resumed the conversation by asking:

"The Seventy-seventh—that's a New York division, isn't it?"

"Yes, Liberty Division."

"Do you know the South?"

"My first trip. I'm on the road for an automobile headlight concern."

"I hope there's something we can do for you while you're in Lewisburg," she volunteered, her tone giving the impression that We meant somebody of importance

"That's awfully good of you," he blurted, and was ashamed of his blushes. He wondered if she wasn't, after all, a year or so older than he. "My name's Slawson," he informed her abruptly, regarding self-introduction as proper at this stage in the advance.

"I'm Miss Whitten," she said, so distinctly that, being sure of his ears, he glanced somewhat too pointedly at the platinum circlet and solitaire diamond on her left hand.

"Miss ——" he began dazedly.

"I'm sorry." She glanced rapidly down at the point his eyes had sought. "How stupid of me. I'm Mrs. Annister. I've scarcely gotten used to it. It seems so strange—so ——"

It was in obvious confusion that she motioned to the waiter, paid her score and hurried out of the dining car.

He was rather relieved to be left alone with his pie, for this peculiar married lady who called herself Miss because it seemed strange to be called Mrs. Annister, had already created disturbances in ex-Lieutenant Slawson's susceptible heart. There was a little auburn girl out in the Bronx to whom he had just as good as said the word and he had no intention of putting his faith to the touch. This Mrs. Annister must be a bit older than he. What perplexed, fascinating eyes she had, and where was Mr. Annister? Divorced? How did she become a Y worker with a husband alive and, presumably, kicking?

All these questions Mr. Slawson put to his unresponding custard pie. When he got back to his Pullman—which oddly enough, was named Romeo—the first pleasant sight to greet his eyes was that of the mysterious Mrs. Annister packing a book in a handbag, preparatory, no doubt, to her arrival in Lewisburg. Reflection over his pie had assured him that she was less charming than he had at first imagined; but a second look at her gave the lie to his reflection. Her lithe body bent over a walrus bag, every move graceful and distinguished, mouth inviting, long lashes veiling mysterious eyes. He took no further stock of her divine attributes, because she looked up at that instant and, blessing him with a smile, invited him to the seat beside her.

"Won't you?" she begged pleasantly; and as she cleared away a pile of gloves, old letters and magazines which she had been moving from one bag to another, a tattered envelope came loose from its pile and fluttered to the floor. He stooped to pick it up and could not refrain from reading

And When at Last Rosie Looked Up With Swollen Eyes She Managed to Say: "Finders Keepers ——"

the inscription, written in a bold hand—"Miss Sarah Whitten." Then the marriage had been quite recent; for the letter bore a French postmark.

"Thank you," she said a little coolly, and dropped the trifle in her walrus bag.

For awhile they carried on an aimless, amiable Pullman-car conversation. She seemed to prefer politics to the war as a topic of debate. From mention of the war she shrank away; and this was no wonder to Slawson, who himself was delighted to talk of homely things and peace.

"It will be blessed to see old Lewisburg again," she cried, having commented on outlying towns and suburbs whirling by. "Everything natural—and yet it seems a hundred years."

"They'll be pleased, I suppose, to see you coming back a married woman." He was surprised to find himself uttering this impertinence.

"How do you know I didn't go away a married woman?" she asked almost harshly, turning upon him a troubled, offended face.

"You—you sort of told me it had been sudden," he floundered, "and then your baggage is marked S. H. W.—and that would be Sarah H. Whitten."

"Of course it would," said she dryly, and became at once less talkative.

Fortunately the train was at that instant easing its pace for a stop at the Fourth Street Station.

"Are you getting off here, too?" she asked pleasantly as he followed her down the aisle.

"No, I'm going to the Union Station. But you'll let me help you down, I hope."

An automobile drew up to the siding as he helped her down among her mountain of hand luggage and, shaking hands, hoped he might see her again. A prosperous motor car drove up to the crossing and interrupted their farewells. The train began to move, and just as Slawson was remounting the platform a door of the attendant automobile flew open and a voice shrill with ecstasy cried out:

"Why, Sadie Whitten! I can't believe ——"

The wondering Slawson sped on to the Union Station, his thoughts on Sadie Whitten agreeing with the ecstatic voice in the automobile. He "couldn't believe ——" Despite the superiority of her years to his—and he now conceded that—he enjoyed a conviction that she needed a protector, and he found himself raging at the absent Mr. Annister, who, for all he knew, had deserted her and left her to roam the world alone.

At the Union Station he got himself a taxi which took him to the Gulliver House, Lewisburg's first-class hotel. From his room he telephoned to Mr. Jed Warrington, prosperous dealer in automobile tractors, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and he was cheered to hear a hearty voice going on:

"It's mighty nice to have you in town, Mr. Slawson! Won't you step round to the Pickwick Club at five and have a little something?"

The Pickwick Club, Lewisburg's undoubted social center, sits close to the heart of the town, a fine, high-shouldered old building with an open space in front a half block deep. This space is tiled and raised six steps from the street, and here on fine days leisurely male members may sit in rockers, smoke and review the passing world. Male members I have said with kindness aforethought, because the Pickwick is a coeducational club in the sense that it has a Ladies' Annex where wives, daughters and maiden aunts may take their lunch, tea or bridge just out of earshot of the more violent bar and billiard room on the gentlemen's side of the structure. Jerry Ranger, renowned afar for wit and ability, once referred to the Pickwick Club as the Sultan's Palace, in that it contained both *haremlik* and *selimlik*. The Pickwick has lost no charm through being a family club; that I have found by personal observation. Perhaps that is because the ladies of Lewisburg are more charming as well as more tactful. . . . But to our story.

A pleasant gray gentleman plunged out of the throng and took young Slawson by the hand almost as soon as he had asked at the door for Mr. Warrington. This being in the winter before the season of the Great Drought it was a question of Scotch or Bourbon that led them to the bar. After a quarter-hour of strictly business, brightened by much kindly advice on the part of a wise old gentleman who knew the South as well as a good Moslem knows—or should know—his Koran, Slawson asked after Jerry Ranger, naming a name which is, I suppose, more celebrated than that of Lewisburg itself.

"You must meet him," decided the good Mr. Warrington.

"I have," admitted Slawson. "But there's no reason why he should remember me. I was a high-school boy then and he was a star on the Sun under my Uncle Peter."

"He's upstairs playing bridge this very minute," said Mr. Warrington. "I'll tell you what we'll do. There's a hen party going on over in the Haremlik. It's time we busted it up anyway. I want you to meet Mrs. Warrington, and when I can pry Jerry loose from his game we'll get together. You'll dine with us to-night, won't you? Never mind putting on any lugs. Let's see if we can hunt up the family."

After having been conducted along the corridor to the other side, Warrington singled out a brown-eyed, peppery, plump-faced lady from several middle-aged matrons who were taking tea in a pretty room with white walls and mulberry curtains.

"Molly, you look after Mr. Slawson," smiled his host as soon as introductions had taken place. Whereupon he went forth, presumably to pry Jerry loose from his game.

"Poor Jerry!" Mrs. Warrington clattered on, having been informed by Mr. Slawson that he wouldn't take tea, but wouldn't mind having something sent up from downstairs. "If Jerry weren't so crazy about gambling he'd have been married years ago."

"And yet I'm told that matrimony is something of a gamble," ventured the ex-lieutenant, looking ever so old.

"I suppose so," agreed Mrs. Warrington for agreement's sake. "It's scandalous the way Lewisburg spoils its men. When they're young off they go, flitting from flower to flower, and the next you know they're either too bloated or too dried up for anybody to look at them. I venture to say that we have more old bachelors and old maids here than any other town of its size in the United States."

"I thought New England held that record," ventured young Slawson.

"New England can't claim everything in spite of her conceit. There's a saying in Lewisburg that you have to get married before you're twenty-seven or you're forever lost"

Slawson was floundering in his clumsy Northern way, reaching out desperately for something gallant to the effect that a man must indeed be hard-hearted to remain long single in the midst of so many sweet temptations, when his involved theme was interrupted by the reëntrance of Mr. Warrington, who came leading by the arm that distinguished pilot of the Evening Pioneer, Jerry Ranger, feared, loved or envied throughout the radius of his newspaper's influence. He had grown a little gray and much heavier since the days when Eddie Slawson, then a schoolboy, had seen him at his father's house in New York. But he was easily recognizable by his seamy pugilist's face and his humorous, sullen, sentimental gray eyes.

"You don't need to show him to me," declared Jerry Ranger, as he swung forward and all but wrung the newcomer's hand loose from its moorings. "I held a finger bowl at your christening, son. And how's your Uncle Peter since he lost his nerve and went into the insurance business? And now you've gone to war and come back again! What carried you so far out this way?"

Eddie Slawson explained, quite uncommercially, about the automobile headlight invention.

"I thought automobiles had more on 'em than they could carry already," grinned Jerry Ranger. "But never

(Continued on Page 32)

"When I Got Back and Feibe Told Me You Had Changed Your Signature I Just Fell All in a Heap—Actually, That's What I Did"

"Strengthen that link"

You are only as strong as your digestion—no stronger.

Rich nourishment does you no good if you cannot digest it and transform it into health and energy.

Nine times in ten where physical condition is not at its best the "weak link" is poor digestion.

And there is no strengthener better than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only a tempting appetizer but it supplies important nutritive elements which the system demands. It strengthens digestion and increases the energy-yield of all you eat. It is as wholesome as it is delicious.

The wise way is to order it by the dozen or case and never be without it.

"For wisdom that's simple and pat
Just paste my advice in your hat
The link that shows wear
Is the one that needs care
Put all your attention on that!"

21 kinds

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

you fret, Eddie—just stick by us and we'll buy everything you've got. And next thing you know you'll see a Lewisburg girl you can't get away from—New York'll never see you again, boy. This climate's death on Yankees."

"You're a great one to talk about getting married and settling down!" Mrs. Warrington twitted him.

"Oh, I'm a special case," boasted Jerry as soon as they had seated themselves at a table separate from the general public. "The trouble with Lewisburg is that it's got used to me. Just like letting people play with pearls of great price—they lose all reverence for 'em. It's the death of romance too. If you really want to start something in the marriage license bureau you've got to come from afar off, meet suddenly, get all flushed up, love, declare your pash—have it over with before it begins to drag. I'm going to write a book sometime on The Relation of Mileage to Matrimony. You stay in one place twenty years—all the girls get onto your curves. Then you move. Behold! Roses strew your path, you at once become the handsome stranger in the parlor suite."

"What's all this talk lead to?" asked Mrs. Warrington.

"A bet. I'll bet if I went East and got a job on the Brooklyn Eagle I'd find me a bonnie bride inside six weeks. Any takers?"

"Gambling as usual!" sniffed Mrs. Warrington. "Do you think Lewisburg's going to let you get away like that?"

"I don't see why a Lewisburger needs to go to Brooklyn for pretty girls," old Warrington put in a word for local pride.

"The Lewisburg men are all brave and the women all beautiful," announced Jerry with an exaggerated bow directed toward Mrs. Warrington. "Eddie, how many of our crushing Southern beauties have you met thus far?"

"One," confessed Slawson. "I met her on the train."

"One's enough," decreed Jerry. "And when you meet 'em on the train it nearly always proves to be fatal."

"Not this time," laughed Slawson, and felt that he was blushing again. "This one's married."

Then, as was quite natural, he turned to Mrs. Warrington and asked:

"Do you know a Mrs. Annister here?"

"Annister?" questioned the middle-aged lady, then paused with the air of thumbing a mental register—an air which middle-aged ladies in settled society can assume to a nicety. "There aren't any Annisters in Lewisburg. Do you know any Annisters here, Jed?"

"No, there aren't any Lewisburg Annisters," her husband came to her support.

"I don't think she married a Lewisburg man," said young Slawson, enjoying the uncomfortable feeling of one who has been making a mountain out of a molehill. "That is to say, I don't know much about it. It seems she has been a war worker and has just got back from the other side. I was under the impression that she hadn't been married very long. I might have been mistaken in the name, at that."

"What was her maiden name? Do you know?" asked Mrs. Warrington with a gossip's annoying persistency.

"Whitten," replied Slawson promptly, because he was sure on that point.

Jerry Ranger, who had been looking into the depths of his tall glass, gazed suddenly up.

"I don't know any of the Whitten girls who aren't married," pronounced Mrs. Warrington.

"Except Sadie," said Ranger in a curiously easy voice.

"That must be the one," declared Slawson, seeing all eyes turned toward him as if for information. "Sarah H. Whitten."

"Well, of all the things under the sun!" Mrs. Warrington gave a peculiar laugh as she looked across at her husband

"There's nothing so strange about that," came in old Warrington with something like forced gallantry. "After all, Sadie is one of the most charming, beautiful and accomplished ——"

"And marriages occur every day, whatever you do to prevent them," declared Jerry in his most casual drawl. "I do hope Sadie's picked out a good one, that's all."

"She's scarcely been across long enough to get acquainted with anybody," went on the chronic gossip. "It's a perfect stroke of lightning."

"That's the way it ought to be—painless, merciful." Jerry contributed this as he arose and stood by his chair.

"Not going, Jerry!" pleaded the Warringtons in a breath.

"Sorry. Must. I've got a business dinner at the hotel. Must skip home and dress. I really want to see something of you, Eddie," he smiled, turning to Slawson with a hasty cordiality. "Why not lunch with me here to-morrow?"

Slawson had scarcely voiced his pleasure at the invitation than the suddenly restless editor of the Evening Pioneer was off to attend his surprisingly early business dinner.

"Well," said Mrs. Warrington, sitting back and folding her hands, "we haven't passed the age of miracles."

"You'd think Sadie had run away with the King of Siam, the way you talk!" growled old Warrington.

"I'd be less surprised at that," said his wife. "The King of Siam is just about what people would expect her to pick out. But to go away like that and come back with a regular husband—she didn't have her husband along, did she, Mr. Slawson?"

"He wasn't visible," admitted the ex-lieutenant.

"And at her age!" She said this in the voice of a lady who has just caught her great-grandmother smoking opium.

"I thought she was a—a peach," Slawson came back to his original diagnosis.

"Did you?" The social mentor looked interested. "I don't suppose there's a more charming girl in Lewisburg—in her way—than Sadie Whitten. But married! You haven't lived here, Mr. Slawson, so you don't know what

"If You Only Knew How I Like It—Being Made Love to Like This!" Was Her Peculiar Comment

this is all about. No, there wasn't a more lovely girl in Lewisburg than Sadie Whitten, up to the year 1912—she's one of the Lexington Whittens, you know"—as if to imply that this was a guaranty of lasting at least up to the year 1912—"and when she came out—that was 1906—or was it 1905?—it was generally thought that she would be snapped up in a year. But there was something about Sadie Whitten. There's such a thing as a girl's being too clever ——"

"A rare disease in Lewisburg," interpolated her husband.

"Are you telling this story?" asked his spouse severely. "Sadie Whitten certainly had a way of attracting the men, but she didn't know how to keep them. Possibly it was because she didn't find the one she wanted. She was always a choosy mortal. Men seemed to be on joking terms with Sadie; you know you'll never propose to a girl who insists on thinking you're funny at just the minute you want to be talking poetry."

"When did you ever propose to a girl that you should be an authority?" asked old Warrington, a remark which was unworthy of more than a look.

"Mercy, how time flies!" lamented she. "It seems only yesterday when everybody was worrying over Sadie's future—then all of a sudden her future got itself in the background; and there was just another old maid in town. Of course when she went and joined herself to the Perennials we thought that everything was as good as finished ——"

"The Perennials?" asked the stranger in town.

"A half dozen old maids who don't mind being called that. They don't really mind much of anything except matrimony. There's Miss Frizella Walker and Miss Hattie Belle Stacey and a whole tribe of them. Yes, Miss Dulcia Ranger, Jerry's sister, is one of them too. Single blessedness runs in the family. These Perennials! They seem to keep on forever going to seed and not minding it in the least. They're smart as so many whips, and ever so talented—all go in for things like interior decoration and literature and those old-maidish fads. It just broke my heart to see Sadie in that crowd, but of course when you've passed the age ——"

"Is she so awfully old?" was Slawson's young entreaty.

"She's thirty-two if she's a day," replied Mrs. Warrington, who was herself fifty-one if she was a night. "Lately her case has been sifted down to old Jerry Ranger; she's kept him round because his intentions are never matrimonial and she's known it all along. Last August when she said she'd got an appointment to go over with the Y. M. C. A. there were a few people mean enough to declare that poor Sadie had got a new lease of life and was intending to go to France and meet some of those handsome foreign soldiers and ——"

"That's a slander!" grunted old Warrington.

"I'm not responsible for what people say," declared Mrs. Warrington, resorting to the gossip's first line of defense. "And there's no one in Lewisburg gladder than I am to know that she's made a success of what she went over for."

"I hope she's drawn as good a one as she deserves," said Mr. Warrington.

"I hope so too," agreed his wife. "But what has she done with him? Poor old Jerry! You noticed his sudden business engagement, didn't you? I'll bet it's up on the hill that he's gone to talk business. I'll bet he's scuttling as fast as he can scoot to hear the news."

As fast as he could scoot scuttled Jerry Ranger in the direction of the big colonial house above the park. As a scooter he was employing a small-caliber automobile of runabout design and disreputable exterior; but it was equipped with an engine which Jerry always described as "dependable."

Jerry's wild ride to the highlands was not entirely inspired by a journalist's instinct to be first on the grounds where the news sensation lies. As a matter of fact the account of Sadie Whitten's marriage—if the ex-lieutenant's tale were based on more than rumor—would be printed in the morning papers hours before the Pioneer went to press. But the more vengefully he trod upon the gas and the more villainously his asthmatic car wove its way through the streets of Lewisburg the less did Jerry Ranger like the look of things. Sadie Whitten, his affectionate, unsentimental boon companion of the years, what had she been keeping from him? What did she mean by going to foreign lands and picking out heaven knows what sort of man, marrying him out of hand, and coming home without a word of warning to Jerry, her accredited brother confessor? How did Jerry know he would like this Annister fellow? He might turn out to be some sort of wife beater, or, more undesirable still, a crusty old bromide who would compel poor Sadie to read aloud to him out of Ruskin's Stones of Venice. The last thought was a depressing one.

The unprejudiced observer—that idiotic third party who is usually unfit to judge of anything—might have diagnosed Jerry's case as one of ordinary jealousy. If so, how unfair! How can a man be jealous of that which he has never sought to possess? Their relations had been as unsentimental as any business partnership; the humor-loving firm of Whitten & Ranger, Ltd., had been established for the purpose of manufacturing airy nothings, happy-go-lucky cynicisms, quotable epigrams, all for the consumption of a delighted Lewisburg. Who had ever thought of making love to Sadie Whitten, Sadie with the cold-pressed wit and almost impersonal habit of regarding the male of the species? That was the very thing Jerry had liked about her; she had never suggested the feminine mantrap baited with sticky sweets.

Yet as the little car raced through the park toward the big colonial house Jerry Ranger was saying to himself:

"She might have told me. It's none of my business what she does—but she might have told me."

He passed Miss Frizella Walker rolling away in the family car, just as he was entering the driveway. So Frizella had been told! Probably she had been to meet Sadie at the station, to hear everything. With something like a splenetic jerk he stopped his car in front of the tall white columns and got himself out.

"Yessa, Mista Jerry, she's home, sah," grinned old Jefferson, the colored butler, who opened the big white door. "Take a chair, Mista Jerry. She be right in, sah."

In the vast high-shouldered drawing-room, with its old French carpet and oval-topped windows, Jerry sat rather

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REPUBLIC TIRES

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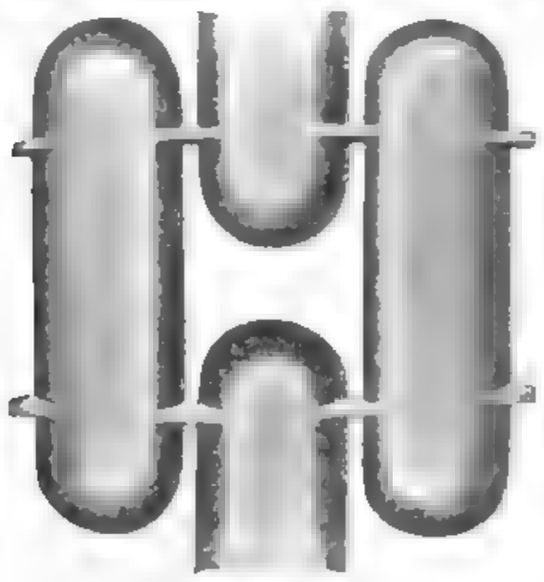

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 32)

uneasily on the edge of one of those Napoleonic chairs which Grandfather Whitten brought over from Paris. The situation was beginning to amuse him, he fancied; if only that grumpish husband weren't in the way, he and Sadie might yet laugh over it all. He half expected Sadie to come out with a few drolleries, even about this.

"Miss Sadie say please come to de liberry, Mista Jerry, sah," announced old Jefferson, backing before the royal personage who followed, not feeling sure how to take it all.

As he entered the mahogany-paneled room he found her standing by a window, gazing out toward the sunset, pensively disregardful of him. Her attitude caused him a strange, half-angry thrill. Her finely molded face, softened in the glow, seemed entranced by some unfathomable enigma. If she had wedded for happiness she had little of it with her at that instant. Diamonds and platinum flashed on one of the hands she raised as, coming out of her dream, she rushed to greet her friend.

"Jerry!" she cried, caressing his two big hands. "Oh, I've so wanted to see you!"

"Address as usual, Evening Pioneer Office, McCumber Building," he began, and was ashamed when he saw that he had hurt her.

"You're not cross, Jerry!"

"I didn't know you'd come home," he growled—but his voice was softer than he had intended it to be—"until folks told me at the club."

"Please don't scold me, Jerry!" she moaned, and looked as though she might begin to cry.

Still retaining her hands he stood petrified by the miracle. Was it the sunset that shadowed her eyes so strangely, gave to her face a look of emotion he had never felt her capable of feeling?

"I ain't cross, Sadie, dear," he lied, trying to smile, "only I was sort of surprised, having it come this way. Not a word from you since you left, except one of those rubber stamp all-well-and-hope-you-are-the-same things. And the next I know I'm sitting in the Pickwick Club and along comes a perfect stranger and says, 'Do you know Sarah Whitten? Well, she's married.' I'm long gone, Sarah—what's it all about?"

The unexpected bride sat down, her hand over the rings which were already causing so much disturbance. Sadie Whitten, the sharp-tongued, gingery maiden lady he had grown to know so well, would have thrust back at him with one of those characteristic remarks which, locally, had come to be known as "Whitticisms." But the face which she now turned toward the dulling sunset was quite without its famous spirit. Something in her eyes sparkled brighter than the tell-tale diamonds that she wore.

Good heavens, could she be crying?

"Sadie!" he begged, coming over and laying his broad palm over her folded hands. "I'm right glad you've done it. It was the only thing to do—really I want you to be happy."

"Happy!" she whispered. "How can I be happy now?"

"Search me!" confessed the deeply puzzled Jerry Ranger. "Don't you love the man you married?"

"Oh—oh yes!" she declared, looking round with an expression almost of fear. "I love him very much."

"Then your life's all settled, I should say."

"No, Jerry—it's dreadfully—all unsettled!"

"Sadie, what's this about, anyhow?" He was becoming impatient with mysteries. "You're in love and you've got the husband you want ——"

"That's the trouble, Jerry. I haven't got him."

Ranger tried to speak, but only succeeded in opening his mouth.

"I've so wanted to tell you, Jerry—it's so hard to make people understand!"

"Just play I was a reporter from the Pioneer," he suggested, struggling for a way to make things easier.

She paused as if to gain breath. Then:

"Jerry, of course you want to know. You ought to know. But it's all been so dreadful. You may ask me questions, if you like. I have no objection to its appearing in the paper—you'll know what to write better than the others. Please ask me questions—that's the way, isn't it?"

He held her gaze a moment before he spoke.

"I don't think the man at the club got that name right," he began.

"Annister—Captain Kenneth Annister."

"That's not a Lewisburg name."

"Oh, no, no. Australian."

"Australian!" That seemed sufficiently remote.

"People ought to know the facts. And it's nothing to keep in the dark—it's all so glorious."

"How long have you been married?"

"It was—it seems so long ago—October twenty-seventh. How long was that?"

"A little over two months. You met him ——"

"In Paris. He came to my canteen and we—we liked each other from the first. You know everything was so uncertain and tragic over there. People under those conditions don't go in for long engagements or formal marriages."

"I suppose not."

"He asked me a week after we had met, and next day he was called back to the Front. So we were married at the *mairie* an hour before he left—and we had trouble enough too."

She paused, her gaze fixed on the French carpet, and still she twisted her rings round and round.

"I see," said Jerry in a businesslike voice, after a pause. "I suppose Captain Annister is still in the British Army and will join you here later?"

"No." She looked away, and then said: "He's dead."

"Sadie!"

"He was killed in action less than a week after we were married."

II

SPRING buds in Lewisburg began to prove to the town that Sadie as an interesting old maid and Sadie as an interesting young widow were gray horses of a different shade and character. Mrs. Jed Warrington, official censor, had whispered it over many bridge tables, and the rumor lost nothing in the whispering. Marriage had changed Sadie a great deal; had that change been for the better? That was a matter of viewpoint, depending on which side of the fence you happened to be occupying to look upon the lovely widow taking her promenade. The middle-aged married feminine side of the town stood pretty solidly for condemnation, pointing their thumbs down and commanding their perfectly trained husbands to imitate the gesture, which they did just as long as their wives were looking. Sadie's former companions, the Perennials, chose to remain neutral, perching on the fence and tartly informing the general public that Widow Annister had a right to be as fascinating as she pleased—although, left to themselves, they weakened sufficiently to breathe, ear to ear, "She ought to be spoken to." The extreme right of the fence was devoted to the rooting section, which was composed of bachelors, widowers and the sort of college boys who grow permaturely old.

"Why doesn't she wear mourning?" clamored the Extreme Left. "The late Captain Annister made her promise she wouldn't," thundered the Extreme Right, continuing its song of praise. "She seldom goes out. She grieves a great deal. She would go crazy if she didn't see anybody. Isn't she wonderful? Hasn't she changed? Isn't it sickening to think that Lewisburg has never before recognized this jewel of love and beauty?"

Sitting in a speeding train we are sometimes at a loss to know whether it is ourselves or the landscape that is moving. Possibly the fevered rooting section was right when they declared that Sadie had changed miraculously. Men who for years had taken her as a matter of fact, as something one would no more think of making love to than to the perfectly molded iron nymph surmounting the public fountain, had lingered during Sadie's short widowhood to see in her eyes those same mysterious shadows that had held Jerry Ranger on the dramatic day of her homecoming.

Save for the fact that her life was now a semicloistered one, Sadie had taken unto herself all the glory of a reigning belle—"and reigning cats and dogs, too," as Jerry had once said in a moment of pique. Unaccustomed as he was to taking any woman too seriously it was not without a feeling of bafflement that he found himself being drawn into her circle of ill-assorted suitors; found himself being put in the position of a competitor with mere newcomers, fellows quite ignoring the fraternal right of precedence which Jerry had so long claimed as his own when it came to a dispute over Sadie Whitten. And now what? Old Harlow Wier, the rich stock raiser, came all the way from Lexington in his overpowering car; little Wallie Sloat, a trifling child recently expelled from Annapolis, sat on the veranda and howled tunes on his awful ukulele; Colonel Sprong, the harvester magnate, being a methodical man, called Wednesday evenings—therefore Jerry stayed away on Wednesdays, but when he called, which was frequently, he was as often as not crowded to the edge of the veranda by interested boyish brats, insignificant as yet, but potentially dangerous.

Sadie, he noted bitterly on these occasions, had equipped herself with a new coquetry. The shadows in her eyes were far from hopeless. Jerry found himself prophesying with a sort of shameful alarm that she would not remain a widow long; and because he was a bachelor, confirmed, shorn and anointed, he often set himself to guessing the name which was not, and never would be, Ranger. In pawing over the chances, like a worn deck of cards, Jerry came to Eddie Slawson. Why was that cub, who had come to Lewisburg on a week's business trip, lingering on and on, forgetful of his star-eyed Helen beyond the polar circle of the Bronx?

One April afternoon, spring having broken early, Jerry quit his office for the day and, as customary, went to his house to make a toilet suitable for a young man going forth into gentle society. In Lewisburg—where every crumb of gossip is carefully Hooverized—Jerry's new mania for fashionable raiment was in no wise overlooked. He had taken to ordering his clothes, they said, from the best tailor in Chicago—fancy Jerry's doing that! Likewise he had traded in his antediluvian runabout for a wire-wheeled, underslung roadster whose cockpit gleamed with instruments of navigation.

Jerry lived on a side street with his sister, Dulcia, important member of that celibate circle, the Perennials, from which Sadie Whitten—that was—had so woefully backslid. It was a cheerful small brick house with white facings, rather doll-like and quaint, which Jerry entered this April afternoon. He had no sooner applied his latchkey and gained the second landing than he spied Dulcia, a sallow, interesting, black-browed woman, standing against a background of subdued wall paper and Burne-Jones prints.

"Hello, Ducks!" he greeted her, receiving her sisterly bird-peck on his rough cheek. "What's on your mind at this moment?"

"You, partly. I was wondering if you'd give me a lift in the imperial car. Or is that reserved exclusively for widows?"

"Why don't you get one of your own?" he inquired, not permitting himself to be nettled by Dulcia's intimations.

"What? A runabout or a husband?"

"Well, both," he suggested. "You can train one to run the other, if you go at it right."

"Dress yourself and hurry up about it, you mean dog!" she laughed. "For heaven's sake don't spend the afternoon primping. I've got to be dropped at the Ionian Club and I'm late now."

An immaculate, pin-checked and rejuvenated Jerry came forth presently, and finding his sister waiting downstairs, he obligingly took her a half mile out of his way and dropped her at the Ionian Club. She was long enough with him, however, to have presumed upon her family privilege and to have annoyed him inordinately.

"It's a great pity about Sadie Annister," she began.

"Jealous?" asked Jerry, keeping his eye on the traffic.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're pitying her—always a sign of jealousy among women."

"If you're going to talk like that ——"

"Excuse me, Ducks. What were you going to say?" Actually he was dying of curiosity.

"The way she's carrying on."

"Carrying what on?"

"You ought to know. Even if she doesn't go into mourning—people may have different ideas about that—there's no reason why she shouldn't keep to herself."

"She never goes anywhere," he defended gruffly.

"What did you get this new car for if she never goes anywhere?"

"She can't lock herself in one room and choke to death merely because she's a widow. We're not Hindus, you know—our women don't guarantee to commit suicide as soon as their husbands die."

"Why should she entertain so many men?"

"Because so many men need entertaining, I suppose."

"She's a changed being since she got back from Paris," lamented the staunch Perennial. "There's something uncanny and flirtatious about her in spite of her demure pretense. She used to be so sensible."

"Too sensible."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing much. Of course you can't condemn a woman for being altogether charming."

"Since when did you discover her charm?" asked Miss Ranger, looking curiously at her brother. "She's lived here thirty-two years and nobody ever thought her a siren, I'm sure, until she got back from Paris."

There fell a short pause. Jerry, indeed, was busy, because he didn't entirely trust this dashing young car, and a colored man, two mules and a sand cart were interfering with his turn into the street where the Ionian Club's classic façade loomed temptingly near. At last the maneuver was executed bloodlessly and Jerry stopped his car to let his sister down.

"I really believe," declared Dulcia, as if on the impulse of an inspiration, although Jerry was waiting for her to vacate the seat beside him, "that you've all gone wild over her just because she's a widow. You men are such silly animals. Just like a flock of sheep. You never looked at Sadie for years—then the instant you found someone else had married her you all were crazy to marry her too. A flock of sheep!"

"Is that a peculiarity of sheep?" asked Jerry with evasive sarcasm.

Miss Frizella Walker, square jawed and commanding, came out of the club door and beckoned like a traffic policeman. But Jerry's sister was still deep in her theme.

"Hester Cole came back from Paris yesterday," she was beginning on another tack, when Miss Frizella broke in:

"Dulcia, you're twenty minutes late!"

Whereupon Miss Ranger dismounted hastily and left her brother to wind his way toward the big house on the hill. As he sped toward her he wondered how Sadie's behavior could be significantly connected with Miss Cole's return from Paris.

Because Mrs. Pawley, the married sister with whom Sarah had lived and quarreled these many years, was away

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Any man can find his style in Styleplus

Tall or short, stout or thin, young or just a bit less young, you can walk into the Styleplus Store certain of getting *your style.*

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Getting Back Some Money

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

DURING the entire war the enormous transactions of our Government were practically all expenditures. Everything was going out and nothing coming in. To-day the situation is changed and the common treasury of United States citizens is being replenished in substantial fashion by the proceeds resulting from the sale of the stores left over from the days of fighting.

The total value of the war supplies owned by the Government on the cessation of hostilities amounted to something like three billion dollars. Uncle Sam therefore was confronted by a twofold problem: What to sell and how to sell it. As to the first question, the answer depended on the size of the Army that will be maintained when we get back on a peace basis. In the matter of the second question, it was plain to the War Department that the Government could not enter into any plan of indiscriminate selling because of the injury that would result to business from unsettling market conditions.

The outcome was the establishment of a sales branch of the War Department. C. W. Hare, an experienced sales manager of Philadelphia, was appointed director of sales. He surrounded himself with an organization of trained salesmen and immediately commenced the distribution of the vast war stores that had been accumulated by the United States Army. These supplies included everything from canned meats and vegetables to airplanes and locomotives. The new sales director found that overnight he had actually been transformed into a supermerchant with the largest stock of supplies to sell that ever had been accumulated in all history.

Up to the time of this writing the Government has disposed of nearly $450,000,000 worth of material at a price equal to about seventy-six per cent of the original cost. The director of sales does not expect to see this percentage of recovery continue, due to the fact that all goods were purchased at wartime prices and must be sold in peacetime markets. It is his opinion that Uncle Sam will be fortunate if in the end he procures an average of fifty per cent of the cost of this great variety of stocks.

Here is Plain Proof That the Ordnance Silk From Which Cartridge Bags Were Made Will Furnish Milady With a Dress of Superior Quality

In comprehending this big merchandising job it is necessary to understand first of all that the director of sales could not begin to function until the General Staff of the Army declared the amount of surplus material to be sold, over and above the requirements of the Army. There has been so much uncertainty as to the future size of the Army that it was difficult for the General Staff to decide just what equipment it should retain.

As a consequence of diminishing estimates of the number of soldiers to be retained, the quantity of stocks for distribution were handed over to the sales department in continuously increasing amounts. The result of this uncertainty was to render it more difficult for the director of sales to negotiate a sale for a known quantity. It is only natural for each purchaser to insist on knowing what additional quantities of the same kind of goods are still to be marketed. The whole success of his transaction may depend on this one fact.

The inherent difficulties of the task of disposing of this great variety of goods are of course immeasurably added to by the fact that the Government is effecting the disposal. This makes it possible, and quite properly so, for every citizen of the Union to take a personal interest in the policy adopted, and it is naturally exceedingly difficult to carry out any plan that will meet with equal favor in all parts of the country. Some months ago the papers of the nation carried the news that Uncle Sam proposed to sell large quantities of canned tomatoes. A few days later the director of sales had a visit from a Middle-West farmer who said that he and his wife had done all their own canning of tomatoes and had a quantity for sale. He stated further that this government plan to distribute tomatoes would break the market and cause him serious loss. Similar complaints with reference to all other kinds of materials have come from corporations as well as from the little fellows with a few hundred dollars invested. Experience to date has shown, however, that in practically all cases the market for a commodity has advanced just as soon as the Government's plans have been announced and the uncertainty removed.

Abundant criticism has been flung at the director of sales. Congress took a hand in the matter and gave the Army's selling force some uneasy moments. Our legislators frowned on the salary list of the sales organization. The director received $25,000, his first assistant $10,000 and others from $8000 down. All these figures were cut and some resignations followed. Most business men do not feel obliged any longer to serve the Government in Washington at a material sacrifice in salary. During the war it was a matter of patriotism and duty, but to-day we are at peace and men possessing special training are not now selling their talents for a dollar a year. The statement was made during the investigations that none of the men holding responsible positions in the newly organized sales branch was being paid so much as he had received in his citizen job. It was further pointed out that this immense task of selling several billion dollars' worth of materials without disrupting industry was a work requiring the best brains.

Just to show how ready we are at times to see things only from our individual point of view, let me recall the outcry that was raised by many people when the news was circulated that the United States was thinking of selling a considerable quantity of its canned foods to foreign governments. Immediately there was a demand by many that these things be distributed throughout the country and thereby reduce the cost of such food. Few of these critics took time to discover that the Government's selling organization had no force or funds to utilize in a door-to-door selling campaign.

However, the public wish was recognized and the director of sales decided to offer his surplus stock of canned vegetables and meats first to state, municipal and charitable institutions. The supplies for sale at that time, included nearly 45,000,000 pounds of bacon; 55,000,000 cans of meat; 40,000,000 cans of vegetables—with two or three times as many cans of vegetables still to be declared. All of these goods were widely advertised. Thousands of letters were sent out but the sale generally was not a success. The city of Baltimore purchased and sold at cost about twenty-two hundred dollars' worth of canned goods. The merchants of Baltimore were not in sympathy with the sale and many stores reduced their prices to meet the competition.

In continuing this sale of meats and vegetables the director of sales called into conference the canners, wholesale grocers and others who were directly interested in this line of business. At these meetings in Washington it was decided to place the goods on the market as quickly as possible, at the same time putting forth every effort to keep these foods out of the hands of speculators and to see that they were sold in such manner as would insure their being issued for prompt consumption. If any surplus remains after the requirements of

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This is the Kind of Display the Government Has Arranged to Entice Merchants to Purchase the Ordnance Silk of Which 18,000,000 Yards Must be Sold

HUMAN effort can only approximate, but never quite attain, perfection.

Therefore, the Cadillac cannot, in the strictest sense of the word, be called a perfect motor car.

But, by contrast and comparison, is it not the closest approach to perfection the world has yet seen?

We are sure you would say so, if you could make a census of one hundred, or one thousand Cadillac owners.

We are certain that no similar group of motor car owners could, or would, register the same wonderful experience.

The stories that come to us, not in isolated cases, but in scores and scores of instances, of *satisfaction that cannot find words warm enough to express itself*, are overwhelming.

Almost always, the owner says "This is my third," or fourth, or fifth, or sixth, or seventh, Cadillac—as the case may be.

Almost always, they conclude with that characteristic Americanism—"There's nothing to it—there isn't another car in the world like the Cadillac."

They believe it; they mean it; they are earnestly emphatic about it.

And now—what does all this earnestness and enthusiasm mean?

It means that the Cadillac actually has come very, very close to that perfection for which all honest motor car manufacturers are striving.

It means that the same group of Cadillac designers, craftsmen and artisans working together for many years have attained a unity of action, and a harmony of result, without a parallel.

It means that their work is a life work—a thing of personal pride, and personal honor, which keeps the Cadillac standard rising steadily, month after month, and year after year.

It means that the buyer gets, in the Cadillac, the closest approach to positive perfection that is humanly possible.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT, MICH.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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the states, municipalities and individual citizens have been taken care of, such stocks will be sold to dealers, exporters and others at prices which will show the greatest possible return to the Government. The most recent effort to get the supply of army foodstuffs into the hands of the people has already resulted in the disposal of 2000 carloads of these foods. The Government sold at cost and the citizens purchased the goods at twenty per cent less than the market prices.

One transaction that was under fire in the Congressional investigation of the Army's selling plans was the agreement that was formulated in reference to the disposal of the Government's surplus of copper. In handling this matter the director of sales called the copper producers together and an arrangement was entered into whereby the copper people agreed to sell the Government's surplus stocks of red metal in lots of so much a month. The plan called for the sale of this copper supply, amounting to 100,000,000 pounds, at the prevailing market price each week. The producers sell their own output at the same time and price, but market about nine pounds of their own copper to one pound sold for Uncle Sam. The scheme has worked out favorably to the Government, for not only has it disposed of the greater part of its copper in less than the prescribed time but it has secured the benefit of a rising market. And not least of all, the market for copper has not been disrupted, with consequent hardship upon the workers in the industry.

In line with this same policy of getting the nation's producers together and then arriving at a just and sensible conclusion, the Government called the lumbermen to Washington and entered into a contract with these representatives of the lumber industry to negotiate the sale of the surplus lumber of the Army. Under this arrangement the lumber industry is disposing of all the surplus product at the prevailing market prices, paying the Government the price received, minus a twelve per cent commission that covers only the actual cost of selling. The director of sales has gone to great lengths in his efforts to see that all the selling commissions agreed upon are correct in that they do not afford the seller any opportunity to profit at the expense of the Government. Under the agreement relative to the disposal of lumber the result has been very satisfactory, for nearly all of the surplus supply of lumber has been disposed of since this plan became effective.

In like manner the War Department got together with the iron and steel interests, the cotton dealers, representatives of the lead producers and others in different lines of business, and decided on definite plans to dispose of the various kinds of materials. In all cases the atmosphere of uncertainty has been cleared away. In iron and steel, for instance, the industry was quite alarmed over the belief that very large supplies of steel were held by the Government. On investigation, however, it was found that there was no foundation for this idea. In the case of scrap, for example, the country consumes about 12,000,000 tons of this product each year, whereas the Government's surplus was only 605,000 tons. It was also found that in the matter of pig lead the surplus to be sold did not exceed 5000 tons, and this supply already has been largely disposed of at market prices. The Railroad Administration has arranged to handle the sale of considerable railroad equipment by disposing of the various articles to the railroads at market prices.

Undoubtedly the most interesting phase of this great selling job that Uncle Sam has undertaken is the development of new compositions from old products and the discovery of new uses for long-established materials. At the time of the signing of the armistice the United States Army had in store 15,000,000 hand grenades. Prior to the organization of a separate sales branch the War Department had commenced the disposal of these grenades at fifteen dollars a ton, or less than one cent apiece.

The new selling force hit on the idea of converting these grenades into souvenirs and novelties. Some were made into savings banks, some were nickel-plated and sold as paperweights. Thousands have been taken over by the Treasury Department and are being distributed through the Federal Reserve banks to school children to encourage the purchase of War Savings Stamps. The saving on hand grenades due to these efforts has been more than one thousand per cent. Another large saving has been effected by converting rifle grenades into cigar lighters. More than one million have been disposed of for this purpose.

Warehouse Filled With Matches Which Uncle Sam is Now Compelled to Sell

Previous to the taking over of gas masks by the present sales department something like eighteen thousand used masks had been sold at prices ranging from twelve to thirty cents each. Now a minimum price has been established of seven dollars for a new mask and one dollar for each used mask. More than seven thousand masks have been sold at these prices. In the matter of cartridge cases the Government has 25,000,000 such cases on hand. It was presumed that these articles would have to be sold as scrap, but the director of sales has succeeded in interesting certain manufacturers in the idea of converting these cases into attractive vases, stands, and so on. In addition it appears that several of the Allies may purchase large supplies of these cases for the purpose they were originally intended to fill.

Inasmuch as the government surplus of cotton linters represented an expenditure of $20,000,000, or the equivalent of two years' peacetime consumption of this material, the problem of rapidly disposing of this large supply was a difficult matter to solve. These linters constituted the base of practically all smokeless powder. In war they were of the greatest value. The principal question was: Can we discover new uses for this product? The United States Bureau of Standards started investigations which developed the fact that high-grade paper can be manufactured commercially from these cotton linters, but that the linters used for this purpose would have to compete against wood pulp and could not be used advantageously at a price above three cents a pound. In the meantime the best bid for the linters was one and a half cents and the outlook seemed to show a large loss for the Government. However, a recent bid of two-thirds of the cost price of these linters has been made and the prospects are that this deal will be closed, much to the gratification of the War Department.

The War Department Has Thousands of Barrels of Soap That Was Purchased for Shipment Overseas. Now It is Being Disposed of at Prices Obtainable

The story of army ordnance silk is most interesting. This cartridge cloth was made into bags which were filled with powder and used as the propellant charge in guns of large caliber, firing heavy projectiles. The former practice was to use cotton, but this material was not satisfactory, because sometimes small particles of the cotton in an incandescent state were left in the gun, causing occasional flarebacks when a new charge was inserted. In the case of the silk bags the cloth is consumed so rapidly and so completely that the trouble is entirely overcome.

When hostilities ceased the Ordnance Department had on hand a three-months supply of silk cartridge cloth for an army of 4,000,000 men. This of course was entirely too much of this material for the War Department to carry in stock, and about the first of the year the Government started an investigation to determine what the prospects were for selling a large part of this cloth. The offers that were made were so low that none of them was even seriously considered.

This cartridge cloth is harsh and stiff and looks and feels more like a strong burlap than like a silk fabric. The silk trade, or at least those who were consulted, declared that the material had no value and could not be converted into anything useful or interesting. The prices that were proposed as a fair value averaged as low as twelve cents a yard, whereas the material cost about one dollar and two cents a yard. The director of sales and his assistants started some experiments with the cloth and it soon developed that this material could be processed and then could be offered to the public as a silk fabric suitable for dress goods, suitings, tapestries, upholstery work, automobile tops, seat covers and other uses requiring a silk texture of heavy warp.

All the analyses have proved that this cloth is a silk fabric of high tensile strength. The silk in its raw state was brought from the groves of Japan, China and India. The American mills bathed the cocoon in hot water, unwound the larger threads suitable for the heavy work desired and then sent these threads, coated with the native gum with which the worm holds its treasure intact, to the spindles. To prevent the gum from clogging the machinery the threads were coated with oil. It is the presence of this gum and oil that lends to the cloth in its war state its rough, gray, gummy appearance. The early experiments showed conclusively that the gum and oil can be removed by boiling the cloth a sufficient length of time. Dye tests proved that the material could be placed on the market in all shades and colors and the print mills were successful in turning out samples stamped with clearly defined allegorical friezes and other interesting figures popular in tapestries.

Of course the War Department has neither the mills necessary for the conversion of the cloth nor the mercantile machinery with which to dispose of it to the consuming public. The samples of the various finished fabrics were made by certain disinterested silk manufacturers, and these specimens are now on exhibition in all zone supply and district ordnance offices. Sealed proposals have been asked for on all or part of 18,000,000 yards of the various grades of cloth. It is confidently believed that all of this material will bring not less than the average cost price of one dollar and two cents a yard. A large saving is sure to result from this very commendable effort, and though the War Department has ruled that no bids for less than 50,000 yards of the cloth will be considered, it is still possible that through our dealers we may wear smart summer suits made of a silk fabric that was designed to help deal death to the nation's enemies. It may lack the sheen of a ballroom gown, owing to its heavy structure, but it is as pure a material, being spun by the same mulberry-fed worm that produced the finer threads that are woven into lighter fabrics.

Prior to the armistice the air service was turning out a continuous stream of pilots and mechanics for a gigantic air program. At the same time the Aircraft Production Board was getting deliveries of airplanes in constantly

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The Pathé costs no more than the ordinary PHONOGRAPH

THE SIGNAL TIPPER

By Bozeman Bulger

DECORATION BY LEAL MACK

IT WAS a tough trimming our Kilties gave Jake Throckmorton that day on the Hilltop. The old Tiger pitcher was still wincing when—following the rest of the visiting club—he stalked into the clubhouse and slammed his glove into a corner. Jake tore up three cigarette papers before he succeeded in rolling one, and then propped himself against the steel-latticed door of his locker, temperature at the boiling point. You could have fried an egg on any part of him. For fully a minute the veteran glared at his Tiger team mates and then exploded.

"Fellows," he announced, "you can't tell me that there ain't signal tippin' goin' on in this park! I know it! There's somethin' to them rumors that's goin' round the league and you can go an' bet on it!"

"I'll say there is!" agreed Andy Coates, the catcher.

"Take that second inning," proceeded Throckmorton now that he had an attentive audience, "the time, Andy, when you give me the sign for a pitch out. They had a runner on first," he explained to the others, "and a sucker could see that he was going to steal on the next ball pitched. You all must've seen it. Well, I handed the ball to Andy far out of reach of the batter—didn't I, Andy? Just right for a perfect throw to second. And ——"

"The wise bird didn't even start from first," answered Bill Mack, the manager. "I noticed it—acted like he had a diagram of the whole play."

"Exactly! Even a boob could have noticed that. Now you can't tell me that somebody didn't catch Andy's signal and tip that runner off to stick on the bag.

"Of course that pitch out put me in the hole," Jake added defensively. "The count was already two and one and that made the third ball. It was an open-and-shut case. I had to groove the next one or walk the batter, and when I put it over that Whalen—the weakest hitter on the club—busted it for two bases. Now what's the answer?"

"If something isn't done about that kind of stuff," observed Manager Mack, "I don't know what baseball's coming to. Somebody's stealing our signals as sure as the Lord made little green apples."

"I don't know how they do it," admitted Throckmorton. "But where there's so much smoke there's bound to be a little fire. These other clubs haven't been putting up a holler for nothin'. You fellows remember when Tony Malloy busted that curve in the seventh?"

There was an affirmative nod all round the room.

"Well, he knowed that curve was comin'. I could see it in his face. It was a slow one, too, followin' right on top of a fast one that almost clipped his chin. I reckon you all noticed that he didn't go after that curve none too quick. Not on your life, he didn't! He simply laid back, took a toe hold and—blooie! Anybody could knock one of them things a mile if he knowed when it was coming."

"Pretty tough sleddin'," agreed Andy Coates, the catcher.

"I'll say it's tough—when a guy's goin' good to have his winnin' streak busted by that kind of dirty baseball! Yes, and I ain't afraid to tell the president of the league just what I'm tellin' you fellows here."

The Tigers made no bones about starting what promised to be the first real scandal of the season. They were beaten again the next day, and—they charged—by the same tactics. This time Manager Bill Mack came right over and declared himself publicly to the press box.

"I'll stake my reputation that there's signal tipping being worked here," he announced with considerable heat, facing old Sam Dryden, the dean of the baseball writers. "Oh, yes," he added in answer to a general glance toward the Kiltie bench, "I told Hanley, your manager, about it, but the best I got was a laugh. He even tried to kid me by saying we couldn't stand the gaff. But, gentlemen, this is no kidding matter. I want you young fellows to know that the future of baseball is at stake. The old game's been honest for thirty years and I'm not going to stand for any monkey business at this late day."

"That's a hell of a story!"

I was sitting next to Sam Dryden, the veteran of all scribes. We both turned quickly at the exclamation. It had come from Al Hart, a newcomer to the ranks of the baseball writers.

"Soft pedal on that stuff, Al," old Sam cautioned. "There's a lot of pop-eyed fans right behind you. Let's take this thing easy."

"What's the matter?" Hart retorted, his eyes alight with enthusiasm. "Are you fellows afraid to write what you think?"

Bill Mack turned and walked toward the Tiger bench, his seed well planted.

"It isn't a question of being afraid to write what we think," Dryden advised Hart. "The thing is to be sure that you think right before cutting loose. Oh, I've seen many a one of these things start! If it wasn't for having some level-headed men writing baseball the old game would have been shot up with scandal long before this. Most of these things are rumors. Now be careful and don't go off halfcocked."

"Well, as long as Manager Mack makes the charge," argued Hart, "I don't see where I come in not to print his words."

"That's just the trouble," old Sam replied with an irritation that he always showed by running his fingers through his silver-white hair. "Don't put a fellow in bad simply because he says something in the heat of the moment. We've got to protect a lot of these ball players from themselves. Al, I thought you were old enough in the writing game by this time not to get excited."

But the kindly advice of our dean was wasted that day. Al Hart, unable or disinclined to restrain himself, cut loose in the Morning News with a story that gave baseball a sensation. The rest of us, by listening to words of wisdom, were made to look very cheap. Where the News bristled with scandalous charges our sporting pages were silent. To add to our discomfiture the News followed up what Hart had called an exposé by spreading an announcement of how Hart had scored a clean beat.

It was galling, but old Sam—an authority for thirty years—still advised us to hold our horses; that we were sure to come out on top eventually.

The Kiltie management indignantly denied the story, which, of course, we used calmly and conservatively. So emphatic was Bob Hanley, the manager, that we could not help but believe in his innocence. We had known Hanley for a long time and no one had ever found occasion to doubt his honor.

Just the same it was an embarrassing situation. Not even Sam Dryden could doubt the sincerity of the Tigers in their charge. They believed it firmly.

But in any event Al Hart had spilled the beans. The scandal was on.

This man Hart was a peculiar cuss. One could never tell exactly whether to hate or love him. There may have been some question about his judgment, but nobody could doubt his ability. He could write like a house afire about some enthusiastic event and could then turn round and glide into a cynical, satirical criticism of a public character, his words cutting like a knife. He was a cynic when it came to public spirit and at the same time had a rollicking sense of humor that could make the dullest of creatures laugh. Hart had been a political writer for ten years and had spent five seasons of his career as a dramatic critic. He had done big things in his life. The biggest thing he ever did, however, in my opinion, was the marrying of Mary. But for Mary Hart I believe somebody would have knocked his head off.

Al was I think the stubbornest man I ever knew. But for that unyielding obstinacy we all felt sure that he would have been the greatest of baseball writers—though starting late in life. And though his obstinacy was intensely objectionable at times I am convinced that it prolonged his years. But for that stubborn spirit Al Hart very likely would have been dead long before he joined the baseball scribes that turbulent season on the Hilltop.

Mary Hart knew that Al was sick, and so did Dryden and I. He may have known the true nature of his illness himself, but not once in his whole life did he admit it. For months Al positively refused to take the medicine that the doctor had ordered, pretending that he had forgotten. His hacking cough that so unnerved Mary came from cigarettes, Al insisted. His gradual loss of weight, he argued, was from overwork. But he didn't fool Mary. She never gave up.

At the time of their marriage Mary Hart was a reporter—and a good one. Very soon, though, she abandoned her own writing work to take care of Al.

Probably the only persons who knew the cause of Hart's becoming a baseball writer were Mary, Sam Dryden, the managing editor of the News and I. Al himself did not know. If he had known it is very doubtful if he ever would have accepted the assignment. The whole plan was conceived in the fertile brain of Mary and its main point was in guarding the secret from her husband.

Mary had known old Sam Dryden since her short-skirt days and it was while attending a double-header on the Hilltop to visit Sam that she thought of the scheme to restore Al's health. Constant work in the sunshine and open air, according to Dryden, was responsible for his own robust health at the age of sixty, and when he told Mary this her mind worked rapidly. The same treatment might be the salvation of Al.

There was an earnest conference between Mary, Dryden and me, and the very next afternoon the game little woman descended on the managing editor. The former baseball man of the News had been transferred and the young substitutes had not done so well. For this she had the authority of Sam Dryden and had wisely picked her time for calling on the boss. He listened attentively.

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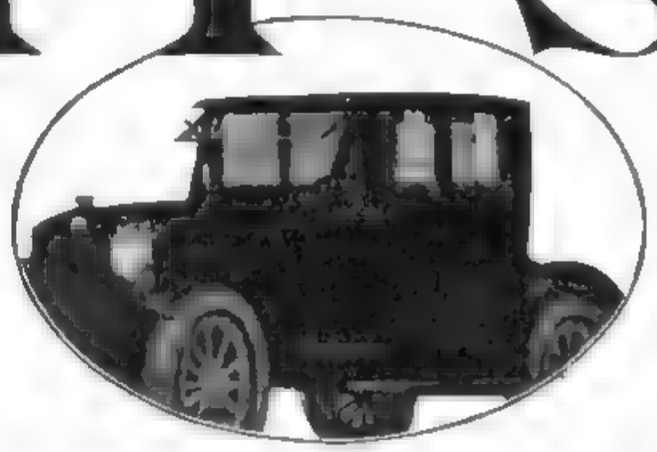

(Continued from Page 40)

"But, Mary, Al couldn't do baseball at this time of his life," the editor interrupted. "He is essentially a political and dramatic writer. He doesn't even know the game. What we need is an expert."

"That's exactly where you are wrong, I'm sure," she courageously responded. "Mr. Dryden tells me that Al would make an ideal baseball writer."

"Old Sam said that?"

"Yes, indeed he did! He tells me that the main thing is to have a man who knows how to write—a man who has a sense of the dramatic and the ridiculous. A boy, he says, can learn the game itself in a couple of months, but it takes him ten years to learn how to write it. Al's name would also have a drawing power on the sporting page," she reminded the managing editor. "Mr. Dryden says he'll help Al out on any matters of technic—he won't need much."

"But just why this sudden eagerness for a change on your part, Mary? Al's going pretty good as it is."

She looked at the editor searchingly and earnestly.

"Don't you know?" she asked. "Is it possible that you have never noticed what is the matter with Al? Haven't you heard that little cough? Haven't you noticed him growing thin and irritable?"

A more complete understanding came to the editor as he caught sight of a tear on Mary's cheek.

"Why didn't he tell me, do you suppose?" he inquired gently.

"I can see that you don't know Al Hart. He wouldn't admit it to his own mother. In some ways Al Hart is the stubbornest man I ever knew in my life. And don't you tell him that you know either. We've got to save him in spite of himself. The sunshine, I believe, will do it. At least the doctor says so."

That settled it. Hart reported at the ball grounds and sat next to Sam Dryden for several days. He proved an apt pupil.

In the meantime Mary, to carry out her plan, had rented a home in a large apartment house the windows of which overlooked the Hilltop Grounds. The house was across the street back of center field, and from the windows of the Hart apartment Mary—with a pair of field glasses—could look into Al's face as he sat in the press box. She saw the doctor and had discovered a remarkable prescription for preventing a cigarette cough. The only requirement, she explained to Al, was that he must take his medicine at certain hours of the afternoon and she proposed to see that he did it. He promised faithfully to obey her reminders.

Al Hart liked his new home and his new life immensely and he accepted Mary's statement that to cure a cigarette cough he must stay out of the subway, the crowded trains and theaters. His keen intellect must have told him what it was all about, but he would not permit himself to admit it. This method of avoiding a surrender of obstinacy evidently pleased him. At any rate there was never an occasion for him to go downtown. He would sit through the ball game in the sunshine and then walk home to write his story. From there a messenger took the manuscript to the News office.

In ten days there was already a noticeable change in Hart's appearance, and it was at this time that the breath of scandal touched the Kilties.

Naturally Bill Mack's story sounded good to Al, and his inborn love for the sensational could not be denied. He did not understand exactly what was meant by signal tipping or the ethics of it. Hart merely wanted a good sensational story and the Tiger manager had given him the material.

The day following his outburst in the News, however, Hart found it necessary to consult Sam Dryden on matters of technic. Old Sam was still disgruntled at what he considered an unwarranted attack on the honesty of the sport. In a very few pointed words he made that perfectly clear to the new star of the Morning News.

"I am not going to hold it against you personally or permanently," the kindly old fellow explained to Hart. "I've seen young fellows fly off the handle like that time and again, but I really never thought an old bird like you would pull it. Now what is it you want, Al?"

"About this signal-tipping business, Sam," Hart replied with sincere humility. "Isn't it good sportsmanship for a player to take advantage of the signals if he can catch them by his own wits?"

"Certainly it is! That is exactly where I knew you would slip up. In that story you missed the whole point of the scandalous charge. It is perfectly square and on the level for a runner on second, for instance, to peek into the catcher's mitt and catch the signs on the next batter if he is able to do so. He can signal to the batter—if he is smart enough—and often they get away with a good play. But that is not real signal tipping in the scandalous sense—the sense that your story implied."

"The devil you say!" exclaimed Hart. "Well, old-timer, forgive me this time and put me wise, will you? I know that Mary at least will appreciate it," he added with that catching smile that came from the other side of his nature.

"It's outside tipping that the Tigers are charging," explained Sam. "They think that the Kilties, by some mechanical device placed back of the fence or somewhere, are stealing the signals dishonestly and relaying them by signs to the home team. That is the lowest form of trickery known to baseball."

"How can they do it?" asked Al eagerly. "How does it work out?"

"Oh, one of the schemes—according to rumor—is for a man to get back of the center-field fence, watch the catcher through field glasses and then inform the batter by means of a semaphore. It could be done that way."

"What are these catcher's signals? How could an outsider tell?"

"Easily enough. For a curve ball, for instance, the catcher usually shows two extended fingers in the palm of his mitt so that the pitcher can see them as the catcher squats down behind the batter. Of course a man on second base or in center field could also see them. For a fast ball, then, the catcher will sometimes show one finger. For a pitch out he can double his fist and show it in the palm of his mitt. For a sudden throw to second he can extend his arms or rake his fingers through the dirt, thereby informing the pitcher that the runner is playing too far off the bag."

"Well, seeing that these signals are known, why couldn't the catcher change them?"

"They frequently do shift them," explained the old expert. "But the watcher can tell when they shift by the play that follows. It takes but a few minutes for him to get the key to the new system. You see, there are only about four signs."

Thus equipped with information, Al Hart watched closely, but to save his life could see nothing wrong. Nevertheless, the report of scandal spread and the stands were buzzing with it. All over the league the Kilties were branded as signal tippers. Every club that lost a game on our grounds immediately raised a holler. A few substitutes on the Grays, the next visiting club, even claimed to have seen a white board move mysteriously on top of the center-field fence.

Hart heard this and could not resist the temptation to repeat it in the News. Though he wrote no more big scandal stories, he was incorrigible in his desire to call attention to these incidents. This really had a more lasting effect than his one big story, but to his credit it must be admitted that he did not realize it.

"But the thing about it," Bob Hanley, our manager, remarked to some visiting scribes one day, "is that they never kick when we lose a game. I have never heard of anything crooked in that event."

No amount of jokes and gibes on our part could prevent the rumors of scandal creeping into the newspapers of other cities. Every writer round the circuit took a crack at the unsportsmanlike tricks of the Kilties. Visiting clubs always arrived looking for trouble.

The Tigers returned at the end of a month and Jake Throckmorton was badly beaten again. This time he charged most positively that signals had been seen from an apartment house.

Manager Mack reported this by telegraph to the president of the league. There was immediate uproar throughout the circuit.

There was nothing for the president to do now but order an investigation. The working details of this were not given to the press, but we knew that a well-known detective agency was on the job. Bob Hanley was actually growing thin. Rarely did he fail to give Al Hart a malignant glance as he passed near the press box. All his wrongs he blamed on Al's first story.

During these days of strife and ill feeling it was easy to see that Hart was growing strong. The pallor had left his face and his eyes had taken on a brighter snap. He even walked with a springy step. Mary, I believe, was the happiest woman in the world.

Hart had continued to confide in Dryden after his first outbreak and was accepting his advice—with more or less reservation. The News was now advertising Al as the greatest baseball writer of the decade. Mary's scheme at least had pleased the managing editor.

Then came the Kiltie slump. For ten days Bob Hanley couldn't win a ball game to save his life. Every attempt at strategy went wrong; the heaviest hitters fell down in a pinch and luck even broke against our team on the bases.

"I don't hear any kicking about signals now," Hanley observed to Dryden one afternoon while his pitchers were being slaughtered. "Isn't this enough to run a man crazy?"

In the first game with the Grays, after the Panthers had cleaned up four straight, Jimmy Gilligan, a substitute infielder—a boy of nineteen—came running to the press box with eyes apop.

"I seen it, Sam!" he cried to Dryden. The players always looked upon Sam as a kind of grandfather. "I seen it with my own eyes, I tell you!"

"Seen what?" smiled the veteran scribe.

"I seen them signals, Sam! Hope I may drop dead the next minute if I didn't see a white flag wave three times out of that window in the apartment house—just before Doyle was caught off first!"

Bob Hanley came on the run from the bench.

"Come away from there, Jimmy!" ordered the Kiltie manager. "Keep your mouth shut or you'll start another scandal!"

"Nobody heard what I said but Mr. Dryden," the youngster explained. "But I'm tellin' you I seen it with my own eyes!"

Hanley led Gilligan away, remonstrating.

"Come to the clubhouse and tell me after the game, Jimmy," the manager cautioned. "But keep quiet in front of that press box. It would be a fine thing for us to start a holler now!"

"But I seen it!" insisted the youngster.

"Well, tell it to the detectives. I'll stand for no monkey business, and I want this thing cleared no matter who gets hit."

"I seen it and I'll tell the world I seen it!"

We had just noticed that Al Hart was missing from the game when Sam Dryden returned from a sudden call to the telephone.

"They've barred Hart from the park," he said to me in an undertone. "He just called me and asked that I cover the game for him. And, say, he's on the warpath. He refused to see Manager Hanley when stopped at the gate, and swears he'll put the ball club out of business."

"I should think that could be straightened out."

"He doesn't want it straightened out. He is good and sore and says he's going to the mat."

Just then Sam caught sight of Hanley and called him to the press box.

"Oh, he knows well enough!" I heard Bob say to Dryden. "I'll call the whole crowd together and tell everybody if you say so."

"Don't do that yet," advised Dryden. "But wait for us two in your office after the game. Just keep quiet about it until then and we'll see what can be done."

"All right," Hanley agreed. "But we've got him right this time and I'll prove it to your satisfaction. The thing may hurt me and the ball club, but I always was on the level and I always am going to be."

The Kiltie manager walked away, convinced that he had taken the proper course.

After all the players had gone we found Bob Hanley in the clubhouse waiting. He took Dryden and me into his little private office, closed the door, and without a word handed each of us a copy of the following report of the detective agency employed by the president of the league:

"Our operatives have kept a constant surveillance over this man Hart, a newspaper writer employed on the Morning News. Being guided by reports and other papers submitted to us, and by keeping a constant watch on the movements of this man as well as an observation of his house during and after every ball game, we are able to make a comprehensive report.

"Taking his first clew from one of the ball players, who claimed to have seen a white handkerchief or towel waved out of the fifth-floor window of the apartment house back of the grounds, our operative proceeded.

"He discovered this to be a fact.

"During the fifth inning of the second game with the Grays, when Woolson was at bat, our operative distinctly saw the handkerchief wave three times out of the window aforementioned. Turning his glance toward the man at the plate, a movement indicating understanding was noted. The batter immediately made a three-base hit.

"One hour later, in the last inning, the handkerchief or towel waved again. This time it went up and down twice. Just what the batter did our operative could not tell, but the Grays rallied and won the game.

"The next day our operative stationed a man near the bench of the Kilties to watch the grand stand—the press box particularly. The handkerchief waved first in the fourth inning and as it did so he noted that the man Al Hart placed his hand behind him and then put it up to his face twice—a distinct motion. This being a new clew, our operative watched closely. The handkerchief waved from the window again in the eighth inning. The man Al Hart this time immediately following the signal placed his right hand on his trousers pocket and then held both hands over his face for what appeared to be about fifteen seconds. Immediately a Kiltie player was caught napping too far off first base and put out. He had started to steal, but was caught dead in his tracks.

"After the game our operative shadowed the man Hart and he went to a drinking place across the street. He drank nothing, but talked with two players of the Grays ball club, apparently joking with them about something. He then recrossed the avenue and walked rapidly toward the apartment from which had come the handkerchief or towel signals. Our operative skillfully followed him into the entrance without rousing suspicion and rode in the same elevator with him. The man Hart left the elevator at the

(Concluded on Page 116)

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EAGLE SHIRT

SAVING DOCTOR MALLOW

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

IT IS possible that no one quite appreciated the genius of the Reverend Edgar Mallow; it was masked under so much of modesty and employed in such humble ways. Doubtless to the more discriminating of his parishioners the only genius he seemed to possess was one for getting into embarrassing situations; yet he often emerged from these with the air of having triumphed and wearing a beatific smile of perfect contentment, which lasted usually until he blundered blissfully into the next catastrophe.

"Born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward!" declared Mrs. Simpkins, quoting Job as one who also knew what trouble was.

But leaders in the congregation differed in their diagnosis.

"Doctor Mallow is not practical. Very common, too, in his social tastes," regretted Elder Robert Murchison, who was rich, aristocratic and conscientious, even kindly. "Modern—much too modern!" And the pecunious old gentleman shook his gray side whiskers sadly.

"All these these innovations!" protested the elder's sister, Miss Eliza Gilman Murchison, who was even prouder, richer and more conscientious than her brother, and reputed by the church gossips to rule the ruling elder as he was supposed to rule the session. "The pool table!" Miss Eliza's nostrils dilated. "The gymnasium!" Her lips quivered. "The boxing!" Her voice trembled. "Actually teaching our boys to maul each other about like—like Huns. And the girls!" Miss Eliza almost sobbed. "Girls in our missionary training classes in bloomers in the basement of the church performing all—all sorts of—of contortions!" With nostrils dilating, lips quivering, voice trembling, Miss Eliza blushed to the roots of her white and spinsterly hair at the thoughts which rose in her.

Now, it might perhaps as well be written on the screen at this juncture as any other time, that Robert Murchison had a wife who was spending the early autumn in far-off California; that he had a son yclept Roland, ætat. twenty-four, a soft, amiable nonentity whom his father's overindulgence and underdiscipline had placed almost beyond salvage without anyone in particular suspecting it. He wore his good clothes well, and that was really about all for Roland. And there was a daughter, Ann, whose beauty was so bewitching and whose character was so sterling that nothing at all could have spoiled her. It needs now only to be added that the conversation between Robert and Eliza Murchison, a portion of which has been quoted above, took place in a limousine as the family rolled downtown for a concert at the auditorium with Ann listening, cheeks burning, but proudly silent; and then time itself may be permitted to roll along for an entire hour and perhaps a half, bringing the Reverend Edgar to the very threshold of quite the most astounding of all his innocently blundered-into adventures.

Just now the beatific smile had been driven from the minister's features by a mood of introspection.

"Ann! Oh, Ann!" he was murmuring as he leaned forward upon his study table, face flat down between his elbows, white lean hands extended and gripping each other tightly. "Oh, Ann!"

But at that moment there came a knock at the door, followed by the features and a portion of the body of a large, motherly and somewhat austere housekeeper, who peered over steel-rimmed spectacles to announce with unmistakable disapproval in her tones: "Doctor Mallow, there is a woman in the reception room who insists on seeing you—at this hour."

The good lady's manner was distinctly crabbed. It was evident she wished the minister would flatly refuse an interview at so preposterous an hour, thereby administering deserved rebuke to the persistent caller; but it was also evident that she had no hope that he would do so.

The young minister had had a rather wearing day and it is possible a shade crossed his nondescript features for a moment, but it was followed instantly by a sweet if wearied smile.

"Very well, Mrs. Hutchins; I'll see her," he said, and went out to meet a drab-looking woman in the early thirties with an apparent nervous affection which left one side of her mouth sagging loosely. Her story was of misfortune, a moneyless home, a workless husband and three foodless children. All the weariness went out of the Reverend Edgar's face and his deep-set gray eyes lighted for a moment as his hand dove into his pocket, but the light dimmed when he drew out a flat-looking wallet.

"Empty of course!" he gulped into the hollow depths, recalling that he had bestowed his last two dollars upon the sick-looking young man who had called an hour before. "But wait, my good woman! I can find something that will relieve hunger at least."

The Reverend Edgar rose and stepped to the door. He heard the footsteps of Mrs. Hutchins moving about upstairs, and at first it seemed that he would call her; but he thought better of it, smiling charitably.

"Dr. Mallow is Very Common, Too, in His Social Tastes"

"Just a moment," he said to the woman, and himself moved down the hall to that No Man's Land, the kitchen of a parsonage. Here he moved about quickly but noiselessly, as if aware that he trod not only upon forbidden but upon dangerous ground. He found first of all a sizable market basket, which of itself stamped Mrs. Hutchins and the parsonage as being a trifle old-fashioned, since market baskets have rather gone out of late.

Then the real reconnaissance began. The Reverend Edgar turned up first a sealed bottle of milk. This he deposited in one corner of the basket and insured its uprightness by standing round it a can of pork and beans, one of tomatoes and one of pineapple. Some doughnuts went in next. Last of all his scoutings discovered an oblong pile of sandwiches with real juicy ham between them—Mrs. Hutchins' contribution to the Middle-Sized Bears' picnic in Lakeside Park to-morrow—and which she with her usual forehandedness had carefully prepared and wrapped in a damp towel to keep them fresh and moist against the morning's demand. These, all of them, still wrapped in the towel, fitted nicely into the vacant spot in the basket.

Drawing another clean tea towel over the whole, Edgar, with a listening ear for the footsteps above, a furtive glance round, and that sense of elation in his heart which a boy feels when he has just looted a watermelon patch successfully, stepped down the hall and into the reception room. The woman took the basket gratefully, but the generous weight of it made her shoulder sag

"My dear woman," exclaimed the minister, "how ever are you going to carry it?" A frown fretted his white brow, and then he smiled. "Ah, I have it," he announced eagerly. "I will carry it. It would be my duty anyway to go to-morrow and see you in your home, talk with your husband, investigate your case and make a report upon it to our conservation board, who will see that your husband finds employment and that meanwhile you and your children do not lack for nourishment. I will kill two birds with one stone by going to-night instead."

The beatific smile reigned in all its glory on the Reverend Edgar's features now; but the woman seemed embarrassed. She insisted that she could carry the basket; that it was quite a piece to her street; that —— In short it did not seem at all as if she wished the minister to accompany her. But the Reverend Edgar in the sweet simplicity of his nature was as unperceiving of this as of that strange vinous odor about the lady's person, as indicating that in these parched days she had secured rooms over the vats of an erstwhile winery the lees whereof still perfumed her atmosphere.

"Yes, I shall carry it for you!" he gurgled cheerily, and seizing his hat from the hall tree led the way into the street. This appearance of a minister carrying a heavily loaded market basket through the late crowds produced no sensation whatever, for no one who did not recognize him would know that Edgar was a minister. He did not affect the clerical surtout or a collar that buttoned behind. But as the woman said, it was quite a piece to her street, and when they reached it there was still some distance to go before she turned in at a tenement that seemed composed of nothing but stairs, stairs, stairs. On one stair their ears were assailed by the screams of a woman, very disturbing screams to the Reverend Edgar, and on the next landing it became evident that these issued from the keyhole almost beside them.

"Bill! Oh, Bill!" pleaded a voice with a strange mixture of a resigned and coaxing note in it. "Don't beat me no more now. Not—not now!" it sobbed.

The minister was not a large man—under rather than above the medium height, and spare. His face

was mild and inoffensive, with the only conspicuous feature those deep-set gray eyes, which the old ladies of his congregation and some of the young ones, too, were wont to say beamed with a very spiritual light; but there was a look in them now such as the old ladies had never seen.

"Excuse me a moment, madam," said Edgar, with something new, too, in the tones of his voice as he laid his hand upon the knob above the keyhole whence issued these distressing sounds.

"Don't you go a-buttin' in!" warned the woman as out of sage experience. "'Tain't best, believe me!"

"Ow! Ow!" came a shuddering cry from within, and the Reverend Edgar, having found the knob unyielding, stepped back and planted a solid kick, at the impact of which the rickety door swung back.

A woman, upon her knees, with hair hanging loose and hands uplifted in pleading, shrank suddenly away, while the man who turned to confront this sudden assault upon his door was a sort of Pithecanthropus Erectus type who overshadowed Edgar as to height and bulk, with a pair of rolling shoulders and curiously long arms to the ends of which were attached a pair of huge shifty hands.

"Put them up, fellow!" the minister commanded sternly, and lo, his own lean white hands were closed and lifted in the manner of the fistic art, and there was that gleam of menace in Edgar's eye; but before it could be demonstrated whether the ministerial fists were hard or not, or whether the dominie had skill to use them, there came a diversion from the rear in the form of a solid clip behind Edgar's right ear. It was not a crushing blow but it was a disconcerting one. He turned to see the wife deliberately lifting an inverted catchup bottle for another smash. He saw it, and just after glimpsing it he passed calmly to sleep, this slumber being induced by a wallop that friend husband had handed him.

The sensation of sleep was delightful. Edgar floated off on a feather bed that bore him buoyantly a long distance; but at the end of that pleasant journey there was a bump, and then another bump. This was as if an airplane had borne him and was now making a landing. There is, one finds, always a slight shock when an airplane first touches terra firma. But after this first and second shock there occurred now a succession of other shocks, jarring but not painful, because the Reverend Edgar was rather anæsthetized so far as pain was concerned.

To explain to the reader: The first of those shocks, as of an airplane landing after a long journey, was when the back of the Reverend Edgar's head hit the floor, and the second was when his heels arrived at the same level. Thereafter the succeeding jarring sensations, as of an airplane's wheels bumping over rough ground, was when husband and wife collaborated in dragging him to the head of the stairs and letting him roll. Edgar was rather limp by this time and he rolled well, bringing up bumpety-bump-bump at a landing below.

Eventually the reverend young gentleman came to.

"Where—where is that poor woman, I wonder?" he murmured, staring uncertainly upward. "Frightened away, I fear; but I hope not without the basket."

He made his way rather painfully to the landing above. The basket had disappeared. "I—I do hope she got it," he soliloquized. "I will see if I can discover her." He tried several doors, yet not having taken the precaution to get the lady's name could only hope that each door might welcome him with a sight of her.

But his receptions were not exactly hospitable. There seemed something the matter with his left eye, too, and he was still dizzy, so that as he balanced himself uncertainly in the third doorway:

"Get out of here, you drunken souse!" a man bawled at him; and Edgar was further humiliated by hearing this rude person murmur as he turned back within: "Where do they get it? Where do they get it, I wonder."

Disheartened Edgar sat down upon a stair and mooned for sometime.

"Poor creature!" he sighed. "She is lost. I meant to talk to her husband and try to cheer him up." Then he stood up and took a quick step and stood still again. He found he could do this—could stand perfectly still—could balance himself on one foot without a tremor or a wobble. His head had cleared entirely. "That husband that poked me. I better try to find him!" he decided, but he had tried so many doors now, and was a little bit mixed as to which floor; yet there was a sort of mild determined note in Edgar and at length he got the right one, for there stood Pithecanthropus Erectus, lowering at him.

"Back for more, eh?" the creature snarled.

But Edgar was crafty now and wished to lay a proper foundation for what he was about to do.

"Are you the gentleman who struck a gentleman who ——" he began, and was rudely interrupted with:

"Aw, what's bitin' you, say!" And the erectus creature thrust out a prognathous jaw insultingly.

"Because, you know," went on Edgar calmly, "for your moral and spiritual good, you know, you ought not to be able to do that and—and get away with it."

The man looked mystified, and stared at Edgar as at a new type of being quite new to his world, a being he could not quite make out; and that was the moment when Edgar, without a preliminary motion of any kind, hooked his gymnasium-trained left to that poised, protuberant and just now reflective jaw.

The contact was something startling. The pithecanthropus man's dark eyes closed and opened quickly, with the wide staring expression of eyes that wished to see quite round some object that interested them amazingly, but giving up the attempt, they quickly retired under heavy drooping lids; and then his supports seemed slowly to crumble. His knees failed him first, then he sat down upon the floor, and with no pause at all at this position he lay down with a long blithering sigh of perfect contentment, after which he became as one dead.

"Murder!" shrieked the wife, looking on that prostrate form. "Murder!" She ran wildly down the stairway, bound for the street, shrieking as she went, and returned presently, accompanied by a policeman looking duty-conscious.

Prepared to find a scene of bloody slaughter, and discerning instead a well-dressed young man engaged in laving cold water onto the face of a tough-looking specimen of mankind who moaned uneasily upon a bed, the policeman was nonplused and proceeded to hold a court of inquiry.

"What's the case here?" he demanded shortly.

"This brute come here hunting trouble," deposed the woman, with violent gesticulations; "and he found it. Then he come back and hung one on my man's jaw."

The brute had by this time ceased to splash cold water and was resorting to certain expert manipulations of the neck of the prostrate one, and it was perfectly obvious that the officer was more impressed by his calmness than by the woman's wildness.

"What name?" he inquired, taking out his little book.

"Mallow! The Reverend Edgar Mallow," replied the young man, without ceasing his almost professional manipulations.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated the policeman.

"Pastor of All People's on the Plaza," added Edgar as a bit of illuminating detail.

"Holier than smoke!" ejaculated the policeman, who, it would appear, considered himself something of a humorist. "What are you doing here?"

"You can see, officer," replied the minister. "A work of mercy."

"I shall have to take you to jail."

"Not—not"—protested the man on the bed, struggling to a sitting posture and then swinging his feet to the ground—"not a man that packs a left like that! You know me, officer? Four Round McCarty."

"I ought to know you. I seen you fight times enough," recalled the policeman.

"And you never saw me knocked out, did you? Well, this little gink did it. Turn him loose. I got nothin' but admiration for him."

"And he tells me he's the pastor of All People's on the Plaza," recalled the officer in amazement. "All People's is a swell dump, where the rich go to church." The patrolman stared at Edgar with a new respect, then put his little book back in his pocket, as indicating that officially this trifling episode had already ceased to exist—never had existed in fact.

"He ——" broke in the wife accusingly.

"Aw, shut up!" snapped Four Round McCarty. "A preacher? With a left like Dempsey? Say! That's my idea of talent going to waste—unless he has a lot more nights like this one."

"Friend," said Edgar, highly approving this chivalrous spirit of his late antagonist, "I bear you no ill-will. There is my card. If I can be of service to you at any time—call upon me freely. And do not use such arguments with your wife." The ministerial hand was fraternally upon the pugilistic shoulder now. "They are quite unworthy of a man who has in his nature what you have in yours."

The red face of the four-round fighter grew redder and he grinned uncomfortably.

"And, Mrs. McCarty," said Edgar in his cordial considerate way, "if you could see your way to attend one of our young people's meetings with your husband—our young married folks' Bible Class is on Sunday morning at ten. On Tuesdays and Fridays at four there are classes in home-making and domestic science for young housekeepers, to which you would be very welcome."

The Reverend Edgar concluded this speech with one eye swelled entirely shut—from a stair contact—but the other beamed upon Mrs. McCarty blandly, who, nonplused by her husband's forgiving spirit and paralyzed by the speech and manner of the clergyman, stood dumb and postlike.

"Talk up to him, Sal! Ain't you got manners?" rebuked her life partner.

"Pleased tuh meet yuh!" she bobbed, with a frightened look at Four Round, and then taking, as with an experimental feel, the hand which the Reverend Doctor Mallow extended to her.

"If you ever want a little sparring exhibition put on down at your church or a benefit for the missionaries or anything, you let me know," proposed McCarty. "I can get you the talent all right."

"Thank you so much, Mr. McCarty," beamed Edgar, "but ——"

"Or if you ever want a little private job done in my line," enthused McCarty, "somebody put out of business or sent to the hospital or anything like that ——"

The four-round one flexed his arm significantly, while his eager face assured that he was going to be dissatisfied if not permitted to render some sort of service to this rare good soul whom odd circumstance had discovered to him.

"If ever ——" smiled the minister diplomatically, and backed out of the room.

"Let me get it clear, parson," inquired Officer Riley when he had shooed away the crowd that had gathered outside. "Did you knock him cold just with your fist—no horseshoe in your hand or brass knucks or anything?"

The clergyman's answer was a modest deprecating nod.

"Hully gee!" breathed the policeman incredulously. "Do you mind if ——" He felt of Edgar's biceps, of his lean sinewy forearm, and the hand which a love of athletic training had packed with steely sinews. "Umpah!" the officer murmured. "Umpah! No wonder. But let me get it right: McCarty was beating his wife and you just walked in and knocked him cold?"

"No, no," blushed Edgar. "Between the two of them they rather—knocked me cold, and rolled me down the stairs, I think."

"And you went back and ——"

"Admonished him," explained Edgar gently. "And now, officer, if you would kindly help me find this poor woman."

"What woman? Another woman! Are you mixed up with another woman too?"

Officer Riley's surprise was pardonable. He was getting a liberal education to-night in the social and pastoral relationships of ministers in large city parishes. Edgar told him the story of the woman of the basket; but they tried many doors without finding her.

"You've lost her," said the policeman after five minutes of hammering at different doors; "and I've been too long off my beat now."

"I think I shall go home myself," said Edgar. "I seem to have a slight headache."

"That's your shortest way," suggested the officer, pointing to a stairway. "That will take you out on Hart Street. Good night."

"I thank you, and I wish you a very good night," said Doctor Mallow.

But not a hundred feet along Hart Street he caught sight of his basket, traveling rapidly upon the arm of an undersized, furtively moving person whose gait was a run disguised as a hurried walk.

"Hey! Hey!" called Edgar impulsively. "Where are you going with my basket?"

But the fellow did not happen to hear him, and turned the next corner sharply; whereupon the practical-minded Edgar, who to Elder Murchison seemed entirely unpractical, proved his belief in direct action and reminded himself of college days by taking to the middle of the street and putting on a little sprint that brought him round the same corner and up abreast of the basket bearer in no time at all. He laid his hand upon the basket and lo, the possessor of it took one look at him, with face affrighted, released the handle, and darted down the street like Howard Drew on his way to win a hundred-yard dash; while the Reverend Edgar, standing amazed, with the wickerwork container in his hand, discovered that there are strange similarities in baskets.

This was not his basket, and its contents were rehabilitated shoes—old shoes with new soles, with patched uppers, with renewed findings; yes, a fairly complete line of salvaged footwear, to the extent of a dozen pairs at least. And while Edgar stood gazing and wondering, there was a cry behind and he was pounced upon by a heavily mustached old Sicilian pirate with loud cries and upbraidings, which immediately brought a policeman to the scene of action.

"He steala heem. He steala my shoes on da fronta my shop. I watcha heem take. I runna heem!" shouted the old fellow excitedly.

Edgar turned round, recognized the policeman and felt a fresher pink of embarrassment warming his cheeks, for before him stood Officer Riley, who had barely had time to reach his beat again.

"What'n the hell are you up to so soon now?" inquired that worthy man, sternness in his voice but a relieving jocularity in his eye.

"Why," explained Edgar, genuinely vexed with himself, "it would seem that I am rather fussing myself up to-night, wouldn't it? You recall the woman who ran away with my basket?"

The officer nodded.

"Well, I thought I saw my basket on a young man's arm. I chased it and, behold, when I laid my hand upon it he released it and fled. Upon minute examination I discover that it is not my basket, and, of course, they are not my shoes."

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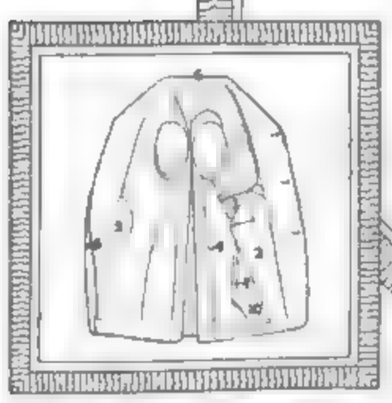

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(Continued from Page 46)

The policeman took the basket from the hands of the embarrassed minister and thrust it into the arms of the gesticulating Sicilian.

"You no arresta heem?" wailed the second-hand shoe merchant.

"He didn't steal 'em, you old fool. He recovered 'em for you. Now move on. What do you want to go gathering a crowd on my beat for?"

This crowd was really much more embarrassing to Edgar than to the policeman, and he looked up in meek protest just at the moment when a limousine, in response to frantic signalings from a party within, had come to a sudden halt at the curb.

"Why, Doctor Mallow!" protested a shocked, annoyed voice; and Edgar was astounded to see the face of Ann Murchison peering at him from the door, which evidently her fair hand had flung so hospitably open to him.

"Oh, Ann!" the minister exclaimed joyously, and fled from his friend the policeman, from the shoe vender, who didn't appreciate him, and from the eyes of the curious crowd, to the delicious seclusion of the limousine, the door of which closed upon him with a comfortable snap.

"Where—wherever," the beautiful young lady cried, "have you been, and what—whatever have you been doing, and what in the world has happened to you? Why, Doctor Mallow, your eye is as black as ink, as—as big as a pumpkin, and it's shut as tight as anything."

"Just out on a little pastoral errand," explained the minister, essaying a lightsome smile but with lugubrious results.

"Wounded in the course of duty, I presume," said a dry voice in the rear, at sound of which Edgar writhed with fresh embarrassment to discover that the back seat of the limousine was occupied by his ruling elder and Miss Eliza Murchison, the sister.

"Yes—yes, sir," stammered the minister, and his chagrin was great because his thought had been so entirely upon Ann and because his left eye, which was toward the rear, was closed so completely that he had not discerned that there was anyone else of importance in the limousine. "I—I got a fall on a tenement stair and I—I judge I bumped my eye slightly."

"Slightly is hardly the word," observed Mr. Murchison ironically, while the immaculateness of his evening attire of itself administered a stern rebuke to the clergyman's now somewhat disheveled condition.

"On a tenement stair at this time of night!" Miss Eliza had gone to bat with a bite in her tones that was as the gnawing tooth of acid.

"Looking up a case calling for immediate action by our conservation committee," explained Edgar in the tone of one who was eager to mollify and to assuage.

"And I suppose this levee upon the curb at this unseemly hour, with a policeman superintending—I suppose that was also in the course of duty?" Miss Eliza was really a bit cattish to-night, but still Edgar oozed the milk of human kindness.

"A mere incident," he deprecated, attempting to smile blandly, but with that damaged optic only achieving another of his lugubrious leers. "Some light-fingered person was running away with a basket of old shoes. I merely lifted them from his arm and restored them to their rightful owner."

"Bah!" said Elder Murchison quite impolitely, and clearing his throat with a premonitory cough rushed right on with: "I think I must tell you, Doctor Mallow, that the session is of the opinion that your zeal in some ways outruns your judgment. You would please us more if you exercised a certain discretion ——"

"But, father!" broke in Ann reprovingly. "Father! Doctor Mallow has been upon a mission of mercy. He has had a fall and is seriously injured. He is in pain and suffering. You should be humbled by his faithfulness to duty—not lecturing him!"

Robert Murchison glared at his daughter mildly and looked as if he would go on with his address to the minister, but Ann rather shut him off by addressing the chauffeur sharply with:

"The parsonage, you understand? The parsonage first!" And by the time the driver had answered, "Yes, ma'am," the elder had thought better of his intent and decided to remain dignifiedly silent.

Ann, it will be perceived, was rather a masterful person; or at least a willful one. As has been stated, she was also beautiful and with a kind of high-colored autumn beauty, for her hair was auburn and her eyebrows were auburn, with bronzed eyelashes that stood at attention over a pair of level blue eyes or drooped to cheeks that were richly red and had their color enlivened by a dainty assortment of the most bewitching freckles that ever marred beauty to make it more beautiful still. There were also some regular, pearl-white teeth in the category of Ann's attractions, and two ruby lips, the lower of which pouted on occasion, and at such times was pendant over a cleft in the round chin that was very like an enlarged dimple.

It may sound like treason to a noble character to admit it, but this cleft had excited the speculative interest of the clergyman at times. He was looking at it now, and the sight of it compensated him for the asperity in Elder Murchison's manner and enabled him to hold back his own defense with Christian meekness till the limousine deposited him at his own door.

The luxurious car rolled on for a time with three silent and thoughtful people inside it. At length Robert Murchison spoke.

"The worst of it is," he grieved, "the young man is quite unaware of his faults. We must try to devise a way to open his eyes, for he is worth saving really. Really! Doctor Mallow is a very superior young man!"

"Yes," confessed Aunt Eliza, and she, too, after this interval for reflection, could breathe a forgiving and a hopeful spirit. "He ought to be saved, and we must save him."

Ann's ripe red beauty became redder still with the surge of sudden emotion. "Save him!" she scorned. "Doctor Mallow is so much better than the rest of us that we should consider him saved already and devote our attention humbly to saving ourselves."

And in the meantime there was the subject of this conversation reflecting charitably as in the pantry he hacked and hewed a slab of raw beef from to-morrow's roast: "And yet Miss Eliza is a good woman. Robert Murchison is a superior man. Either would have given me a twenty-dollar bill in a moment for that woman, but when I take a basket to her —— Ah!" He had laid the severed slab of beef tenderly upon his eye. "Ah!" he moaned ecstatically for its grateful coolness, and clumsily bound the poultice of raw flesh in place with a handkerchief. Then he slipped off his shoes, drew on his slippers and dropped into the study chair to reflect before retiring.

"I wonder now about that woman. Did she have the forethought to take the basket with her; or did she fly in a panic and someone else salvage the basket?"

This question did not readily find an answer, and the minister reflected upon it a long, long time, sinking deeper and deeper into reverie. A doorbell tinkled, faint and far away. The Reverend Edgar, unaware how long he had been sitting thus, was barely conscious of the doorbell, and quite unconscious that it was his own until he heard the obstinate clumping of Mrs. Hutchins' bedroom slippers. She would know he was in his study from the light streaming under the door. Presently she came stalking back, knocked, and in response to his invitation flung the door wide, whereupon the minister caught sight of a hooded figure behind.

"Ann!" he exclaimed, springing up.

At the same moment Mrs. Hutchins got a glimpse of her beloved pastor's countenance, her pastor whom she guarded almost with a mother's jealous love. Her hands went high.

"Doctor Mallow!" she exclaimed in consternation. "Did I ever?"

"No! No!" said the minister, with an impatient ironic note. "I do not suppose you ever did."

With a repressing wave of the hand and a sudden assertion of that masterfulness which slept deep in his nature but was none the less there, he brushed Mrs. Hutchins from the room.

"Ann!" he breathed rapturously as the door closed behind her and she swept off the long black cloak and revealed herself still in the glory of that glittering evening gown in which he had seen her in the limousine. "Ann! What brings you here? But, no matter. This is jolly. Ann"—the voice became suddenly sober—"my heart is aching for you. I love you. I have told you so many times, and now I must tell you again." As has already been seen, the doctor believed in direct action, in embracing opportunity.

"Edgar," said Ann, dropping that formality with which she always addressed the minister in the presence of others, and thereby revealing that a certain understanding existed between the young people, "how many times have I told you that you must not talk to me of love?"

"O, Lord!" responded Edgar, turning and striding up and down the room, with his hands thrust behind his back in severest self-restraint. "I don't keep count of those things. It doesn't matter, I tell you, Ann ——"

"And how is the poor eye?" interrupted the girl, changing the subject as coolly as she checked his perambulating course hither and yon to lay hands upon the bandage, but shuddering at the touch of that crude poultice.

"Fine!" declared the minister stoutly. "To-morrow it will be an indigo blue, the next day a bottle green, the third a Chinese yellow, and the fourth it will be something like my own putty complexion."

"The swelling is going down," admitted Ann; "but your complexion is not putty. Oh, Edgar!" she pouted. "You vex me so with these terrible embarrassments into which you get yourself. Do you know," she accused, "I do not think you got that eye on any stair. Something tells me that it has been in contact with a human fist. I—I think, Edgar, you have been fighting."

"Honestly," declared Edgar, raising his right hand, "I got it on the stair."

"A minister fighting!" reproached Ann, convinced that she detected equivocation.

"But," argued Edgar, "can't you conceive of circumstances under which a minister ought to fight? Because he is a man, you know, as well as a minister."

Ann hesitated, trying to be judicial.

"Yes," she admitted; "I suppose I can."

"Well," confessed Edgar, "one of those sets of circumstances arose to-night, and I ——"

"Oh, Edgar, you ——"

"I walloped a fellow who was beating his wife, if you must know. But I did it in quite a Christian way, I think. In fact, I made a friend of him. If you will excuse"—he smiled doubtfully—"a bad pun, and one not very original, I fear, I think I may say that I licked the devil out of him; for the time being at least "

"Doctor Mallow! You are positively shocking!" declared Ann and crooked a shaming finger, but there was a light of admiration in her eye. "But, Edgar—Doctor Mallow!" Ann's parted lips, her quicker breathing and the light of excitement in her eye hinted at the importance of the mission which had brought her back to the parsonage at this hour of the night. "I must tell you what I came to say, and go. They are laying a trap for you—father and Aunt Eliza. I eavesdropped on them in the library when we got home—a plot to humble you; to—to cure you of your—your common tastes."

The girl's rounded eyes and solemn manner showed that she took the matter very seriously. The minister's manner showed that he did not, but that he was touched and vastly encouraged by the girl's consideration for him. Contemplating her his glance grew fond again, fonder even than before.

"And you, my autumn beauty, with all the vitality of springtime in your veins; you came for that?"

"Yes, I felt that I must tell you instantly, for you know father. He may act quickly. Try not to fall into any of their old traps, won't you? For my sake, if not for yours."

There was tremendous encouragement in this emphasis. It was rather telltale. It made the lover's heart leap, but he was too tactful to seem to notice it now.

"I shall try, Ann," he said soberly, "to be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a guinea pig. But you have warned me and I thank you ever so deeply; and you must go now." He held her coat for her.

"Yes," she said, "I must," and was drawing it round her close. "But be careful. Father is a grim kind of joker, you know, but not bad. Aunt Eliza is not bad either, of course, but she's terribly bent on—on seeing her evil predictions make good."

"We shall try to disappoint her," smiled the Reverend Edgar, leading the girl toward the door. "Who brought you over?"

"Roland in his racer. Oh, I wish you could do something for Roland. He and father had an awful row to-night."

"Roland," recalled the minister a bit ironically, "does not belong to the class who respond most readily to my ministrations."

He conducted Ann down the steps and across the pavement to where her brother was waiting impatiently.

"Good evening, Roland," said the minister in his voice of professional kindliness.

"'Evenin', parson. How's the bum lamp? Somebody hung one on you, huh? Well, you're my kind of a parson anyway, I'll tell the world," and he reached out a patronizing hand.

The minister expected to have to dodge Mrs. Hutchins, her ministrations and her interrogations, when he returned to the hall, but that good lady having gone finally and definitely to bed in a huff he was spared. Instead of going to bed himself he sat down to muse again quite as if he knew that his doorbell was going to ring once more to-night and he would have to answer it himself.

Anyway the doorbell did ring and before it, when he swung the entrance wide, there stood upon his stoop for the third time to-night a woman—the woman of the basket—with the basket.

"My good lady!" exclaimed the minister, and there was in his tones the gladness of real welcome. "You got it then. I am so pleased."

"I came to bring it back," said the woman, speaking rather breathlessly, "and ——"

"That was very conscientious of you," declared the clergyman, "but not at all necessary."

"And besides, my husband is going to rob a safe and I wanted to talk to you."

"Goodness sakes alive!" ejaculated Edgar. "Why do you not dissuade him?"

The woman shook her head sadly. "He's turned bad since he's been out of work. He talks this bullshevik—I. W. W. stuff. I want you to argue with him. I can't."

"Very well," assented Edgar readily, feeling the heat of a good impulse warm his veins. "Give me your address and I will call to-morrow."

"But he is going to rob the safe to-night!"

Edgar started. The very imminence of the announced intent seemed to bring him face to face with a dark and awful crime. Instinctively he drew back. But there was the face of the woman, looking up into his with the

eye of a newborn and childlike faith. Doctor Mallow could not douse a faith like that with the cold water of refusal. He could not.

"In that case," he announced, "I will talk with him to-night. Is your husband at home now?"

The woman nodded.

"Excuse me a few moments," said the minister; and leaving the woman in the reception room he went out to remove the bandage from his eye and choose the slouchiest hat in his repertoire, one that might be drawn low over the injured optic. Because his feet were tired with much walking he donned his tennis shoes in preference to anything else, and because he remembered the darkened stairs of that old rookery into which the lady had led him before he slipped a small flashlight into his vest pocket. Both of these choices became of importance later.

The woman took him by the same route to the same tenement and to an apartment of two rooms at the end of a tiny hall just round the corner from the door of Four Round McCarty's domicile. How the minister and the policeman could have missed this place he could not now conceive, but they had missed it, for there it was. In the first room were a table, the empty milk bottle and remnants of a feast from the basket. In a room beyond was a bed—empty; and beside it on the floor a mattress whereon three children slept the sleep of the full-fed stomach.

"Happy dears!" exclaimed Doctor Mallow.

"They—they've gone!" said the woman in a hollow voice.

"They?" inquired the young man. "Is your husband plural?"

"My husband had a pal."

The Reverend Edgar Mallow, most unsuspecting of men, grew suddenly suspicious, and the woman saw it.

"Minister," she confessed, "I haven't told you right, but I'm goin' to tell you right—now. My husband is a yegg."

Edgar looked mystified.

"Professional safe cracker, you understand? He ain't been two weeks out of the pen. He's tried to go straight and he can't get work. They all ask him where he worked last. The only money he's made is capping for a poker game; and to-night he went bad. They trimmed a rich young sucker out of all his roll, and then the gang threw out the sucker and my husband, too, because he couldn't squeal on 'em, not with his record. Then this kid made it up with him to go out and rob his own father's safe and split with him even."

"But wait," intervened Edgar. "Gamblers have plenty of money. They don't let their wives and children starve or force them to beg or live in tenements like this."

"Sometimes they do," assured the woman. "A gambler when he's winning is the generousest of men. When he's losing there ain't no skunk like him. Honest, I'd rather Jim went to burglin' straight than hang round that joint any longer."

The Reverend Edgar shook his head sadly. "The world is so full of sin," he said.

"But ain't you going to go on an' try to stop my man from crime?" protested the woman.

This seemed a trifle unreasonable, but it seemed also to the Reverend Edgar that in the largeness of her faith in him she did not know that it was unreasonable.

"We must try to—to overtake them," he announced judicially. "Do you know where they were going to—to burgle?"

"No, but they were going to meet at one-thirty at Locust and Nineteenth Street, my little girl told me. They wouldn't talk that much when I was round, but this little six-year-old pitcher of mine has got bigger ears than they think." The woman nodded proudly toward the oldest of the sleepers. "She heard all this while I was out seein' you the first time."

The doctor looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past twelve.

"Madam," he said, quite as if he proposed to meet a friend in the park tomorrow after luncheon—"madam, I will be at that corner at one-thirty in the morning. A meeting of three men at such an hour in such a place will be sufficient identification for me to proceed upon."

"But there won't be three. The kid—the young man—is going to join them on the job—from the inside."

"Of two men then," amended the minister. "And since I must spend the intervening hour and ten minutes somewhere, and as your rooms are but four or five minutes' walk from the trysting place of crime, have you any objections to my waiting—to my waiting here, Mrs. ——"

"Buddington is my name. Josie Budd is what my friends call me," she explained.

Moreover, the lady had not the slightest objection to the minister's waiting there. From his point of view it was a trifle unusual; but then, the whole adventure was unusual, and waiting here was practical. Therefore the minister hunched himself down in one of Josie Budd's hard-bottomed chairs and made himself as comfortable as possible. Once in a while the woman talked, but Edgar did not encourage her. He had that wherewith to occupy his thoughts. Mostly he thought of Ann, but now and then he thought of that trap which Elder Murchison and Aunt Eliza were laying for him.

At one-twenty—to be sure of ample time—he rose and shook himself, as preparing to venture forth to the corner of Locust and Nineteenth Streets, less than two blocks away. To his surprise Josie Budd also rose and shook herself and drew an old cloak about her shoulders.

"I got to point him out to you," she assured him in a ghostly whisper. This was an unexpected development.

"But—Mrs. Buddington! I shall have no need to identify your husband particularly. I mean to dissuade them both."

But Mrs. Buddington appeared to feel a certain responsibility. "You might get yourself in wrong or something," she declared with a grave shake of the head. "You're dealin' with desperate men, minister."

The clergyman was unmoved by the gravity of this hint from a lady who knew one of those men well; but Josie Budd had made up her mind to accompany him—that was all there was to it; and Josie was rather an adhesive personality. In consequence the Reverend Edgar Mallow walked down the stairs and along Locust Street at one-twenty-four A.M., with the wife of a professional criminal clinging closely to his arm.

"If Miss Eliza could see me now," reflected Edgar; and in his sinful depravity he chuckled at the thought of the sense of outrage the sight would have produced in that patrician dame.

They had a wait of several minutes at the corner of Nineteenth Street, Josie Budd showing her training as a consort of criminals by preventing entirely the minister's innocent intention to park himself boldly on the corner under the street light, and instead showed him how to take advantage of the protective coloration of night, so that he and she were immersed in the shadow round a doorway, where they could see the corner plainly without being seen.

In their moments of waiting a light rain began to fall. This was a possibility that neither the minister nor Josie Budd had foreseen, and presently each experienced an unpleasant sense of dampness. Others had foreseen it, however, for now appeared a man walking rapidly but noiselessly, and carrying an umbrella. At the northeast corner of the intersecting streets he halted momentarily, and then swung across to the southwest corner.

"That—that's the lookout," whispered Josie Budd excitedly. "Jim's going to do the inside work. He can talk to a safe and it'll answer him and mind him just like a human bein'."

At this juncture a second man appeared, umbrellaless, with coat collar turned up, and crossed the street intersection diagonally, carefully out of the circle of light from the street lamp, but between the minister and Josie Budd and the illuminated patch so that his figure was clearly outlined.

"There, there," whispered the woman with a little thrill, obviously of pride. "That's Budd. Ain't he the husky though?"

The first and second man had, of course, sighted each other, but without actually meeting or greeting they started off down Locust Street, Budd a few paces in the rear.

"Follow 'em! Be quick!" directed Josie Budd.

"Aha!" boomed a big Hibernian voice. "Who's that makin' love in the dark there?" and lo, a prowling policeman was upon them.

"No one at all making love," responded Doctor Mallow with dignity.

"And is it you again, minister?" demanded Officer Riley in the greatest amazement. "Do you never go to bed?"

"Officer Riley!" exclaimed Edgar with sensations of relief. "I didn't realize I was still operating on your beat, but, of course, I am. Here." He dragged his companion forward. "The woman with the basket. I found her."

"Found her, eh?" Officer Riley was not only amazed but amused. "Say, doctor, when you take the trail you stick to it like William J. Burns, don't you?"

As usual, admiration embarrassed Edgar. Besides, duty called.

"You will have to excuse me, officer. I have a pressing engagement," he explained, and all at once the Reverend Edgar was not with them. Not that it could be said that he deliberately and furtively ducked under the policeman's arm, which was instinctively thrust out as if to detain one about to become a fugitive, but rather that he abruptly faded up the street at the rate of about ten and three-quarters seconds to the hundred yards, which was half a second slower than Edgar's college record.

"Ain't he the wonder though?" inquired Officer Riley, staring into darkness. "But"—as he recalled the woman in the case—"who the mischief are you, and what are you skylarkin' round here with him for?" The policeman had thoughtfully taken firm hold of the arm of Mrs. Buddington lest she also dematerialize.

"Josie Budd, a respectable lady that's been in distress," she replied with a certain stiffness of formality. "That gentman is the Reverend Edgar Mallow, which you know. He done me a good turn early in the evening, and I'm payin' him off now by helping him do a pastorial act."

"You can't tell me nothing about Doctor Mallow," said Officer Riley. "He's always doing them kind of acts. But he don't nee I you. You better go along home, Josie Budd."

"Excuse me, officer, but I got to stick along with my pastor," said Josie in that adhesive way of hers, and she made as if to depart in his wake.

"You'll need wings—or roller skates," opined Policeman Riley, and watched her go, with his nose high in air, sniffing at the darkness as if he smelled out some mysterious enterprise on foot. "There's something up," he decided cannily, "and if them two birds thinks I won't be round when it comes down they're kiddin' themselves. Besides, that preacher's nerve is too big for his body, and he might need a little help maybe."

The officer moved across to the nearest call box and transacted some business very quickly.

The Reverend Edgar, meanwhile, had within the first hundred yards throttled his speed down to a rapid walk to keep from overrunning the two men who were moving down the street ahead of him. That aloofness in their manner toward each other had disappeared. They walked side by side under the same umbrella now, and so they continued to walk for blocks and blocks, choosing always the darkest parts of the streets. Occasionally they doubled round corners, and always they worked their way toward the boulevard; yet before coming out upon it they turned into an alley that ran back of the row of fine residences fronting the lake. Here their progress was slower and slower.

"They are approaching the scene of their crime," deduced the minister. "It will be better to let them actually arrive at the site of it, and then, when their presence and actions have completely disclosed their purpose beyond the peradventure of a doubt, to confront them."

It seemed not to occur to Edgar that confronting a pair of burglars at the moment of burgling might be fraught with danger to the confronter, any more than it occurred to him that the whole project had become mad and impossible. Yet if it had occurred to him he would not have stopped. Edgar was not a man who stopped.

There came back to him now a tinkling sound of metal upon metal and he deduced that they were working on the fastening of an iron gate in the alley wall which loomed upon his immediate right. Presently he heard the squeak of hinges.

"Leave it wide. Makes the get-away easier," he heard a low voice say, for Edgar had crept very close.

In the darkness and the drizzling rain, which made everywhere a gentle patter that masked all minor sounds, he in his sneakers could almost have edged in under the umbrella with them.

The men were in the back garden now of some large mansion, and picked their way forward with a caution that was only exceeded by the caution with which Edgar himself advanced, following that moving patch of darker darkness which told him where the two figures slipped haltingly ahead. At length they were cowering at a basement window and for an instant there was a tiny glow like the wink of a lightning bug, and Edgar knew that they were shrouding a gleam of some kind under the umbrella and working at the window fastening.

Now! Now was his time. He took his own flashlight into his hand, ready to throw its beam into their astonished faces, and edged forward, but all at once there was a sound of the window sliding and one of the two dark shapes had disappeared inside, his form after a moment dimly revealed by a glow that appeared and immediately disappeared, with beside it still another form. This must be the young man from inside who had been waiting obviously to admit Jim Budd, who was to open the safe.

Edgar crouched a moment, nonplused, with a sense of defeat saturating his consciousness with quite as dampening an effect upon his ardor as the rain upon his garments. The criminals were eluding him—had eluded him. The burgling was under way now. But he could wait for Jim Budd to come back, and then confront them with the plunder in their hands. That seemed the better way, after all. Yet Edgar was not a good waiter. His nature was not made for waiting. Action was more in his line. He decided upon another strategy—to take these men singly, now that accident had divided them for him.

"My friend!" he announced in that quiet, kindly voice of his that was so modest yet so full of the assurance of good intent. "My friend!" He flashed his light in the lookout's face.

Instantly a sort of Big Bertha among automatic pistols was sticking under Edgar's nose, and over the top of the barrel was the gleam of a businesslike eye, while above it appeared a bit of caterpillary eyebrow that crawled nervously. By all the rules a certain minister's hands should have gone up with exceeding great haste, yet they did not.

"No one is going to harm you," said Edgar. "You may lower your weapon."

The weapon trembled and came down with a funny seasick gasp from the man behind it.

"The preacher guy! The parson with a punch!" was ejected in tones that trembled with superstitious fear, through irregular teeth that began instantly to chatter, while the face to which they belonged—an ugly, unhandsome countenance that was naturally rather red—paled as at the manifestation of a ghost.

"McCarty! Upon my soul!" exclaimed Edgar with inflections that indicated extreme surprise. "Four Round McCarty!" And now the tones of Doctor Mallow shaded from gentle reproach into genuine grief.

"I never done anything like it before, reverend," stuttered McCarty in a succession of hoarse whispers. "It's my first job; but I couldn't get any more fights account of meetin' everybody in my class, and I was broke, and the inside worker promised me two hundred bucks to do the lookout. How—how"—the thick lips trembled again with superstitious terror—"for the love o' God, reverend, what brought you here?"

"I came to save you from a crime. Give me that pistol and go home. Go home to your wife and rob no more." Edgar had spoken with a sort of graveyard solemnity that awed McCarty still further.

Staring, the pug gave up the weapon from his palsied hand.

"You're—you're a wonder, I'll say!" he quavered.

"Go!" said the minister shortly, and took up his stand by the window. "I'll trouble you for the umbrella."

McCarty yielded the umbrella weakly, gawped a moment more in wonder and then grew excited with an entirely new fear.

"Don't—don't take any chances, minister, with that yegg inside," he warned hoarsely. "He's a two-time loser already. He'd rather go to the chair than do another turn. He'll croak you sure."

"McCarty, will you go?" warned Edgar.

"Mother of God!" murmured McCarty, and went—silently.

From away out by the gate the watcher at the window heard a suppressed squawk of some kind as if McCarty might have

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stepped upon a cat in the darkness; thereafter he fancied he heard rapidly receding footsteps. Then silence enveloped all, all but the gentle patter of the rain. Waiting at length grew boresome and Edgar the impatient was considering crawling through after his man when the sound of someone breathing right inside the window woke him up to the fact that his vigil was over.

"Are you there, pal?" besought an anxious whisper.

"I am here!" aspirated Edgar, having made up his mind he must allow Mr. James Buddington entirely outside before beginning his reformatory operations upon him.

"I got 'em, all right," was chuckled softly as the party from within clambered over the top of the lowered sash and straightened up under the umbrella.

"That is too bad," said Edgar in low but precisely modulated tones that were calculated to impress with the majesty of vast moral power, "because I am going to ask you to take them back and restore them to the safe and then, to-night, with me for a friend and God for your supreme helper, you are going to give up this life of crime and never—never ——"

Edgar did not finish this long impressive sentence. Someone had recovered from the paralysis attending upon a most astounding surprise and a hand was laid upon the speaker's throat, a tightly gripping hand. Immediately thereafter in the darkness and in the rain two forms entangled themselves in a sort of human pinwheel that spun round and round upon the sopping grass in what, so far as one of them was concerned, was meant to be a struggle to the death; but it ended suddenly when a disembodied mule from nowhere injected himself into the struggle and let fly a stinging hoof into the solar plexus of the yeggman. As a result he became a good yeggman for the time being at least, rolled on his side with a slight gargling sound and beyond drawing up his legs and kicking spasmodically at nothing at all was rather still.

"What—what hit me?" he hiccuped after a minute.

"I am sorry," apologized the minister considerately. "Are these the bonds?"

Shrouding the tiny gleam of his flashlight under the edge of the yegg's coat he had located the stiff envelope in his pocket.

"Who are you?" labored the prostrate figure.

"The Reverend Edgar Mallow, pastor of All People's on the Plaza," explained Edgar in indulgent tones. "I have come to save you from a career of crime. Are you able to sit up, my man?"

The party after a doleful effort sat up rather docilely, groaning slightly and holding his stomach.

"Did you hit or kick me?" he inquired. "And how could you kick me from that position?"

"I most certainly did not kick you, my friend," assured Edgar a trifle absently, for he was examining the envelope to make sure of its contents. There followed on the part of the helpless one a moment of incredulous silence.

"Your voice is a damned sight softer than your fist, I'll tell the world," he reflected gloomily. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Nothing at all! I want you to take this package of bonds back and put it in the safe and lock the safe up again. Then I want you to go home to your wife and ——"

"My wife?" remembered the man, starting half up. "She put you onto this!"

"Yes," admitted Edgar with unshrinking honesty; "because she loves you, and for your children's sake."

"And you have got me dead to rights and you are going to turn me loose?" inquired the man incredulously.

"I am."

"No foolin'?" Unbelievable wonder was in this last and simplest interrogatory.

"No fooling," declared the minister.

The man was silent again, hugging his stomach and rocking uneasily to and fro.

"Josie's a good woman," he announced presently. "I'm going to give her a square deal from this on."

Something leaped in the heart of the saver of souls, but his voice was steady and controlled as he said: "I want you to take these bonds and put them back. And hurry! It's wet out here. Then I'll ——"

"Holy Mother!" gasped Jim Budd. "I'm afraid to. I've lost my nerve. You've—you've got my goat, minister; but you can't make me do that. I'm wilted."

"Come," said Edgar firmly. "Come! I'll go with you."

"Yes, you will!" An open sneer crept into Jim Budd's tones. "Into somebody's house with a safe cracker at two o'clock in the morning, through the basement window? You might get nabbed. Bein' a preacher wouldn't save you. Nup! You'll not go with me."

"I'll show you," said the Reverend Edgar, and flattening on his stomach on the grass he began to back over the lowered sash of that sunken window.

A new amazement seized upon the soul of Jim Budd.

"But say," he marveled, "how do you know I won't skip out the minute you get inside?"

"I don't think you are that kind of a man," replied Edgar.

"Well, I be damned!" exclaimed James Budd. "I ain't."

"I thought you weren't," said the minister, feeling with his toes into the abysmal space behind him. At length he was on the basement floor, with James Budd by his side, creeping forward noiselessly, experiencing strange sensations—bated breath, for instance, and a sudden thrill of danger at the possibilities. Why, he might, as Budd had said, be captured, and find explanations difficult; or the rousing householder might send a bullet crashing through him first and make inquiries after.

But another instinct reasserted itself.

"We must find your accomplice, the young man inside who let you in, and reason with him also," he whispered to Jim Budd as they paused a moment before beginning the ascent of the basement stair.

"Pretty dangerous," said Jim Budd, halting. "I don't know what room he sleeps in."

"We can scout round," proposed Edgar.

"And scout a bullet! Not on your life! I ain't got my nerve back in the first place. Second place it's not in any of my books to risk my skin for a young squirt like that. Say! You know what they'd do to me if they caught me? I'm a two-time loser already. I'd get forty years for this!" He clutched at the minister's arm in an involuntary gesture of appeal.

Edgar was beginning to like Jim Budd. He could actually feel for him. He was glad he had saved McCarty, and glad he was saving Budd. He would also save the young man.

"I'll scout round for him myself," he reassured; and they began the ascent.

"Look!" said Jim Budd when they had gained the upper hall, felt their way through a kitchen and a dining room and were making their way toward the front of a residence that was kingly in its size. "Look!"

He said it in a whisper as soft as velvet, which would not have carried six inches beyond the minister's ear.

And the minister looked, stared, thrilled—trembled. For yonder, perhaps forty feet away from him—for the distances in this house were considerable—was a faint glow, low down upon the floor, and silhouetted in it were the head and shoulders of a man, bowed before an open safe.

"Still at it," said Budd in that voiceless whisper. "We don't need to scout. Sort of looking things over, huh? Or maybe he's got into where the money is. We couldn't make that drawer."

Edgar felt his heart grow sick at this spectacle of a son sordidly looting the coffers of his father, and advanced with quickened movement across what he judged to be a library to a kind of den in which they perceived the man bowed before the safe. At its very door some rustle or squeak betrayed their presence, and the man turned from his absorbed occupation and stood up with a start, the lower part of his form outlined by the shaded reading lamp which had been deposited on the floor before the safe, but the upper part and face in darkness.

"My friend," began the clergyman, speaking in that voice of mellow kindness which he seemed always to be able to command, "do not be alarmed, but ——"

"Doc—tor Mal—low!" stammered an agitated voice with a note in it that was almost a cry. "Can it be you?"

"Roland!" whispered the minister in accents of utter incredulity. "Roland Murchison! A gambler! A thief, and the consort of thieves!" The denunciatory words rose involuntarily to Edgar's lips, and then like a flash another possibility illumined his mind. "Whose—whose house am I in?" he demanded.

"My father's house!"

Edgar staggered back against the doorpost; his hand rose weakly to his forehead and found it clammy. Then for a moment indignation burned. This—this was the trap. He had been made a fool of—an utter, conceited, egotistical ass! But—how could they work so quickly? Yet in another reeling second he knew better than to believe it was a trap. That was reality which cowered yonder before him, with appealing hand, with quavering voice, with teeth that chattered till he heard them.

"But, Doctor Mallow, where—where did you come from?"

"Switch on the light," said Edgar sternly. "Let there be no darkness between us."

The young man obeyed by lifting that hooded reading lamp from the floor to the table, and was staggered again when this revealed over the shoulder of the minister his erstwhile accomplice.

"The game's over, pal!" said Buddington. "I come to put mine back. You better do the same."

"But it was my bonds, Doctor Mallow, that I took," justified Roland, but with a whine in his voice. "Father was keeping them from me unjustly."

"To prevent you from gambling them away, no doubt." The minister was still stern. "Why did you bring this man here?"

"To make it look like an outside job. I gave him half my bonds to throw suspicion away from me entirely."

"That was a high price to pay. You are an unusual kind of fool, ingrate and coward, Roland."

The young man weakened under the blast of this indictment.

"What are you going to do? Tell father?" he quavered.

"Certainly I would not so grieve your father," declared the minister. "Mr. Buddington has thought better of his part in this affair and come to restore his bonds. The righteous, the right way will be"—his voice had begun to grow kind again—"for you to do the same and go back upstairs to bed and cut gambling out of your curriculum. Mr. Budd will go out the way he came and eliminate safe tampering from his"

The feebly flickering flame of manhood in young Roland blazed up.

"I'll do it," he announced eagerly. "I knew I was wrong. I only needed a little moral strength to have resisted this mad impulse. As it was, I lingered before the safe just because I couldn't bear to leave it a—a thief!"

The young man drew his bonds from his pocket. Edgar, still carrying Budd's share of the loot, turned and handed it to him formally. He placed them in Roland's hands without an apparent trace of regret upon his hard features, and watched absorbedly while they were placed in the drawer from which they had been taken. Roland closed the inner door and Budd produced from his pocket a ring of flat master keys, one of which locked this door. The outer door was next closed and locked, and for his part in the transaction the Reverend Edgar Mallow stooped and spun the combination. The restoration was complete.

The minister straightened himself with a sigh of contentment and drew a hand across his wearied brow. It had been a hard night's work—but it had paid. The glow of warmth in his veins was in strong contrast to the chill dampness of his garments.

"Good night, Roland!" he said, and wrung the young man's hand. "Now, Budd." He motioned to him to lead the way toward the rear.

The man started, but halted with an exclamation on his lips, for there, on the stair which confronted the hallway into which he was leading, stood an apparition with some quantities of auburn curls hanging down over the left shoulder.

"Ann!" exclaimed Doctor Mallow, steadying himself with a supreme effort. "How long have you been there?"

"Three minutes, perhaps," replied Ann, steadying herself by a supreme effort. "I thought I heard voices and the sounds of a struggle under my window on the back lawn a while ago. I couldn't resist coming down to see if everything was all right."

"Then," said the doctor with that rare presence of mind in critical moments which appeared to be one of his gifts, "if you have been there three minutes you know that everything is all right."

The girl swallowed hard. "Yes, Doctor Mallow," she said in a faint voice, while her glance turned involuntarily to her brother for an instant. "I think everything is all right."

At this juncture there sounded from the butler's pantry a buzzing note proclaiming that a bell had rung somewhere.

"Someone else has been roused," exclaimed the doctor apprehensively. "Roland, you had better see what it is, quick, and head off any more—any more sleep walkers." He ventured a smile at Ann.

"Heavens! It's the back door," reported Roland, and hurried there.

"I think you might depart, Budd," suggested Doctor Mallow, and nodded toward the front, almost as if he had an intimation of what might be at the rear.

Budd, nothing loath, undid the night fastening of the massive front door with a skill born of long practice and departed. He had scarcely gone when the sound of heavy feet in the back hall proclaimed an invasion in force of some kind, and presently Roland appeared, guiding Officer Riley and a man wearing the stripes of a sergeant of police. Both looked self-important and aggressive, and they had in tow a man who trembled and a woman who looked defiant.

At the sight the hopes of Edgar Mallow were dashed, his kindly heart sank down, far down in his breast; yet after no more than an inward sigh he rallied bravely, for Edgar could not quit—he simply could not quit until circumstances should blast him out of the last ditch. Besides, pity bestirred him. To think that the penitent McCarty and the trusting and curious Josie Budd ——

"Why," he beamed, "why, it was quite unnecessary, Mrs. Buddington, for you to linger. Or you either, McCarty. You had done your part in guiding me to the place. We have frustrated the attempt to rob Mr. Murchison's safe and there remains nothing for us to do now but to go home. Officer Riley ——"

"Wh-a-a-a-t! What's that?" snapped an irascible voice from the head of the stairs. "What is all this hubbub in and round my house at this hour of the night anyway?"

And here came Elder Murchison, in absurd pink pyjamas, his gray mutton-chops greatly agitated, his old eyes flashing sternly as he brushed down past the immobile Ann, his voice ringing with that indignation which the Anglo-Saxon must ever feel when he finds his castle invaded. But he stopped a few feet from the bottom, startled, and gazing from one to another, rather overcome by the complication of dramatic elements in the scene which confronted him. But after a moment he had decided whom to pick on.

"Doctor Mallow," he demanded, "what does this mean?"

"Father!" gulped an agitated young man who had, by a sort of instinct, reestablished himself before the closed door of the safe; and there was in that speech of his the first note of a contrition that must lead in a moment to open confession; but Doctor Mallow checked him with a stern glance and a repressive gesture.

"Less than might appear, Mr. Murchison," he responded blandly as if this sudden entrance of the irate householder had not complicated his problems hopelessly and threatened to bomb him out of the very last dugout in the last trench of his defensive system. "As I was just about to explain to Sergeant ——"

The minister halted before that officer, who had been waiting with some impatience his own turn to have speech of this variegated assemblage, with the rising inflection of polite interrogation in his tones.

"McLafferty!" announced a voluminous and throaty night voice.

"Mallow is my name; Reverend Edgar Mallow, of All People's on the Plaza, as Officer Riley has doubtless told you," confessed the minister in his suavest tones. "I am very glad to meet you, sergeant." He proffered the hand that, doubled, had put a tender conscience in the midriff of James Buddington. The sergeant wrung it perfunctorily, and gazed sharply from under hairy brows, the gleam of his glance one that warned whoever would put anything over on him this night to be exceedingly wary of the consequences. The gleam passed through the consciousness of young Edgar Mallow, doing execution as it traveled, but the minister took another of his inward braces and turned toward where the elder had by this time eased himself down the last step of the stairs.

"As I was just going to explain, Mr. Murchison"—the minister's voice was

still easy and controlled—"my duties as pastor of All People's take me sometimes into strange places. In one place to-night I chanced to learn of a plot to rob a safe in a private residence. It seemed my duty to prevent it if possible. With the assistance of some of my friends here, friends whom I have made in the course of my pastoral activities in the—industrial districts of our city"—already a bland sweep of his hand had comprehended Four Round McCarty and Josie Budd as the friends in question—"I undertook to prevent it quietly, and succeeded!"

The effect of this simple yet decisive utterance of that last word was highly impressive, though jarred in upon by another buzz from the bell register in the pantry. This time a sleepy butler, his fat figure girt in a dressing gown, emerged to answer it, making toward the front door, through which two policemen came clumping with, between them, one James Buddington by name.

"Just makin' his get-away, sergeant," rumbled one of them, saluting his superior officer, who, beginning to realize that two prisoners had just been lifted coolly out of his hands through their elevation to the dignity of friends and coadjutors of the Reverend Edgar Mallow, had lost his officious defiant air and was looking glum and puzzled.

"Perfectly natural blunder," beamed Edgar, sweating in his damp collar, but with his desire to straighten out this unhappy tangle with entire justice to everyone so plainly apparent that it conferred an obligation upon all to aid him. "This is another of my assistants, sergeant: Mr. James Budd; soon to be an employee of Mr. Murchison's." Still operating on the high, Edgar swung to confront the surprised Mr. Murchison with "I met Mr. Budd only to-night, but I learn that he is a rarely skilled mechanic, temporarily out of employment, and I have told him that if he will report to your tool works to-morrow, mentioning my name and yours, they will immediately put him to work."

Robert Murchison was a gentleman of keen perceptions naturally, and he was, like everybody else in the room, including a certain young lady perched high upon the stair, more or less under the spell of the minister. Besides, though it was evident to him that the clergyman was playing some kind of a game with most of them at least, he was playing it so well that it behooved even him, Robert Murchison, to coöperate.

"Assuredly, Doctor Mallow," he said. "Skilled mechanics are in great demand with us these days. Tell Tomlinson I sent him."

The two policemen naturally laid off their hands from a man who had so far received the O. K. of the eminent Robert Murchison, but Sergeant McLafferty, suspicious and frowning, was clearing his throat for speech when the Reverend Edgar, noticing these portents, vaulted lightly to the very climax of his genius for modest assurance, and went gravely over the top with:

"I cannot, however, Mr. Murchison, allow the sergeant and his faithful men to depart empty-handed without complimenting them upon their alertness and energy. Officer Riley here, who has been of assistance to me upon other occasions, seized upon a slender clew to-night, communicated with his sergeant, obtained permission to leave his post and, as you see, they had the house surrounded, to accomplish which they must have stalked me with an unerring instinct a feat which under the circumstances I would have deemed impossible. It was not their fault they did not arrive a few minutes earlier, in which event not my methods but theirs might have prevailed."

The sergeant's mouth was open with an angry bellow rumbling in his throat, but the freshly irritated and stubborn old elder beat him to the speech.

"Your methods?" he scorned hotly. "Do you mean, Doctor Mallow, that you deliberately took into your hands a duty that belonged to the police, and that you thwarted them in fact, and permitted the men who were attempting to rob my safe to go scot-free?"

The old man's ethics were of the eye-for-an-eye and the tooth-for-a-tooth age, and his sense of outrage was severe; but the young minister could not be shaken now, for he was on the ground of his own high calling and noble purpose.

"Elder! Elder!" he reproved gently. "Once I embraced the opportunity, I must discharge its obligations Christianly, not vengefully, as a man with charity in his heart." There was no gainsaying this defense by the elder, but it would not go in police circles.

"Escape?" scorned Sergeant McLafferty wrathfully. "Nobody escaped. Powers and Gallagher to the front, Riley and me to the back—how could they escape?"

True enough, how could they? This question might have stumped the Reverend Edgar, but James Budd had to qualify somehow as an assistant in this enterprise of frustration, and he did it by pointing to an open window in the library which nobody had taken account of as yet—a window which he, James Budd, had, before he first went to work upon the safe, taken the precaution to open, thus providing a get-away by the front in case retreat to that back basement window was cut off. The Reverend Edgar's mind followed quickly the lead of James Budd's pointing hand.

"Your men, sergeant," he reminded, "were necessarily late in arriving. The man who was tampering with the safe evidently went out the front. We made our entry from the back."

Edgar did not deem it necessary to add that the man went out by the front door instead of by the window and that he had immediately come back between two policemen, and now stood there with his thumb dramatically indicating the yawning casement.

The sergeant's mouth was stopped. Yet he came back with: "And you say the safe was not opened? Nothing was taken?"

"Nothing was taken, as Mr. Murchison will see when he makes an examination."

Young Roland Murchison had presence of mind enough to move to one side so that the sergeant's eye might scan the safe, locked and sealed as for eternity.

"Well," he snapped, addressing Mr. Murchison, "if you say there was no robbery committed, I don't see there's anything we can do but get out of here—unless we took the doctor in for aiding criminals to escape."

The sergeant said this last in tones of severity, but secretly he was touched with admiration for the clergyman. Mr. Murchison, of course, could not know this, and was alarmed.

"I think, sergeant," he said, and advanced quickly with extended hand—"I think in this whole matter it is probably Doctor Mallow who is right and I who am wrong. It is no doubt best not to be too zealous. I thank you very much for your vigilance."

It was not so often that the sergeant had the opportunity to shake the hand of a millionaire, especially of a millionaire in his pyjamas, and he took that of Robert Murchison, sulkily pleased at the honor.

"It's all right then; whatever you say is all right with me, Mr. Murchison," he declared. At this the old elder really broke out of himself and displayed that munificence of manner which truly became his position in the community.

"I shall be sending a check for a thousand dollars to the Policemen's Widow and Orphan Fund to-morrow," he announced, "and I will take occasion to mention you, Sergeant McLafferty, as an officer in this district whose discretion and efficiency have raised my appreciation of the entire force. Hawkins, couldn't you find a cold fowl or some baked ham, with a cup of good strong coffee, for these excellent men to refresh themselves with before going back into the night?"

The butler, thoroughly awake now, thought most emphatically that he could, and with an enormous sense of relieved strain in the whole atmosphere, four official faces that had grown grim with expressions of doubt and suspicion began all at once to wreathe with smiles as they followed Hawkins' fat and beckoning hand.

"At that," whispered the sergeant, pausing a moment by the side of the Reverend Mr. Mallow, "don't you think I'm not wise to ye. Ye're coverin' somethin' up on the old man and it's me that's hopin' ye'll get away with it. Riley's been tellin' me about you. I think I'll take you on as one of these here ex-officio members of my squad from this on."

"Do!" exclaimed the Reverend Edgar warmly. "Do; I should be delighted."

He pressed the sergeant's hand warmly, then turned to where James and Josie Budd and Four Round McCarty had stood a moment before, uncertain still of their fate; but now only vacancy was there, while the front door was just closing with a gentle snap. The Reverend Edgar stared a moment at it with a smile upon his face; then nodded to himself in a satisfied way.

"Doctor Mallow," said Mr. Murchison, bristling again the moment the minister was alone with him and the members of his family, "may I now ask for a full and frank explanation of this theatrical exhibition which you have staged in my house?"

The Reverend Edgar looked surprised and a trifle hurt; he retired upon his own dignity somewhat.

"The story is as you told it to the sergeant? You have nothing to explain?" The old eyes were boring keenly.

"I have nothing to explain, elder," said the clergyman, but unbending and smiling once more. "I am ready now to receive thanks and depart."

He smiled more widely as he said this, to make sure his intent at a pleasantry was perceived, and momentarily his eye wandered to Ann, now descending the stair.

"But, father, I have something to explain!" announced a sepulchral voice; and Roland, who could not seem to leave the vicinity of the safe, stretched out a hand toward his father.

The elder stood petrified by the tone in which his son had addressed him, for it was a tone that in itself told a story. For a moment the white-headed old man shuddered like a dead tree in a blast and then the patrician in him showed; he grew taller, stiffer, his burning eyes fixed in something like horror upon his trembling son. Seconds passed. Then the minister presumed to lay a hand upon that proud shoulder and let it rest there—a warm, gentle, softening influence.

"Go to him, Brother Murchison," he urged quietly; "go to him. He is your son and he needs to tell you something."

The elder drew back haughtily at first, his white face lined like chiseled marble; then he wavered, the shoulders sagged—sagged and bowed, and he stepped across the threshold into the den. The minister, with a fine sense of delicacy, softly drew the folding door across behind that disappearing back, and himself heaved a mighty sigh of relief. His night's work was done. The last crisis of many had been successfully passed. His work that night had been a work of healing and he was satisfied with its results. But it appeared there was another hurt yet to be healed, for something like a sob came to him from the foot of the stair.

"And to think," Ann cried, "that my brother is a criminal. Oh, Doctor Mallow!"

And it appeared that Ann, unable to control herself longer, would shed a few tears upon the coat collar of her pastor; but on account of that collar's dampness perhaps, he held her back from such an act.

"Criminal?" he protested in tones of utter disbelief. "Absolutely not. Perfectly absurd. Quite unjust to your brother. A victim of too much leisure, too much money, and a momentary impulse—that is all. What he did was only the result of a pet. It amounts to nothing except to be a splendid lesson to him—to both of them. He will mend his ways at once. He and Mr. Murchison will understand each other better from this time forward—they will be father and son to each other now."

"It seems true when you say it," the girl confessed, looking at him through grateful tears.

"It is true," declared young Doctor Mallow stoutly; and the sunshine of a radiant smile made rainbows of the moisture on her cheeks. The minister knew then that he had healed the very last hurt—except perhaps one in his own breast.

"Oh, Edgar," confessed the girl, dropping into her more intimate form of address and gazing at him in rapt admiration, "you—you are wonderful! I have been so fascinated watching you wind all these men round your finger that I almost forgot the wretched thing it was all about."

"No, no, Ann; it is you who are wonderful!" exclaimed the minister, gazing at that marvelously colored beauty which, with her brief pallor gone and somehow heightened by the reflection from the figured silk of her dressing gown, transported him almost out of himself.

He was very weary; his body was black and blue; there was a tenderness on the point of his jaw where the fist of McCarty had landed; there was a throbbing weakness in his joints; the succession of nervous strains through which he had passed had sapped something of his fine reserve of vitality, yet now, when it was all over and he stood here under the spell of this beauty of a girl whose glance had never been so tender as now, his senses were all but overcome, as if the fragrance of some gorgeous flower were drugging him deliciously.

But habits of self-control ultimately prevailed. The flighty sensations passed, and his natural impulse to direct action asserted itself.

"Ann!" he pleaded, taking her hands in his. "Faithful, perverse, bewitching Ann." He lowered his tones to a coaxing note of exquisite tenderness. "You love me. You know it. Tell me so. Tell me so to-night."

For a moment the girl was silent, studying the face before her. It was a good face though not handsome; it was a brave face and a faithful one, Ann was thinking soberly, when the minister in his impatience turned so that it brought the left side of the face to the light, with that doleful battered eye suddenly turning romance into comedy.

Irresistibly Ann giggled, and then broke into open laughter, but at the expression of disappointment and pain upon that marred countenance, she cried: "Yes, you dear old fellow, of course I love you," and impulsively threw herself into his arms.

But the embrace was brief. "Why," she realized after a moment, "you are wet."

"The rain was rather damp to-night," recalled Edgar ruefully as he realized that that dampness had spoiled the first embrace of love, and he would never quite know now what the initial rapture might have been like.

"You must have Hawkins give you something hot, and then go home quickly and get into dry things or you'll catch your death," said Ann, backing off, looking him over from head to foot, feeling of his sleeves the while. "You are positively sopping."

"You are just the most warming thing in my experience!" Edgar was declaring

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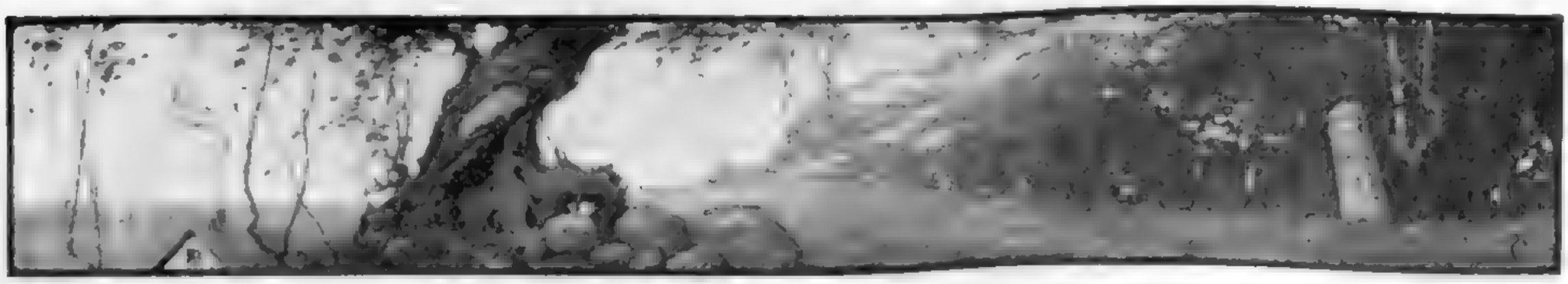

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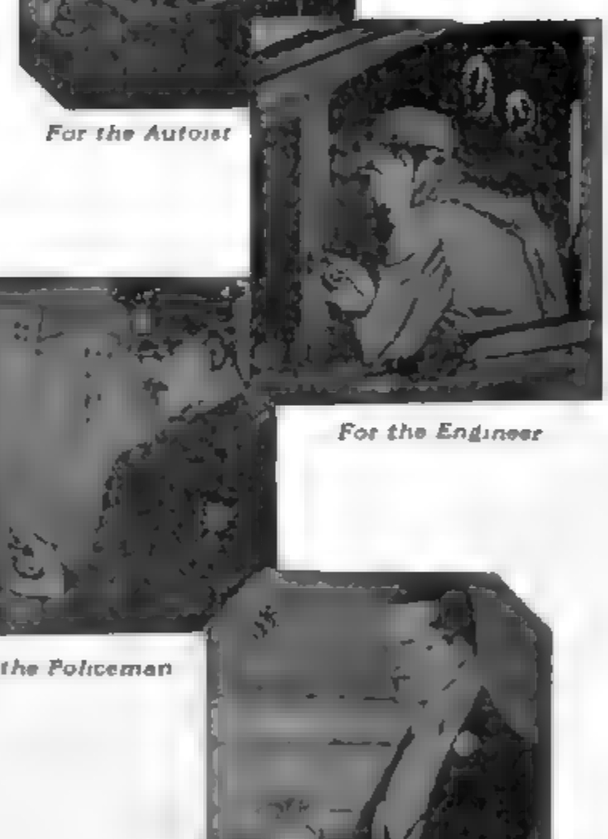

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gallantly, when fate played her last annoying trick upon him, for this instant, while he was just scheming to prolong the blissful interchange of lovers' caresses as much as possible when one of the lovers is in a state of hopeless dampness, was that particular instant when Aunt Eliza Gilman Murchison, having been disturbed in her light slumber by noises of various sorts below stairs, finally decided she could endure it no longer and had roused her maid and muffled herself to the ears and valiantly set forth to investigate.

She arrived at the head of the stairs in time to see Ann successfully occupied in rapturous clasping of hands about the minister's neck without at the same time coming into depressing contact with his garments. For a moment the old lady was speechless with surprise; then murmured unintelligible syllables to her maid, the effect of which, if the maid could have grasped their meaning, was to command that she be pinched to make sure she was awake. Concluding of her own processes definitely that she did not slumber or see a vision, and shocked beyond measure at the presence of the clergyman in her brother's house at this hour—shocked still more by the depravity of his conduct—her maternal instinct nevertheless expressed itself first and took the form of rebuke to Ann.

"Ann," she demanded in tones of studied iciness, "what in this world are you doing?"

Ann was quite undisturbed. On the contrary, without changing her position more than sufficiently to slant a humorous eye upward, and pausing no longer than to enjoy her aunt's expression for a moment, she made the mischievous answer that rose to her lips:

"Why, saving Doctor Mallow, Aunt Eliza," she said

ECHO MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY

By ENOS A. MILLS

ONE day, in the Rocky Mountains, I came upon the trail of a three-legged grizzly bear. The right fore footprint was missing. With these tracks were two cubs' tracks. These, clearly impressed in the snow, were strangely like those of barefooted children.

Hoping to learn something concerning this mother grizzly and her cubs, I back tracked through the November snows for about twenty miles. This trail had come out of a lake-dotted, densely forested basin lying high up between Berthoud Pass and James Peak on the western slope of the Continental Divide. This three-legged mother grizzly was leaving the basin. Her tracks did not wander. There had been no waste of energy. She was evidently bound for a definite, far-off place. A crippled bear with two cub children and the ever possible hunter in mind has enough to make her serious and definite.

But the care-free cubs, judging from their tracks, had raced and romped, true to their play nature and to youth. The mother's tracks showed that she had stopped once and looked back. Possibly she had commanded the cubs to come along, but it is more than likely that she had turned to watch them. Though ever scouting for their safety and perhaps even now seeking a new home, yet she probably enjoyed their romping and with satisfaction had awaited their coming.

I had gone along reading the story these bears had written in the snow without ever thinking to look back. The following morning I realized that this grizzly may have been following me closely. She had left her cubs in a safe place and had evidently returned to rescue her third cub, recently trapped.

Curious Cubs

She went to a miner's cabin where the captured cub had been kept. The dogs gave alarm at her presence, and the miner, going out, fired two shots. She escaped untouched and straightway started back to the other cubs.

I spent that night with a prospector from whom I learned many things of interest concerning this three-legged grizzly. Truly she was a character. She had lived a career in the Berthoud Pass Basin.

Only a few weeks before, so the prospector told me, a trapper had captured one of her cubs and nearly got the grizzly herself. A grizzly bear is one of the most curious of animals. In old bears this constant curiosity is supplemented and almost always safeguarded by extreme caution. But during cubhood this innate curiosity often proves his misfortune before he has learned to be wary of man.

Moving camp, the trapper had set a number of small traps in the camp rubbish. He felt certain that if a bear with cubs should be prowling near, the cubs on scenting the place would rush up to investigate before they could be restrained by the mother. There would be little to rouse her suspicion, she doubtless having smelled over many abandoned camp sites, and she too might be trapped.

One of this grizzly's three cubs was caught. She and the two other cubs were waiting with the trapped one when the trapper came on his rounds, but at his appearance they made off into the woods. The trapper set a large steel trap and left the trapped cub as a decoy.

The mother bear promptly returned to rescue the trapped cub. In her excited efforts she plunged her right forefoot into the large trap. Most grizzlies appear to be right-handed, and her best hand was thus caught. An old grizzly is seldom trapped. But this bear, finding herself caught, did the unusual. She gnawed at the imprisoned foot to get away, and finally, at the reappearance of the trapper, tore herself free, leaving a foot behind her in the trap. She fled on three feet, driving the two cubs before her.

Then, though crippled, she returned that same night to the scene where the cub was trapped. Not finding it she followed the scent to the miner's cabin, in which the cub was chained. Here she charged one of the dogs so furiously that he literally leaped through the window into the cabin. The other dogs set up a great to-do and the three-legged bear made off into the woods. As soon as her leg healed she apparently left Berthoud Pass Basin on the trail which I had discovered, and set off like a wide-awake, courageous pioneer to find a new home in a more desirable region.

A miner came to the prospector's cabin before I had left the following morning, and his story of her attempted rescue of the cub during the night so interested me that I decided to trail her.

Cliffs of Flattop, Rocky Mountain National Park

A Bear's Wanderlust

After following her fresh trail for about three miles this united with the trail she had made in leaving the basin—the trail which I had back tracked the day before. Traveling about ten miles beyond where I had first seen the trail the day before I came to a cavelike place high up on the side of Echo Mountain. Here she had left the cubs the night before. Tracks showed that she was then in the cave with them. I did not disturb them, but I did revisit their territory again and again.

In this cave they hibernated that winter. It was a roomy, natural cave formed by enormous rock fragments that had tumbled together at the base of a time-worn cliff. The den which the grizzly and cubs used the first winter was not used again, nor were their later hibernating places discovered.

The grizzly's new domain was about thirty miles to the northward of her former wilderness home. It was a wild, secluded region between Echo Mountain and Long's Peak. Grizzlies often explore afar and become acquainted with the unclaimed territory round them, and it is possible that this mother grizzly knew the character of the new home territory before emigrating. There was abundance of food in the old home territory, but it is possible that she had lost former cubs there and it is certain that she had been shot at a number of times. However, the change may have been simply due to that wanderlust which sometimes takes possession of the ever-adventurous grizzly. In the eventful years which followed she showed tireless energy and skill. Though badly crippled, she still maintained those qualities which mean success for

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the survival of the species—the ability to make a living, the postponing of death and the production of offspring.

The Echo Mountain grizzly had individuality and an adventurous career. This heroic grizzly mother might be called an emigrant or an exile, or even a refugee. Though crippled, she dared to become a pioneer. All that men learned of her eventful life was a story of struggles and triumphs—the material for the biography of character.

The next July a camper in following the track of a snowslide came upon a three-legged mother grizzly and two cubs. They were eating the carcass of a deer that was just thawing from the snow and débris brought down by the snowslide. The grizzly was nearly white, one cub was brown and the other dark gray.

As the camper went on with his burro he noticed the bear watching him from among trees across a little glacier meadow. He camped that night on a small stream at the foot of an enormous moraine a few miles from the place where he had seen the bear. Returning from picketing the burro he chanced to glance at the sky-line summit of the moraine. Upon it the three-legged bear stood watching him. She was looking down with curious interest at his tent, his camp fire and the burro. Surely this crippled grizzly was living up to the reputation of the species for curiosity. A moment later she disappeared behind a bowlder. With his field glasses he could still see her shadow. This showed her standing behind the bowlder with her one forepaw resting against it and peeping from behind it.

That autumn a trapper out for pine martens saw the Echo Mountain grizzly and her cubs. He reported her a great traveler; said that she ranged all over her large and rugged Rocky Mountain territory. Her tracks were seen on the summit of the range and she occasionally visited the other side of the divide. Perhaps she felt that an intimate knowledge of the region was necessary for a crippled bear in meeting emergencies. This knowledge certainly would be valuable to her in making her living and a marked advantage if pursued.

Trappers That Were Outwitted

This rugged scenic mountain wilderness now is a part of the Rocky Mountain National Park. It must have been a wonderland for the childlike cubs. In the lower part of this territory are a number of moraines, great hills and ridges covered with grass and dotted with pines. There were many poetic beaver ponds. The middle slopes are black with a spruce forest and cut with a number of cañons in which clear streams roar. Up at eleven thousand feet the forest frays out with dwarfed and storm-battered trees. Above this the summit of the Rockies spreads out under the very sky into a moorland—a grassy Arctic prairie. Here, in places, big snowdrifts lie throughout the summer. To these timber-line drifts, when fringed with flowers, the mother and the cubs sometimes came. The stains of their tracks upon the snow showed that the cubs sometimes rolled and scampered over the wasting drifts. They often waded in beaver ponds, swam in the clear lakes, played along the summit of ridges while the mother was making a living; and they often paused, too, listening to the sounds of the winds and waters in the cañons or looking down into the open meadows far below.

Stories of this large, handsome, nearly white Echo Mountain grizzly reached trappers more than one hundred miles away. During the several years through which I kept track of her a number of trappers tried for the bear, each with his own peculiar devices. They quickly gave it up, for in each case the bear early discovered the trap—came close to it and then avoided it.

But finally an experienced old trapper went into her territory and announced in advance his determination to stay until he got the Echo Mountain grizzly. He set a steel trap in the head of a little ravine and placed a cake of half-burned, highly scented honey just beyond the trap. The mother and the cubs came, and apparently she had had a hard time making them sit down and wait until she examined the trap. To the amazement of the trapper she had climbed down the precipitous rocks behind the trap and procured the honey without passing over the trap.

Knowing that she was in the lower part of her territory, he one day set three large traps in three narrow places on the trail which she used in retreating up the mountain. The uppermost of these he set in the edge of the little lake at the point where she invariably came out of the water in crossing it. He then circled and came below her. Away she retreated. The first trap was detected two or three leaps before she reached it. Turning aside, she at once proceeded to the summit of the range over a new route. The following day the trapper was seen moving his outfit to other scenes.

Narrow Escape of Mrs. Grizzly

Two near-by ranchers tried to get the bear by hunting. The latter part of September they invaded her territory with dogs. The second day out the dogs picked up her trail. She fled with the yearling cubs toward the summit of the range over a route with which she was familiar. Pausing at a rugged place she defied the dogs for a time, the cubs meanwhile keeping on the move. She continued her retreat at a surprising speed for a three-legged bear. The thin snow covering indicated that she ran at something of a gallop, making long, lunging leaps.

About a mile beyond her first affray with the dogs the mother swam with the cubs across a small mountain lake and paused in the willows on the farther shore. Two of the dogs swam boldly after them. Just before they reached the farther shore this daring mother turned back to meet them and succeeded in killing both. One of the other dogs had made his way round the lake and audaciously charged the cubs in the willows. They severely injured him but he made his escape. On went the bears The hunters reached the lake and abandoned pursuit.

The next year another hunt with hounds was launched. There were a dozen or more dogs. The cubs, now more than two years old, were still with the mother. The hounds started them on the slope of Echo Mountain. They at once headed for the heights. After a run of three or four miles they struck their old route, retreated as before and again swam the lake, but continued their way on up the range.

At timber line there were clusters of thickly matted, low-growing trees with open spaces between. Closely pressed, the bears made a stand. Unfamiliar with timber-line trees, two of the dogs in dodging the bears leaped into the matted growths. With feet half entangled they were caught by the bears before they could make the second quick move. The mother bear killed one dog with a single stroke of her forepaw and the cubs wrecked the other. The mother and cubs then charged so furiously that the remaining dogs retreated a short distance. Mother and cubs turned and again fled up the slope.

Wireless Scent Messages

The hounds were encouraged by the near-coming men again to take up pursuit. It was nearly night when the bears made another stand on the summit, where they beat off the dogs before the hunters came up. They then made their way down ledges so rocky and precipitous that the dogs hesitated to follow. Descending two thousand feet into the forest of Wild Basin on the other side of the range, they escaped. Evidently the mother grizzly had planned this line of retreat in advance.

About a month later I saw the Echo Mountain grizzly on the western side of the range, in her home territory. She was ever alert—stopping, looking, listening and scenting frequently. Often she stood up, the better to catch the wireless scent messages. Though vigilant, she was not worried. She was even inclined to play. While standing on her hind feet she struck at a passing grasshopper with her one forepaw, but she missed. Instantly, while still standing, she struck playfully this way and that, wheeling entirely about as she struck the last time.

From her tracks I noticed that she had been ranging over the middle and lower slopes of her territory, eating elderberries and chokecherries below and kinnikinnick and wintergreen berries in the higher slopes. Once, when I saw her rise up suddenly near me, there were elder bush tops in her mouth, red berries dangling from the tops. After a brief pause she went on with her feast. Having only one forefoot, she was evidently greatly handicapped in all digging operations and also in the tearing to pieces of logs. Bears frequently dig out mice and small mammals and overturn rotten logs and rip them open for the ants and grubs which they contain.

The last year that I had news concerning the Echo Mountain grizzly she was seen with two young cubs on the shore of a beaver pond a few miles southwest of Grand Lake. Berry pickers saw her a few times on Echo Mountain and her tracks were frequently seen.

In the autumn a Grand Lake hunter went out to look for the Echo Mountain grizzly. He had a contempt for any man who pursued big game with dogs and was sarcastic in his condemnation of the two sets of hunters who had failed with dogs to procure a three-legged bear. He condemned everyone who used a trap. But the skill of this grizzly in escaping her pursuers had gone forth, and being a bear hunter he had a great desire to procure her.

He took a pack horse and several days' provisions and camped in the heart of her territory. He spent two days getting acquainted with her domain and on the third day, shortly after noon, came upon her trail and that of her cubs descending to the lower part of her territory. He trailed for several miles and then went into camp for the night. Early the next day he set off again. He was a painstaking and intelligent stalker and succeeded in approaching at close range to where the bears were eating the tops off raspberry bushes. They either saw or scented him and, as he circled to get closer, retreated. They went down the mountain about two miles, using the trail they had tracked in the snow climbing up.

But in a ravine below they abruptly left their old trail, turned southward, climbed to the summit of a ridge that thrust westward from the summit and traveled eastward, evidently bound for the summit of the range. The hunter also hurried up a ridge toward the top, his plan being to intercept the bears at a point above the limits of tree growth, where the ridge he was on united with the ridge to which the bears had retreated. He traveled at utmost speed.

A Good Sportsman

Just before he reached the desired point he looked across a ravine and down upon the summit of the parallel ridge. Sure enough, there were the bears! The cubs were leading, the mother bear limping along, acting as rear guard. Apparently she had injured her remaining forefoot. She climbed a small rock ledge to the summit, stood up on hind feet and looked long and carefully back down the ridge along which they had just traveled. While she was doing this the cubs were playing among the scattered trees. The mother grizzly rejoined the cubs and urged them on before her along the ridge. At every opportune place she turned to look back.

The wind was blowing up the slope. The hunter had hidden in a rock ledge just above the tree line and was thus awaiting the bears where they could neither see nor scent him.

Presently they emerged from among the storm-dwarfed and battered trees out upon the treeless mountain-top moorland. Up the slope they started along a dim, wild-life trail that passed within an easy stone toss of the hunter. The mother, limping badly, finally stopped. The cubs stopped, looked at her, then at each other and began to play.

The mother rose on her hind feet. Instantly the cubs stopped playing and stood up, looking silently, seriously at the mother, then at every point toward which she gazed. Looking down the slope she sniffed and sniffed the air.

Holding the only remaining and crushed forepaw before her she looked it over intently. It was bleeding and one toe—nearly severed—hung loosely. The paw appeared to have been crushed by a falling rock. With the cubs watching her as she licked the wounded foot, the hunter made ready and drew bead just below the ear.

The shadow of a passing cloud rushed along the earth and caused the cubs to cease their serious watching of their mother and to follow with wondering eyes the ragged-edged shadow skating up the slope. The hunter, close enough to see the blood dripping from the paw, shifted slightly and aimed for the heart. Then, as he flung his rifle at a bowlder: "I'll be darned if I'll kill a crippled mother bear!"

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The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me have not been abul to rite for a quite long time now on account of sickness witch Henry said you would be glad to hear about now it is over witch is always the best time to rite.

Henry said he rote you and Uncle William a postle card with a pitcher of the hosspittle on it to chear you up when it furst happened and said if I got wurse he would send you anuther one and kepe sending them until it was settuld one way or the uther witch is the kind of a boy Henry is.

He was a grate deel wurried about me and stade out of school two days wile I was the wurst witch he was verry sorrey to have to but thare is nothing he would not do for me if I kneaded it Henry said.

He lost quite a lot of frackshuns and vurbs but what do a few frackshuns and vurbs amount to when your best frend is in the hosspittle and mite never wurk frackshuns again Henry said.

Wile I was the wurst Henry said he did not care if he never saw a frackshun again and what was a few vurbs alongside of me and thare would always be plennty of vurbs anyway.

After he stade out of school two days and was verry pail and thin from wurrying about me and not abul to eat or slepe his muther found out about it and got him to go back to school witch she and Henry's father thought would be the best thing to do. Vacation or some diseeze witch brakes out on you is about the onley thing that will kepe a boy out of school without being sent back as soon as it is found out. Henry was out in frunt of the hosspittle most of the furst two days wating to here how I was so he would be abul to send you a new postle card as soon as I got wurse becaws he was sure you would want to know I was wurse promptly.

At noon he would go hoam and try to eat but it was hard to get it down on account of a lump in his throte witch he did not menshun at hoam on account of not wurrying his muther. Henry's muther has a still quite week hart and he hates to wurry her about having to stay out of school even in a good caws. So he always went hoam about the regler time and ate his meels as if thare was nuthing the matter but his hart was quite hevvy Henry said and his meels would indigest for a cupple hours afterwurds and take a good deel of wotter to wash them down.

After dinner Henry would come back about one o'clock and be in frunt of the hosspittle until about fore o'clock. Sumtimes when the strane would be too grate he would find a soft place and play mumblepegg to take his mind off and sumtimes he would sit on the cort house laun with his dog Tige and wunder how I would come out witch was a grate question for the furst two days but it is all over now.

The cort house is rite acrost from the hosspittle and Henry wanted to be handey in case anybody should come out ringing thare hands and want a brite boy to run for the dockter or sum moar medicine and it mite save my life to be done promptly Henry said. Henry would stay thare until the uther boys and gurls came along from school at fore oclock and then he would walk hoam with them verry sad and find out what they did in school that day so he would be prepared in case his muther would ask him about it and he would not want to wurry her by not knowing.

By being abul to tell his muther about sum boy getting wippt or having the meezles or anything Henry would kepe his muther from wurrying about him being at school or not and do her a grate deel of good dont you think so?

Henry said his dog Tige was very kind and full of simpathy for him wile I was the wurst as if he knew sumthing seryus was the matter and he would not bark loud or play hard or anything but would genrelly lay down with his head on Henry's lap verry thoughtful. Henry would pull his ears verry gentle and give him a grate deel of cumfurt wile he was wurrying about me. He said after Tige ackted that way he would never be cross to him again and if anybody should throw a rock at Tige or tie a can on his tale they better look out for him.

It is not the same Tige that dide last year by being run over by the ottomobile witch the boys berried in the orchered and sang the gosspul him over but a new dog that Henry found sumwares and followed him hoam and stade after the furst meel witch is a good way to make frends with a dog when he is hungrey. After Henry fed him the furst meel witch he carried out in his pockut rite from the tabul and let him slepe in the shedd on an extra cumfurter off of his bed witch Henry broght out after dark sose not to wurry his muther Tige made up his mind to stay and Henry had him ever since.

Somebody probily feals pretty bad about losing him but it is not Tige Henry said.

Tige is probily quite valybul and a fine hunting dog Henry thinks becaws he caught fore turkeys the furst cupple days in the naburs yard and brought them all hoam to Henry. They were about half grone turkeys and Henry berried them as soon as Tige brought them hoam so as not to wurry his muther about Tige. As fast as Henry would berry them Tige would digg them up again and Henry was quite bizzy betwene the turkeys and Tige and he did not want to chane Tige up on account of getting too fearce and savvidge as they offen do. When the naburs boys came over looking for the turkeys witch were gone it was very peaceful and quiet at Henry's house.

Henry was raking up the back yard when they came and Tige was asleep alongside of the woodpile and the fore turkeys were berried for the seventh or ateth time and Henry thoght for good.

When Henry saw the naburs boys coming over he lookt in Tige's mouth to see if any fethers mite be in it by axsidunt and then he kept on raking the yard and did not wake up Tige. After wile they cawled to Henry and he went over by the fence and lookt supprized that so menny turkeys should be gone and no sine of them anywares. Wile he was wundering what could have happened to them and if he had seen any gippsies around or anything he felt Tige rubbing at his leg and when he lookt down there was Tige and one of the dedd turkeys witch he had dugg up again and seemed to be verry prowd of digging up and bringing to Henry. It was pretty near worn out from being dugg up ten or elleven times but anybody could tell it was still a turkey but not mutch good for Thanksgiving Henry said. Henry was never so supprized in his life he said and Tige was all reddy to go back and digg up anuther turkey when Henry grabd him and tide him up in the shedd and told the naburs boys about his mothers hart trubble and said Tige must have found the dedd turkey in the ally and brought it hoam and maybe it had been run over or sumthing becaws it lookt as if it was dedd a long time. Henry was verry seryus and honnest about it becaws it was so critticle for Tige and fore dedd turkeys would be the end of him for good. It was a close cawl for Tige and him Henry said but his muther's hart trubble probily saved them becaws the naburs boys were offle sorrey about her and took the dedd turkey hoam and after they went hoam Henry dugg up the uther three dedd turkeys and put them in a gunny sack and threw them down the old well about fiffty feat and he would like to see Tige digg them out of that Henry said and it was all his fault becaws he otto have done it in the furst place. Henry said Tige houled a grate deel at the top of the old well the neckst day but the turkeys were too depe for him. It onley shows what a boy like Henry will do to kepe a dog out of trouble and is a grate creddit to him dont you think so?

I guess I started to rite you about being sick witch you and Uncle William mite be glad to know about after Henrys dog and the fore turkeys are out of the way. It was my appendicks made all the trubble and you will find it on page 79 of the fizzieology betwene the stummick and the liver. Part of it is on page 78 and part of it on page 79 and the liver starts on the bottom of page 79 and runs over onto page 80. The stummick cuvvers three pages and ends on the furst part of page 78 ware the appendicks begins. Henry and me redd about it last weak and it is moar intrusting now on account of mine witch is gone I hoap for good.

The appendicks is no good exsept for making trubble and now mine is gone and I will have a good stummick again and a boy's best frend is his muther and a good strong stummick Henry said. Mine started to hurt pretty bad rite close to my stummick in the back yard wile Henry and me were playing leep frog about fore oclock in the afternoon. After Henry jumpt over the last time I dubbled up and groned and had cold swett on my forehed and sevear pane all over me from the stummick down in frunt.

Henry and me had fish for dinner and Henry thoght it mite be staggnunt fish or sumthing that made the pane. I lade down for a wile and Henry rubbed my stummick but it did not do mutch good. Neather Henry or me knew about my appendicks becaws we were not over to page 78 yet. Henry was onley in the middle of his lungs and I was just coming into the stummick and the appendicks was afterwurds.

Henry said it was probily onley stummick ake from wottermellun and lemmenade witch we had before we plade leepfrog and we would go hoam as soon as I could straten out. But all the time I kept getting wurse and moar cold swett and sevear pane and a hard stummick like collera morbice. Henry was pretty scairt by this time but I was too paneful to be scairt mutch. Henry ast me if I could walk hoam if he would help me by putting his arms around under me but it was no use and I dubbled up again.

Henry was beginning to think pretty hard by this time becaws he had to get me hoam sumhow or uther and when he hurd me groneing it almost broak his hart. So he went in the house the back way ware his muther would not see him on account of her hart truble and broght out sum sofa pillose and lade them in the weel barrow sose the bottom of it would be soft and by both of us helping a littul I mannidged to get in the weel barrow and lade down and Henry weeled me the two blocks hoam very slow and careful and now and then he would stop to let me grone a littul.

When My Muther Came to the Dore There Was Me in the Weel Barrow Groneing and Henry Weeling Me and About Twenty Five or Thurty Boys Wating to Carrey Me In

It was a quite mornfle ride hoam. The weel barrow squeeked a good deel and I groned quite loud and Henry was puffing a good deel from the hevvy lode and after wile he took off his cote and lade it over me nose he could weel better. Quite a lot of uther boys came along by this time and wundered what was the matter and Henry told them I was in sevear pane in my stummuck and not to talk loud or anything. They wanted to help Henry weel me but he said nobody could weel me but him if he dropt dedd in his tracks but they could come along and open the frunt gate and help to carrey me in when we got hoam. By this time we had about twenty boys and moar coming every minnet so thare would not be any trubble about carreying me in.

When we got hoam one of the boys rang the frunt dore bell and when my muther came to the dore thare was me in the weel barrow groneing and Henry weeling me and about twenty five or thurty boys wating to carrey me in. She gave a quite loud shreek and almost fainted but Henry told her I was not dedd but onley a sevear stummick ake and then ate or nine boys carreyed me in and lade me on the bed upstares till the docktor came and felt my stummick and hurd me grone a cupple duzen times and that was enugh for him and the neckst thing I was in the hosspittle with about fiffty boys on the sidewalk out in frunt becaws moar boys kept coming every minnet and stade thare until somebody went out and sent them all hoam for supper.

Henry came to the frunt of the hosspittle with me but could not get in on account of nuthing the matter with him but I wisperd to him to run over and brake the news of me to Lilly Purl befoar it was all over town and mite scare her half to deth. She is the one that nockt the flour pott out of the seckond storey window by axsidunt wile I was looking up for her and mite have been fattle if it fell on me insted of the sidewalk witch was luckey for me. A flour pott out of the seckond storey window is apptoo do a good deel of dammidge if it hits on your head even if it is onley an axidunt and not done a purpuss. So Henry went over and broak the news about me to her verry gentle and kind and told her thare was probily no danjer but if anything happened to me him and Tige would always be the best of frends she had and not to wurry. Lilly Purl was pail but verry brave Henry said and sent a swete messidge for me witch Henry could not get in for fore or five days on account of me being so sick but it was still swete when I finelly got it and did a grate deel of good. She allso sent over a bokay of wiledflours witch she pickt herself and was kind of willted when Henry finelly got them in but the swete messidge was not.

A boys stummick is a grate cumfort to him when it is well but you would be surprised how mutch it can hurt when your appendicks is in trubble. After I was put in bed in the hosspittle a bewtiful nurse came in with a bole of crackt ice for the outside of my stummick witch was verry grateful for the pane witch went down a good deel and the cold swett stopt. After wile I told her about Henry and Tige and Lilly Purl and the fore turkeys berried ten or elleven times and finelly throne down the well witch she seamed to be verry mutch intrusted in and smiled quite offen until I went to slope and drempt about the fore turkeys chaseing me and Henry down the well and Lilly Purl and Tige hawling us out in a higg flour pott witch was mixt up as they sumtimes are but the mane facts are there.

In the morning the nurse was thare again but the pane was all gone onley kind of week and hollo from no brekfust. The bewtiful nurse was verry wite and fresh from the londry and onley kneaded the two wings to be a purfeck angle. She lookt out of the window about nine o'clock and there was Henry and Tige on the cort house laun and she waived at them witch Henry said was a good sine afterwards. Henry and Tige stade there all morning witch must have been a grate strane on them waiting to see how I would come out. She said she never met Henry but she knew him rite away from Tige and a soar toe which I told her about after the pane went down the nite befoar.

After being quite hollo from no brekfust my stummick was moar hollo from no dinner and onley crackt ice on the outside of it witch was not much nurrishment for a boy who is used to three or fore pretty good meels a day but a bewtiful nurse will make you feal quite chearful even if you are hollo. About two oclock the docktor came again and felt my stummick witch was soft by this time and I was not groneing witch was very plesunt for both of us. He was verry golly and a fine man a grate deel like Uncle William and told my muther it was a good deel of trubble to raise a boy but he gesst they were wurth it. Then my muther leened over and kisst me fore or five times quite hard and did not say anything but she lookt a good deel and the bewtiful nurse kisst me witch was not part of her regler wurk but kind of plesunt for me. One of them cride on my face witch was probily my muther and the dockter said there there he will be all rite as a rabbit and no caws fur worry and said come on old man no moar stummick ake for you and they carryed me upstares with everybody very happey and golly exsept me and I wisht Henry and Tige was there but it was no use and I was glad Lilly Purl could not see me now becaws it would brake her hart when they put sumthing on my nose and dropt either on it and I went to slepe and waked up in the bed downstares again with my muther and the bewitful nurse there and the stummick ake gone for good but not mutch appetight for supper yet. Then I whispered to my muther to tell Henry and Tige it was all over and I was all rite and would go fishing maybe neckst Wednesday and get plennty of wurms and not wurry about me becaws it was a grate strane for them already. I did not tell my muther about Lilly Purl becaws I was sure Henry would tell her the furst thing and a boy is apptoo be kind of delicut about a girl like Lilly Purl and telling his muther but she genrelly finds out for herself. Henry said afterwurds the bewtiful nurse told him I talked about Lilly Purl in the either but nuthing danjerous.

After the furst cupple days I had sum chicken supe witch filled up sum of the hollo in my stummick witch by this time was quite depe and wide. I had the supe kind of gradjewel and did not seam to do any dammidge. There was not mutch pane except when I cofft a cupple times and seamed to brake open but I onley seamed to becaws I wated several minnets afterwurds and nuthing ran out so I was still holding together all rite but when I cofft I was almost shure I felt it ripping open.

Henry was aloud to come and see me in about fore days and it was a grate meating. Tige came with Henry becaws he got through the frunt dore befoar they could stop him and they mite as well let him come becaws he was going to anyway. Tige was verry nice and well behaved and seamed verry glad to see me and outside of putting his frunt pause on the bewtiful nurses wite dress he did not make many mistakes even for a hosspittle witch is verry partickler. Henry could hardly beleave his eyes to see me eat iskream witch he thought was all over for me.

He gave me the wiledflours from Lilly Purl witch were a littul willted from the fore days witch Henry had them but the sweteness was still in them becaws she sent them.

Henry had kepp them safe in wotter at hoam witch is the kind of a boy Henry is. Wile the nurse was out getting a vace to put them in Henry gave me the swete messidge from Lilly Purl witch I could put under my pillow Henry said and read wile the nurse was gone to supper if I was afrade she mite be jellus or anything. By this time the nurse came back and Henry and me were talking over old times and Henry said it was like coming back from the grave to see me and he would kiss me if he was a gurl, and Tige was so glad to see me it was hard to kepe him out of bed.

I told Henry about the either and going to slepe in it and about my appendicks and he said he alreddy lookt at one on page 79 of the fizzeology but mine was the first one he ever met in reel life. I told Henry as soon as the dockter took the banndiges off I would let him be the furst one to see ware mine came out of witch was a grate pleshure to him Henry said. I told him about not being abul to do any choars for probily a cupple munths and Henry said he would do mine al the rest of his life onley for me to be careful and get purfeckly well and that would be reword enugh for him. By this time Henry said him and Tige would have to go becaws he did not want to stay too long and when he said goodbye he gave me his cullered blue pencil and his best aggut shooter for marbles witch was not mutch Henry said but onley to show how he felt and in a few minnets I could hear him wisseling down the sidewalk in front of the hosspittle verry happey and Tige was barking loud the furst time in fore days.

I did not read Lilly Purls swete messidge till the nurse was gone for supper becaws I wanted to see it aloan furst. It was in a once wite envellop witch shode ware Henry carreyed it around the fore days he had it becaws it was so preshus he would not let it out of site. I went to slepe just when I finisht it and it must have dropt on the bed becaws when I waked up and lookt for it it was gone and after looking quite a wile I found it all faolded up back in the envellop and under my pillow again and the bewtiful nurse sitting beside of my bed and did not seam to be jellus even if she saw it witch she mite. She was onley about half awake by then and smileing like old times when she probily was one herself becaws you never can tell.

Henry thought it would be all rite for you and Uncle William to have a copy of it and it mite make you think of old times when you probily rote one yourself. The riteing is almost purfeckt and sum of the wurds is spelt rong but a grate menny of them are spelt rite witch is a pretty good averidge:

DEAR DEAR WILLIAM: Henry Begg just told me you are in the hosspittle out of a cleer sky witch is a grate supprize to all of us and hopeing with all our hart you will be out soon. I would never never call you two dears like I did back there if you were well and strong and you know I wouldn't to save my life but Henry thought a few kind wurds from your best frends mite go a long ways and when you are sick it makes a lot of difrunce and I am one of your best frends sick or well and you otto know that by this time and nobody feals any kinder wurds for you than I do but I mite not say them if Henry did not think they would do you a grate deel of good and I am takeing his wurd for everything becaws he is your best frend. So you will know how I mean it and if you think the two dears are too boled you can take one of them out and it will be all the saim to me onley I want you to know how I feal and get well just the same and Henry thought the two dears would help moar then onley one.

I am glad you got all over the flour pott falling out of the seckond storey window and almost hitting you becaws it would nearly brake my hart if you had the flour pott on your mind in the hosspittle. I am sending sum wiledflours witch I pickt myself and I would not probily send any onley Henry thought they mite chear you up and I am takeing Henrys wurd for everything. Some of them are forgettmynotts witch you may not know what they mean exsept by the name witch is the way you can take them if you want to but it all depens on you and I will leave it that way. Some of them are dayseys ware you say she luvs me she luvs me not and I said one but I will not tell you how it came out but you can gess it any way you want to and it will probily be rite. And I am onley riteing this becaws Henry said to rite sumthing chearful and I am takeing his wurd for everything becaws he is your best frend and he otto know. I would like to come and see you whan you are abul and wishing you mutch helth and happiness by kindness of Henry Begg I remane

Verry respectively your frend
LILLY PURL.

If you would like to know how Lilly Purl looks she is a quite tawl gurl with a wite waste and a blue skurt on and you would probily know her ennywares. She is quite fond of the country she told me once and you mite see her sumtime witch would be a grate pleshure to her to meat sutch fine people as you and Uncle William and if Henry and me should be down there too it would make a grate family dont you think so? I could verry easy find out if she would exsept and let you know and Henry and me are always reddy if you are.

I was wundering what otto be done for Henry for being so good to me and probily saveing my life by weeling me hoam in the weel barrow with the stummick ake. Nothing would be too good for a boy like that dont you think so? Anybody's relatives whose life was saved would be likely to want to do sumthing for a boy like Henry Begg if they happened to think of it and as soon as I get out of the hosspittle Henry and me would be abul to enjoy a lot of things together probily moar then ever. Henry and me get a lot of good ideas out of the stoar windows but not always abul to carrey them out. Henry sends luv.

Your affectionate nephew
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. I remember Henry told me once a fish pole that screws apart was a pretty handey thing to have insted of always stopping to cut a pole and the fish line sumtimes wurks off and loses a quite bigg fish. The fish are quite plenty this year and Henry and me are going to try for sum as soon as I am abul screw-apart pole or not. Henry has the wurms alreddy. I bet you and Uncle William are glad I am not done fishing for good dont you think so?

W. G.

II

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg thoght purhapps you and Uncle William mite be intrusted in a letter from Lilly Purl witch she rote in ansur to a question witch I sent her by kindness of Henry wile I was still in the hosspittle befoar the stittches came out. Henry was thare when the stittches came out and saw ware my appendicks came out for the furst time. It was a grate site Henry said and he would never forgett it and a pitcher like that on page 79 of the fizzeiology would be verry intrusting and quite valyubul to show what a boy can stand and eat chicken supe and iskream in onley two days witch you would never see till you beleave it dont you think?

Tige was not aloud to see it becaws of being libul to put his frunt pause most ennywares with gurms on them and so he stade out in front and wated for Henry to come back after the stittches came out. Henry was quite pail when they took off the bandidge but soon his culler came back but he could hardley beleave it was me.

Henry said we otto let you read Lilly Purl's letter becaws you and Uncle William mite be intrusted in it and even if you should never meat Lilly Purl it would not do enny dammidge becaws it was not ment to be privut so this is the coppy of it here:

DEAR WILLIAM: I was verry glad to get the good news of you by kindness of Henry Begg who is a reel frend of both you and I and I will never forgett him and if he ever kneads a frend I will be his becaws he has been so kind to both of us and my muther gave him a bigg peace of gelly cake both times he came to tell us about you witch was not a reword for being kind but onley to show good feelings my muther told Henry and come again tomorrow witch Henry said he would be shure of. The gelly cake was fore layers depe and quite wide and my muther will send you some as soon as the stittches are out and you will be abul to eat it without any dammidge witch Henry said would be sevrel days yet and we are takeing Henrys wurd for everything becaws he is your best frend.

My muther rememburd you from the cold creem on the back of your neck when you were sunburnt that time and came to our house but you did not have to becaws I said so but onley becaws you wanted to come yourself and Henry said you wanted to know if I could go on a vizzet sumtime in the country with sum fine people you knew that was a rellitive of yours and you were named after one of them and in reply would say I mite probily go if my muther would be willing but I could onley go betwene June and September sumtime becaws I would be in school the rest of the time but there would be plenty of time for a vizzet betwene June and September when school is out. I am shure any rellitive of yours and you named after one of them would be good enugh for me and my muther would probily let me go for two weaks or maybe three weaks if it should be a quite strong invitation. I wipe all the dishes and do the dusting every day when I am hoam and you mite tell them that if it would make any difrunce to them but I would not want them to think I was trying to get myself invighted but onley to know what kind of a gurl I would be in case I mite be invighted. Dishes for fore or five would not be too menny for me to wipe and I seldem brake one.

Hopeing this is a quite plane ansur to your question by kindness of Henry and my muther will be glad to send you sum gelly cake witch you can eat with the stittches out any time you are reddy for it and with best regords I remane

Yours verry respectively
LILLY PURL.

P. S. Would you and Henry be invighted too or would it be just me aloan? All three

(Concluded on Page 65)

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING HAS STYLE—BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" IS STYLE!

Every mother tells her boy almost every day and often many times a day: "Son, keep your face clean!" "Son, keep your shoulders back like a man!"

Hereafter, mothers, why not let

Right-Posture
Boys' Clothes

do the reminding? They gently jog a boy's memory to straighten up. Soon, an upstanding bearing will be first thought, second nature and lifelong habit with your boy. He will carry the right carriage right into manhood. Long-lasting fabrics and stitched-to-stay needlework—style with sturdiness.

Every "Right-Posture" *Suit* has the "Right-Posture" *Label* sewn under the collar. There should be a Right-Posture Clothier in your town. If not, write to us.

TAILORED BY THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

on the job in Indiana
Traffic Truck
$1395
OSTROM REALTY COMPANY
RESPONSIBLE CONTRACTORS
Seventh
1 9 1 9.
Traffic Motor Truck Corporation,
St.Louis.
Mo.
Gentlemen:
We wish to tender this voluntary letter commending your product.
We purchased a Traffic Truck with Stake Body driving the same away from your factory on May the 30th. This truck has proven not only the most dependable one of our fleet but shows the lowest maintenance. It has been in service daily except Sunday over all classes and conditions of City streets and roads around Indianapolis.
It is the first truck we have owned in which we have had that same confidence that one has in his fine passenger car. Our schedules have been based on and met without provision or problematical factor of delay contingent to trouble or inability on the part of the truck.
Very truly yours,
OSTROM REALTY COMPANY
BY
President
HEO:HC
MC
Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.

"Horse Sense"

You can easily overwork a horse, but you can't overwork a Traffic Truck—it will work 24 hours a day.

Every Traffic Truck put into service brings some manufacturer nearer his market or brings some merchant nearer his customer or brings some farmer nearer the consumer.

On a sheep ranch in New Mexico water is so scarce where the animals graze that the owners haul it to the sheep in a motor truck. We wonder if it will ever be possible to save crops during a drought by sprinkling a farm with water from an airplane? For instance, how much for a rain to cover 40 acres?

Motor trucks now in use are approximately hauling four and one-half millions of tons of freight daily. Wow!

A horse-drawn vehicle is a mighty poor advertisement for any firm which desires the public to consider it progressive and up-and-doing

The Traffic Truck cuts the cost of hauling with teams in half.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert*** transmission; multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken*** roller bearings; ***Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; ***Standard Fisk tires,*** 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheel base; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
f. o. b. St. Louis

The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Dealers, Attention: There is going to be a Traffic dealer in your territory who will make thousands of dollars selling Traffic Trucks.

This clean, untouched business will be yours if you can secure the Traffic contract

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform.

(Concluded from Page 62

of us would be quite plesunt don't you think so if there is room enugh?

Henry and me did not ansur yet as we were not shure about how to ansur the P. S. Lilly Purl is verry hansum and you must have lookt verry mutch like her a grate menny yeers ago Henry said. We onley send you the letter sose you will see what kind of a gurl she is and you and Uncle William can do as you think best about it without enny bothering from us. I suppose Lilly Purl would be quite disapointed if she did not go but she would probily get over it so you do not knead to wurry about her. Henry sends love and says he hoaps to see you and Uncle William again sumtime and he bet he could fead every pigg down there with a little moar practice. Your affectionate nephew

WILLIAM GREEN.

The Poets' Corner

Winter Butterflies

ABOVE the river and the smoky town,
Among the clustered roofs and branches brown,

Like cherry blossoms thickly blowing by
From unseen orchards flowering in the sky,

Through dizzy leagues no weightier wings may dare,
Ascending, falling, whirling everywhere,
The wild white butterflies of winter fare.

Now racing with the bleak unbridled winds,
That course the lonely clouds like startled hinds;

Now dropping icily, as though the day
Were weeping pearls 'neath heavy lids of gray;

Now floating softly, idly overhead—
A fleet from fairyland with sails outspread;

Now poised, like humming birds of quiet hue,
Above the place where purple lilacs grew
When the year's dim eyes were April blue.

Above the river and the restless town,
Among the huddled roofs and branches brown,

Through every highway of the silvery air,
Careening, soaring, dancing everywhere,

In circling flocks on pinions swift or slow,
The wild white butterflies of winter go
Free fauna of the clouds that we below
With wingless vision call the falling snow.

—*Mary J. Elmendorf.*

The Gospel of Gloom

"THIS dog-gone country's bein' wrecked;
There's trouble comin', sure as sin!
Most any morning I expect
The revolution to begin.
The cost of livin's got so high
There ain't no chance to get ahead;
They keep on promisin', but I
Am lookin' for the worst," he said.

They offered him a job; he shook
His head and answered: "Not to-day!"
There was dejection in his look,
He grumbled, as he turned away:
"There's trouble comin', wait and see;
Things never was as bad before,
I wish folks wouldn't bother me
By coaxin' me to work no more."

They offered jobs to Schmitt and Brown
And Pipporetti and McGurk,
Who all made haste to turn them down,
They seemed to be too sad to work.
In accents that betrayed their doubt
They mentioned matters that were wrong,
And did not fail to speak about
Upheavals hastening along.

In many a shop and many a mill
Where useful things had once been made
The wheels that might have turned were still,
The pinions rusted and decayed,
For Goldstein, Crawford and McCall
And Pappalousa and Czucheck,
In chairs tipped back against a wall
Discussed the fast-approaching wreck.

Perhaps disaster must ensue,
But maybe, if we doubted less
And did the work there is to do,
We might win through to cheerfulness.
There's little profit in the fear
That things must go from worse to worst;
We might starve out the profiteer,
But why starve out our children first?

—*S. E. Kiser.*

The Chase

HO! FOR the master of the hounds,
And ho! for the eager pack.
I touch the reins and my spirit bounds
To the height of a horse's back.
Blow, master, blow your horn,
And loosen the tightened tether.
There's a flicker of gold in the silver corn
And the leaves are brown on the tremulous thorn,
So blow us a blast through the autumn morn
As we canter along together.
The air is fresh and the frost is white,
And my leaping blood is a swift delight,
And the distant hills are shining bright
In the vigorous, vital weather.

The hounds are streaming along the road
And the huntsmen keep the pace.
The horses are heedless of the load,
And it's ho! for the eager chase.
The gravel is spinning far and free
And the hoofs are beating a melody.
There is joy in the galloping heart of me,
And the wind is in my face!

Ho! for the master of the hounds,
And ho! for the crying pack.
And ho! for the happy hunting grounds
And the fox's new-made track.
There's a poignant scent in the yellow sedge
Where the hounds are skirting the thicket edge,
And the quarry is crouched in the bois d'arc hedge,
And the lead dogs shift and tack.

The fox sneaks out from his dim retreat
Where the undergrowth is dense.
Oh, the spicy woods are dark and sweet
As he scurries along the fence.
He circles the alders and climbs the slope,
And his practiced gait is a graceful lope,
But his heart is filled with a frightened hope,
For the race will soon commence.

The dogs are baying across the hill
In the crisp and amber weather,
And I fancy the pack at the coming kill
In the fields beyond the heather.
The horses swing with an easy stride
And the musical winds are at my side
And the laughing huntsmen gayly ride
In a merry troop together.

The valleys ring with a musical din
And the echoes are bandied back,
For the dogs are winding out and in
On the hot diverging track.
We leap the brooklet and take the hedge
And dare the perilous craggy ledge
And ripple the widths of the billowy sedge
As we follow the chiming pack.

The hounds are streaming across a field
Where the meadow grass is lush.
They yelp with joy, and the fox is healed
In the mad, triumphant rush.
A jumble of dogs and a smothered cry!
A wallowing mass and a body awry!
And a glint in the smiling master's eye
As he lifts the draggled brush!

—*Perrin Holmes Lowrey.*

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Don't Anger the Angora

By BERTON BRALEY

HENRY B HARTWELL
and Martin T. Worth
Belonged to the tribe
which—so says the
Beatitude—
Is destined in time to inherit the earth;
And when that day comes they'll accept
it with gratitude,
For meanwhile both Henry and Martin and
all
The millions just like them, comprising
the meek,
Are finding their share of the planet is small
And shrinking alarmingly week after week,
Since they are the tribe
That jesters describe
As meekest of people, a mark for all humors;
Those patient and sedulous,
Gentle and credulous
Ultimate goats—the consumers!

Well, Henry B. Hartwell and Martin T.
Worth
Rode home on the five-seventeen,
Discussing in language devoid of all mirth—
In fact with a good deal of spleen—
The high cost of living,
And angrily giving
Their earnest opinion of all profiteers,
The big and the little
In clothing and victual
Who'd mulcted the consumer for years upon
years.
The patient consumer, to judge by their tone,
Was getting impatient and making it known.
"Say, listen," said Henry B. Hartwell, with
heat,
"They've boosted the prices of milk and of
meat.

"Of clothing and rents
To such a high level
That now the expense
Just drives a poor devil
Like me, for example, to plain desperation!"
Said Martin T. Worth, "You are perfectly
right;
I find myself cursing the whole situation.
And now, just to add to our terrible plight,
Comes a ten per cent boost in our rail commutation.
The only thing cheaper than last year is
stamps;
If this thing keeps up we'll be nothing but
tramps.
We fret and we stew about
All of this jobbery,
But what can we do about
Stopping the robbery?
By George, when I think about things, I'll
admit
I just want to give up the struggle—and
quit!"
"Quit?" echoed Hartwell. "You said something there!
Our burdens are getting too heavy to bear.
I'm weary of patience and all of that stuff;
Let's take a hint from the wise proletariat:
When they decide they've been calm long
enough
They go and strike. Why should we folks
be wary at
Doing the same?
Strike, that's the game,
Strike for the rights of bourgeois—that's us!
Everyone's striking; let's cut out the fuss,
Can all the muttering
Groaning and grumbling,
Cut out our fluttering,
Groping and stumbling
Over this problem; get busy and act!
Action's the word, and it's just what we've
lacked."

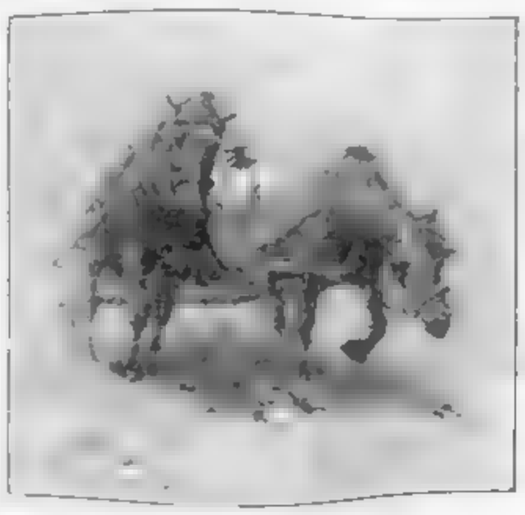
Once in a decade there come in conjunction
Man and the moment; and Henry, by luck,
Loomed as the man who was destined to
function
Just when the definite moment had struck.
He went through that train
Of bourgeois commuters,
He talked in a strain
That made them all rooters
For all his ideas and each of them swore
To go out and gather in converts galore.
Every commuter resembled the camel
Which had just suffered the ultimate straw;
Each had a temper as sore as that mammal,
Everyone's nerves were excessively raw.
All through the cars they'd been railing at
Fate,
Holding a high-cost-of-living debate,
Making a tumult that waxed and grew
louder.
Henry was, therefore, but match to the
powder.
Metaphors mixed? Well, that doesn't
much fret me;
Only I hope that you get me.

II

YOU'VE heard of wildfire
And how it will spread?
Say, it's a mild fire
Compared to the red
Blaze of excitement that swept through the
land
When it was known how this brave little
band
Henry B. Hartwell had gathered about him,
Planned for a strike of consumers. And
though
Papers at first were inclining to flout him,
What he had started continued to grow.
Doctors and preachers,
Actors and teachers,
Architects, etchers,
Writers and sketchers,
Clerks and collectors,
Garbage inspectors,
Lawyers, photographers,
Office stenographers,
Pharmacists, skillful with pestles and
mortars,
Dentists, insurance men, cashiers, reporters—
Jostled each other to join the parade
Following Henry B. Hartwell's crusade.

Henry, when interviewed, cogently stated:
"This isn't like
Any old strike;
Quitting our labors is not contemplated;
But we consumers are tired of being
Ground between millstones, the upper and
nether—
Labor and capital—plainly foreseeing
What will occur if we don't stick together.
Laborers strike and the wage level jumps;
We don't begrudge them their share of it;
Capital then puts us over the bumps;
Middlemen gather in shekels in lumps;
All of them stick the consumers, poor chumps.
We have had all we can bear of it.
Now we're united to fight the good fight,
Conscious of true irresistible might.
Woe to creators
Of prices that soar,
Food speculators
Who gamble for more.
Wholesalers, retailers,
Selfish and greedy,
Skinning the well-to-do, gouging the
needy.
Better beware or they'll rush to destruction.
We, the consumers, will cause quite a ruction
Bringing the profiteers straight to their
doom
Simply by ceasing, almost, to consume!
This is our slogan, in country and town,
'High cost of living has got to come down!'"

Homeric laughter
Greeted this statement,
But, soon thereafter,
Suffered abatement
When it became unmistakably plain
Business—for robbers—was much on the
wane.
Harried civilians,
Simply by millions,
Leaving the wiseacres greatly amazed,



Flocked to the banner that
Hartwell had raised,
Pledging themselves they
would only consume
Just what they had to, and not a bit more,
Till all the prices should slip from the top
Peak of their height and embark on a drop.

Profiteers bellowed; an aura of gloom
Hung about many a highwayman's store;
Taxicab pirates
Running at high rates,
Restaurateurs who had waxed very fat
Doubling their prices—found trade getting
flat.
Hat checkers sometimes checked nary a hat.
Shops were all glutted with ninety-cent
eggs
Eighty-cent butter and twenty-cent
bread.
Fruit heaped in boxes and pickles in
kegs
Stayed there. The profiteers' faces
grew red
While they were shouting: "We simply
can't sell
Things any cheaper." Consumers said,
"Well,
Though what you say
Doubtless is right
We cannot pay
Prices so palpably out of our sight.
Therefore—good day."
Leaving the bandits to mutter, "Good
night!"
Henry B. Hartwell and Martin T. Worth
Watched their work spread with some justified mirth,
Chuckled at tales which were brought to
their ears
Showing how various bold profiteers
Swiftly were growing less bold in demeanor
While their cash balance got leaner and
leaner.

So for a matter of nearly a week
Flourished the strike of the formerly
humble
Then—for there's no one so strong as the
meek
When they are riled—with a roar and a
rumble
Down came the prices with thunderous
crashing;
Bandits and profiteers cutting and slashing
High cost of living, excitedly rushed
Stuff off their counters to save being crushed
Under the load of supplies they had hoarded,
Hoping to profit by means that were sordid.
So when the dust of the battle had cleared
Profiteers wept, but the multitude cheered;
High cost of living—that Moloch most terrible—
Climbed from its pedestal, grew fairly bearable.
Thus the consumer,
That goat of the past,
Changed in his humor,
Got justice at last;
Proving a point that is easy to note:
"Even a goat isn't always a goat!"
Henry B. Hartwell, who fathered the scheme
Which I've related, awoke with a start
Found he had only been dreaming a dream,
Heard his town called, and prepared to
depart,
Saying to Martin T. Worth with a sigh,
"Ain't life the deuce, with the prices so high?
Still, though we holler and squeal at our
woes,
Prices will keep going up, I suppose!"

"The meek shall inherit
The earth," we are told;
But waiting to share it
They'll grow very old.
They've waited for thousands of years with
persistence
And still find their legacy far in the distance,
The meek may inherit it, but from the spot it
Appears that it isn't the meek who have
got it.
And so the consumer—the meekest of creatures,
Allows profiteers to walk over his features.
Well, maybe some day,
He'll try Hartwell's way,
For though it's a scheme
That the wise may deride
As only a dream
And a fool dream beside—
It's something I'd like to see properly
tried!

AN OPEN LETTER

to those who have not secured immediate delivery of their new 1920 Haynes cars

By A. G. SEIBERLING, Vice-President and General Manager
The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.

IT is a matter of great regret to us that thousands of people have been unable to get immediate delivery of the new 1920 Haynes. The fact that we have succeeded in increasing production to the point where we may soon be on a greater delivery basis is encouraging to us. But we feel that an explanation is due all of the good friends of the Haynes who have waited so patiently and so expectantly for their cars.

During the war our plant was converted into one to serve our government. Our engineers and designers went ahead with their work and produced the new 1920 Haynes. Its tremendous appeal at the opening of the year is a matter of history, and orders continued to come from all parts of this country as well as from abroad.

Our dealers have done their best to take care of their patrons. We realize, however, that even when the situation was understood everyone who ordered a new Haynes was more and more anxious to receive it.

We could not "rush" production. Even had it been mechanically possible there remained the fact that no Haynes is allowed to leave our plant until it has satisfied the rigid inspection tests of our engineers and designers.

Each Haynes car must exemplify the four essential factors of character—beauty, strength, power and comfort—before it can go to its future owner. This extra care on our part is a tangible benefit to the owner, but we know how anybody feels about it when he has ordered a fine new car and cannot get it.

But the orders continue to come in. The new 1920 Haynes is actually an advance model. It is what, in ordinary times, would have been expected of this organization next January. Naturally, every time one is driven from a Haynes dealer's establishment it awakens in the mind of every beholder the desire to own one. Thus the orders show no indication of abatement.

We are doubling the capacity of our plant; we have increased our production. Those who have waited have profited, because they are getting Haynes cars which are wonderfully improved.

The new 1920 Haynes, therefore, is a car worth waiting a little while for. Whether it is the seven-passenger touring car, the four-door, four-passenger roadster, the seven-passenger limousine, the seven-passenger sedan or the four-passenger coupé, we know that it comes fully up to the Haynes standard of a car of character.

Our earnest recommendation is that you place your reservation with your Haynes dealer now. You may have to wait a short time before receiving your car, but the value of your investment will more than offset the slight delay.

We have promised your dealer to do our best to fill his orders with the least possible loss of time, and that every car we send him shall measure fully up to the standards created and perfected by the Haynes organization in all the twenty-six years since Elwood Haynes thrilled this country with his invention — America's First Car.

A. G. Seiberling

The Haynes, AMERICA'S FIRST CAR, now exhibited by the government at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., was invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes, in 1893.

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1919

WANTED—QUICK CROPS

By William H. Waggaman

"MORE and cheaper food" is the cry which is now echoing throughout the world and it is a cry which makes the bewhiskered Bolshevist grin with delight and scatter with increasing enthusiasm his artful propaganda.

Of course the situation in this country is nothing like as acute as elsewhere. Moreover, we are not particularly impressed with the frolicsome gambols—or gambles—of Bolshevism. But the fifty cents' worth of eats we now get for the sum of one dollar is supplying us also with food for thought and making us more vitally interested in the factors which contribute to the output of farm products. One of the most potent of all of these factors and one over which we have a great deal of control is commercial fertilizer.

Perhaps no other American institution has advanced so rapidly out of the realms of ignorance and shady dealings as the fertilizer industry. From a small business of a very questionable character with an annual output of about half a million tons it has developed within less than forty-five years into an immense and reputable industry having an annual production of nearly 7,000,000 tons; an industry of such importance that each year our clothing and daily food supply is growing more dependent upon it. Yet the advances which have been made up to the present will exhibit about the same contrast to those which will and must be made within the next forty-five years that the old ten-story skyscraper now bears to that monumental tower of commerce—the Woolworth Building.

It was not so long ago that the term fertilizer dealer was almost synonymous with those of footpad, burglar, scamp and crook. The vender of gold bricks, fake oil stock, cheap diamond mines and alcoholic cure-alls had nothing on the owner of an ill-smelling fertilizer shed and a smooth-selling personality. Making something out of worse than nothing was his specialty, and the beauty of his business was that the buyer of his product could seldom find him at a loss for an alibi when the crops failed to respond to his marvelous brands of fertilizer. The climatic conditions were not just right in that particular year. Either there was too much rain or not enough. The blight, the bugs, the bacteria or the what not were responsible for the mediocre yields.

Nearly everything above or below the soil has been called upon from time to time to explain why the crop didn't pay, but was the fertilizer to blame? Never! Couldn't the poor boob of a farmer tell it was good stuff? See how black it was and what a rich odor it had! And did he notice the analysis on the fertilizer sack?

And the consumer would reluctantly admit that in color and strength of smell it was certainly the goods. What he would seldom admit, however, was that the analysis meant nothing to him except an impressive array of symbols bearing mute testimony to the depth of the fertilizer man's knowledge. Often this analysis was just about as clear to the fertilizer manufacturer as to his victim. All he knew was that he had paid a shrewd chemist a pretty fair sum to express the contents of the bag in glowing, mystifying and misleading terms. Many a dealer in those wide-open days of the late seventies boasted that all the capital one really required to start a fertilizer business was a bank of sand and a polecat.

Inventions Inspired by the Ash Heap

SINCE there were no laws requiring fertilizer dealers to show the composition of their goods, sometimes an analysis was attached to the bags and sometimes not. Even when the analysis was given the average consumer had little knowledge of what it meant and no guaranty that it was correct.

Yet the value of various fertilizer materials was fairly well known at this time by those who had made a study of agriculture. The use of finely ground bone as a fertilizer dates far back to the early days of history. Fish scrap was utilized to advantage by the American Indians. Stable manure, which is the one best bet in fertilizers, had been in use since cattle and horses were first domesticated. Guano from Peru and the West Indies and nitrate of soda from Chile were being imported for fertilizing purposes. German potash salts were beginning to come in and the phosphate deposits of South Carolina were just being exploited. The famous chemist Liebig, known as the Father of Agriculture, had discovered how to make water-soluble phosphates by treating bones or phosphate rock with sulphuric acid.

The trouble lay in the fact that there was no supervision and control exercised over the manufacturer and his product and little knowledge of fertilizer values among the consumers. Many if not most of those engaged in the fertilizer business were better versed in the art of doubling the dollar than in the art of manufacturing a product which would increase crop yields. Mixed fertilizers therefore became the receptacle for most any old thing which otherwise had no market value.

To read over some of the fertilizer patents of the late sixties and early seventies one would suspect that the inventor had gone into his back yard and after a careful survey of the ash heap, garbage can and trash pile had seated himself on the doorstep and written his specifications for a fertilizer which would enable him not only to clean up the mess in his yard but clean up also a tidy sum by selling this camouflaged waste to his neighbors.

Sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol as it was commonly called, was the stuff which did the trick. By treating almost anything with this acid one could get a delightful mass of "goo," which when mixed with liberal—oh, very liberal—quantities of soil made an extremely salable and profitable product. In 1870 and 1871 low-grade fertilizers containing from thirteen to fifteen per cent of total phosphoric acid—only fifty per cent of which was water-soluble—less than one per cent of nitrogen, and traces of potash, sold for as high as fifty-two dollars a ton. Such a product nowadays, in spite of the high price of labor and materials, would not bring more than fifteen dollars a ton.

The Same Food for Cannon and Crop

BUT the time has passed when one can cash in on such dubious assets as an evil odor and a dark-brown color. The time is also rapidly passing when high-sounding names are alone sufficient to inveigle the consumer into buying a fertilizer. The agricultural colleges, the state experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture have given the farmer every opportunity to learn the value of fertilizers and how to interpret a fertilizer analysis. By constant and earnest effort they have taught him that a large bulk of fertilizer at a low price is not always a good investment. It is the quantity and availability of the three fertilizer substances—potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen—which interest him, and he has a pretty clear idea what these ingredients are worth. Every state which consumes any quantity of fertilizer has strict laws governing its sale, and it is rather unfortunate for the dealer if his goods do not come up to the guaranty. Reputable business men with trained technologists and agronomists in their employ and a desire to remain in business now dominate the fertilizer industry and most of the get-rich-quick crowd have taken to cover.

That old adage of "waste not, want not" is now being properly applied in fertilizer manufacture. The mere fact that a material is a waste product is no longer sufficient reason to warrant its use in fertilizers. Both the farmer and manufacturer realize that it is poor policy to grind up old cement pavements for a top dressing for lawns and equally poor judgment to use wood ashes for making sidewalks.

But the proper use of certain industrial wastes and by-products of other industries has given to our agricultural interests immense quantities of valuable fertilizer materials which are rendering us almost independent of foreign sources. For example the recovery of the ammonia formerly wasted on the coking of coal now adds over 59,444 tons annually to our fixed nitrogen supply, worth nearly $18,000,000. The use of fish scrap from canneries and blood and tankage from the packing-house industry are worth many more millions to American agriculture. By utilizing cotton-seed meal, either directly on the soil or indirectly by feeding it to stock and then spreading the enriched manure on his land, the Southern farmer puts back into his fields a good part of the fertility withdrawn by the cotton crop.

Within the past decade the steel manufacturer in the South has contributed a valuable fertilizer by turning out a slag rich in available phosphoric acid for which his ingenuity was formerly taxed to find a dumping place.

The recovery of potash from partly desiccated lakes, from the giant kelp or seaweed of the Pacific Coast, from the dust of cement plants and from certain potash minerals enabled us during the war to meet in part at least the shortage in this important fertilizer ingredient caused by the cutting off of the supplies normally imported from Germany.

And right here the American fertilizer industry should be given full credit for the admirable way in which it met a very difficult and trying situation during the late war. The fact that both high explosives and fertilizers require the same materials in their manufacture made it appear that one of these industries must be seriously curtailed—and there was little doubt which one would have to suffer, for, as some one very aptly put it, "the cannon had to be fed before the crop." It was early recognized that the normal supply of sulphuric acid was entirely inadequate to meet the gigantic war program and the ordinary demands of agriculture for acid phosphate, yet by stupendous efforts the fertilizer manufacturers so increased the capacity of their acid plants that—together with the quantity manufactured at the hastily built government factories—the annual production was pushed from 3,762,417 tons in 1913 to 7,500,000 tons in 1918. This increase of almost one hundred per cent averted the shortage until the armistice was signed.

The nitrogen situation was an even more serious one. Our entire output of sulphate of ammonia and all the nitrate of soda which we could import were needed for munitions of war. These nitrogen carriers so long depended upon for fertilizers had to be largely replaced by organic forms of nitrogen, and the fertilizer industry literally combed the country in order that American agriculture should not suffer for lack of proper nitrogenous materials. Vast quantities of tankage, dried blood, bones, hoofs and horns, cotton-seed meal, oil cake and fish scrap were corralled. Leather scrap, shoddy, old felt, wool, hair and numerous other organic wastes containing nitrogen were so treated as to change their nitrogen content into forms available for crops.

In order to avoid the possibility of being cut off from adequate supplies of nitrogenous compounds by the menace of the submarine the Government began the erection at Mussel Shoals and Sheffield, Alabama, of two gigantic plants for producing compounds of nitrogen from the inexhaustible supply in the air. These plants, which were designed to have a combined capacity of 47,500 tons of fixed nitrogen per annum, were nearly completed when the armistice was signed. They are larger than any plants ever constructed for a similar purpose, and while not operating at present will unquestionably be used for turning out valuable nitrogenous compounds.

Within the past five years more earnest effort has been expended in searching for sources and evolving processes for the manufacture of materials suitable for both munitions and fertilizers than in the score of years immediately preceding the war. And now that the war is ended and the whole world is crying for food the logical and sensible thing to do is to turn the immense tonnages of war stuff into fertilizers, which will help feed the starving nations and repair in part the ruin which these same materials have wrought.

But while we have immense sources of fertilizer materials at our disposal and the annual consumption of fertilizers is showing a very healthy growth, the industry is scarcely out of its swaddling clothes.

Waste in Shipping and Manufacturing

NOT only must we use more fertilizers but our methods of manufacture are on the verge of some very drastic changes. It is true that there is an increasing tendency toward more concentrated fertilizers, and one of the most recent steps in advance taken by the manufacturers is the cutting out of some of the numerous brands containing small and fractional percentages of fertilizer ingredients; yet in no other industry is there so much inert and relatively valueless material handled, rehandled, shipped and paid for by both the producer and consumer as in the fertilizer business.

Let us take for instance the phosphate materials which are the basis of nearly all mixed fertilizers. More than 2,000,000 tons of phosphate rock, containing an average of thirty-two per cent of phosphoric acid, are annually consumed in this country for fertilizer purposes. After the rock is mined, washed and dried it is shipped to the various fertilizer plants, most of which are located several hundred miles and some as many as a thousand miles from the phosphate mines. For every ton of the fertilizer ingredient shipped to the factory, therefore, freight is paid on two tons of gangue, or filler.

Though it may be argued that all of this filler cannot be eliminated and that the freight rates on a raw material are always lower than on the finished product, nevertheless the fact remains that car space is being occupied and energy consumed by the hauling of relatively valueless substances, large amounts of which could be removed before shipment.

But this is not the worst. After the rock reaches the fertilizer factory it is mixed with an equal weight of sulphuric acid and a product results containing sixteen per cent of phosphoric acid, or only one-half of that present in the original raw material. This product, which is the acid phosphate of commerce, is either marketed as such or added to other materials to produce a mixed fertilizer which contains even lower percentages of fertilizer ingredients. In any event it is again shipped—and frequently

(Concluded on Page 71)

That Rare Pie

Made with SUN-MAID Raisins

—Order It for Lunch

SAY to the waiter, "California Raisin Pie," and see what he brings to you today at lunch.

See if you have ever found more complete satisfaction in a mid-day dessert.

Baked so the juice forms a succulent sauce.

Baked with tender, flaky crust.

Note how every morsel—every bite of it—melts into delicious flavor in the mouth.

Nutritious, too

Note, too, how this pie supplies the needed energy for an afternoon's hard work.

Raisins are rich in pure fruit sugar, one of the most digestible of body-fuels.

So this raisin pie is both good and good for you, you who do hard work.

Be sure that you try it. It will be your regular pie-dessert when you learn how good it is.

Have this pie at home also. Groceries and bake shops get it daily from your local bakeries. Ask your wife to order one to try as dessert at dinner.

California Raisin Bread

Grocers and bake shops will also supply California Raisin Bread, made with Sun Maid Raisins.

Try this bread. See how the luscious raisin flavor permeates the loaf.

If you want real raisin bread, made as it is in California, ask your dealer for this special bread today.

SUN-MAID Raisins

SUN-MAID Raisins are made from California's tenderest, juiciest, sweetest, thin-skinned grapes.

They are packed under the most sanitary condition in our great "Sunshine Plant" in California.

The Sun-Maid brand outsells all others because so many women prefer these better raisins.

They'll be preferred in your home, too, when your women-folk learn about them.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*. All first-class dealers sell them.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9,000 Growers
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Ask for Raisin Candy. Healthful and delicious. At all stores.

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE ROAD
UNIFORM MILEAGE
Tires

"If one comes back I'm penalized"

Miller Tires Win
500,000 Mile Test
Score Seven Year Victory

ANOTHER Convincing Proof of Miller Tire supremacy is now offered to motor car owners. This time it comes from Chandler & Rudd Company, Cleveland's finest food store.

Four Years' Trial

For four years, and over a half million miles, they tested *fifteen* well-known makes of tires. Among them was the Miller. Records were carefully kept on each. And Miller Tires won the final victory. *Tire after tire Miller outran all other makes.*

Then All Millers

Now for three years, the fourteen Chandler & Rudd Company's three-quarter ton White and Buick trucks have been equipped all 'round with Miller Tires.

Uniform Mileage Wins

Miller proved its case, not by unusual mileage of one or two casings, but on long-distance uniform mileage. Most of the time overloaded, and shocked by constant stops, *every Miller ran thousands of miles beyond any maker's guarantee.*

The Result

The fact is Miller Tires, *Geared-to-the-Road—fabric or cord*—offer the longest wear and the lowest cost per mile for passenger cars or for trucks. There is an authorized Miller dealer in your city. If you do not know his name, write us.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. A-205, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires. Also Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods, for Homes as Well as Hospitals.

To Dealers:
We shall be pleased to send you our attractive agency proposition. Write us.

(Concluded from Page 68)

long distances—to points where it is distributed to the consumer. Though the phosphoric acid in acid phosphate and mixed fertilizers is undoubtedly more soluble and more quickly available to crops than it is in the original rock, there is no getting round the fact that we are violating an economic law in turning out far from the points of consumption finished products containing less of the marketable ingredient than does the raw material from which they are manufactured.

This same condition prevails, though to a less extent, in the case of many more fertilizer materials. Ammonium sulphate, for instance, is manufactured by hauling sulphuric acid to the by-product coke-oven plants and there passing ammonia gas into it. The product containing the sulphuric acid, or its equivalent, is then hauled to the fertilizer factory and after being mixed with other ingredients it is hauled away again. Here we have freight charges three times on sulphuric acid, and all that the acid has done is to convert the ammonia into an easily handled but considerably diluted form.

It is perfectly feasible to produce concentrated phosphates containing from forty-five to fifty per cent of soluble phosphoric acid at points close to the phosphate mines. It is also equally practicable to manufacture ammonium phosphate instead of ammonium sulphate at the coke-oven plants. Such a product would contain more than sixty per cent of available phosphoric acid and nearly fifteen per cent of ammonia—both of them fertilizer ingredients. All that is necessary is to pass ammonia gas into phosphoric acid instead of sulphuric acid.

Those with any knowledge of chemistry know that it is impractical to apply to the soil uncombined potash, phosphoric acid, ammonia and nitric acid, for these chemicals in the free state would be well nigh impossible to handle and distribute and probably prove fatal to the crops. But should they be combined with relatively valueless materials and shipped all over the country—in fact all over the world—literally tied to something which does not pay its own way?

Theoretically they should not and from a practical standpoint in many instances they should not. But in certain cases it is hardly commercially feasible at present to replace some of the relatively unimportant substances with those having a definite fertilizer value.

Ammonia, it is true, enters the fertilizer market tied to sulphuric acid, when it might as well be combined with phosphoric acid and some of it with nitric acid. Also the vast bulk of phosphoric acid sold for fertilizer purposes is combined with lime, which could be replaced by either ammonia or potash or both. But in the case of such materials as nitrate of soda and sulphate of potash, both of which are soluble salts found in natural deposits and really require no chemical treatment to render them ready for fertilizers, it is questionable whether it would be economical to replace the soda and sulphuric acid respectively by fertilizer ingredients. Certainly it would be impracticable to remove the soda from nitrate, or Chile saltpeter, at the source of this material, for as far as we know Chile is very remote from supplies of sulphuric acid, ammonia and potash.

Again it is impossible to eliminate the filler from certain organic fertilizers such as cottonseed meal, dried blood, fish scrap and so on without destroying the nature and also much of the fertilizer value of such materials. But with the advent of synthetic nitrogen compounds these organic materials are growing of less importance as fertilizers each year. Even now their value as cattle and stock feeds is as great if not greater than their value as direct food for crops. Synthetic ammonia and nitric acid, both of which are now being manufactured in this country, render it possible to produce the most concentrated nitrogenous compounds and will eventually cause the Chilean nitrate deposits to assume a relatively unimportant rôle in American agriculture.

It must not be inferred from this article, however, that filler in fertilizers will soon be a thing of the past, for it is impossible to make up brands of a certain definite composition without the addition of some inert or foreign material. Moreover, in order to distribute medium quantities of fertilizer ingredients uniformly over a field it is necessary to have such ingredients thoroughly mixed with some material to dilute them. The addition of this diluting agent, however, should not be made at points far from the point of consumption, thus necessitating handling, rehandling and the payment of transportation charges.

Some attempt has been made to avoid these expenses by establishing dry-mixer plants at points close to where the fertilizer is consumed, but few of the fertilizer factories produce and ship really concentrated materials to these mixing plants.

But concentrated fertilizer materials are coming just as surely as concentrated alcoholic beverages are departing. Already limited quantities of ammonium phosphate are being put on the market as fertilizer, and double superphosphate containing from forty-five to fifty per cent of phosphoric acid is being manufactured by a number of concerns in place of ordinary acid phosphate, which contains only from fourteen to eighteen per cent of this fertilizer ingredient. With the increase in freight rates and labor charges the manufacturer is beginning to realize that the shipping and handling of low-grade goods is not economical. The farmer also is having much the same thought and is finding that higher-grade fertilizers are in the end the cheapest. As for the ultimate consumer, who sees his fast dwindling dollars winging their way with ever increasing rapidity into the gilded cash registers of the butcher, the baker and the corner-grocery man, he is heartily in favor of anything which makes toward better, more and cheaper food. If concentrated fertilizer will bring the promised relief he will open his arms with a gladsome smile and cry "Welcome, little stranger."

THE JINX

(Continued from Page 17)

Again Reina made as though to gather up her mass of sewing and to retreat into the house. Again she hesitated, and in her moment of vacillation Johnny Polk hastened on:

"I know you ain't int'rested, ma'am. At least I know you think you ain't, which comes to pretty much the same thing. And he ain't int'rested in himself either. But I'm all-fired int'rested in him. That's why I'm here."

"I ——"

"Ten months ago," orated Polk, "I'd 'a' said—I did say—there wa'n't another middleweight in the country with Eddie Craig's future. He was a sure comer. He had a rap. He had cash in bank. He was on a straight road to the champ'nship. Likewise he had the dandiest, prettiest, cutest, nicest, smartest wife ——"

"Please, Mr. Polk!" protested Reina, but the manager forged onward:

"What's he got now? I ask you as a simple question. He is as good a man as he was then. Hasn't gone back an inch. Give him the right chance and he'd be middleweight champ in another year. Maybe in less. But he ain't got the chance. Nor yet he ain't due to have it. Not unless you give it to him. Say, ma'am, that boy's plumb crazy about you."

"I don't want to talk about him," said Reina icily. "I don't want to hear about him. If he is so crazy about me, why did he treat me as he did? Why did he? Or if he's sorry, why doesn't he come and say so instead of sending you?"

"Lord!" sputtered Polk. "He didn't send me. And he ain't to know I've been here. He'd go up in the air so high he'd discover a new star. He'd discover a new manager too. No, I'm playing a lone hand here, ma'am. I'm here to beg you to take him back. Now hold on before you go looking that way at me! He's moping for you, so! He's dead sorry how he acted in that quarrel with you. He's said so a million times. He says over and over that he was all wrong. Aw, won't you call it a day and come back, ma'am?"

"I hope you got a return ticket," said Reina, politely solicitous. "For there's always apt to be a crowd at the station window for the eleven-forty-eight. I s'pose that's the train you'll be wanting to catch back to ——"

"Listen, Mrs. Craig!" pleaded Polk, fanning his wet face with renewed vehemence. "You've maybe read about the boy's losing his last five fights?"

"I don't have much time for reading," evaded Reina, adding as a compromise with honesty, "but dad has told me about them. Not that I was interested. Dad never liked me marrying a fighter. He said they were a tough lot. But he reads about Eddie's fights. And then ——"

"Do you know why he lost them five fights?" asked Polk. "No'm, I'm not aiming to say he was so broke up about you that it put him stale. He's not that kind, Eddie isn't. He's worked harder'n ever—to show you he was worth tying up to. There ain't a crumb of yeller in all that boy's body. He lost them fights on your account though."

"I'm not inter——" began Reina with forced stiffness, but Polk did not pause.

"The story got out that you had left him," he explained. "And in the ring the lads he was up against flung it at him—to get his goat, you know. And they got it. It sent him out of his head, he was so mad. He'd rush 'em like a charging bull and they'd lay back and murder the poor helpless sucker. That's the secret of his loses. If he cared less for you—if he wasn't nutty about you—they couldn't get him that way. He'd be champ by now. Get the idea, ma'am? It's God's truth. And it's so bad now that he's on the ragged edge. One more lose at most will put him in the discard. And he's going to score that lose next month unless you'll stand by him like you swore to when you and him came up before the gospel ref'ree for your life-battle instructions. I tell you, if you'll let bygones be bygones and come back to him it'll change him into a winner. Then the other feller can guy him all night without getting his goat. Won't you?"

"Why should I?" she countered. "I never liked him to be a fighter. Dad hated me to marry a fighter. Dad told Eddie he'd take him into the business with him if he'd quit it. Dad has the best hay and feed business in this end of the county. It was a fine offer. Eddie said he'd do it, too, when he had earned enough money to pay his share of the branch that dad is going to open over at the Locks. Why should I go back to him, just to help him and you clean up a big piece of change on a lot of fights? I ——"

"Is that why you and Eddie quarreled?" asked Polk. "Because he wouldn't switch from fighting to the hay and feed business? Was it?"

"No," she said reluctantly, "it wasn't. I knew Eddie well enough to know he'd do that anyway in a year or so. He'd promised. He don't break his promises. I'll grant him that. No, we quarreled over something much more important. Never mind what it was. It mightn't seem so important to you, but it did to us. It showed me what sort of a man I had married and I left him. I'm glad I did," she finished in a voice whose fierce note of challenge was marred by a quavery wobble somewhere in midregister.

"Listen, then," pleaded the manager craftily as he caught the quaver. "Will you do this? I've hustled round and pulled a trillion wires. And I've got a match on between Eddie and Kid Hardy. The Kid is after the middleweight champion; and while the champ is stalling Hardy is trying to pick up some easy coin. That's why he's standing for this match with Eddie. He's figgered out a way to turn it into a gold mine. His manager is working the press crowd to print stuff about Eddie's having come back and about his wanting a grudge fight with the Kid and all that line of rot, and the fight's signed up for at last. The Kid knows how Eddie lost his last fights and he's counting on getting him crazy in the ring just like the others did, and then swallowing him—ears and all. He's even figgered on the round he's going to do it in, and him and his manager is betting their collar buttons on that round. I got that straight. They think it's a cinch. All the Kid has to do at any stage of the fight is to pull that crack about your deserting Eddie and then land the K. O. while Eddie is running into it with shut eyes and swinging arms. That's why the Kid took him on. He's lotting on a ton of cash from the bets on that special round."

(Continued on Page 73)

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"The president called me in today and told me. He said he picked me for promotion three months ago when he learned I was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools. Now my chance has come—and thanks to the I. C. S., I'm ready for it."

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home in your spare time.

Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-eight years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Without obligation, find out how you can join them. Mark and mail this coupon!

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Machine Shop Practice	Cartooning
Toolmaker	BOOKKEEPER
Gas Engine Operating	Stenographer and Typist
CIVIL ENGINEER	Cert. Pub. Accountant
Surveying and Mapping	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Mine Foreman or Eng'r	Railway Accountant
STATIONARY ENGINEER	Commercial Law
Marine Engineer	GOOD ENGLISH
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Structural Engineer	Automobile Operating
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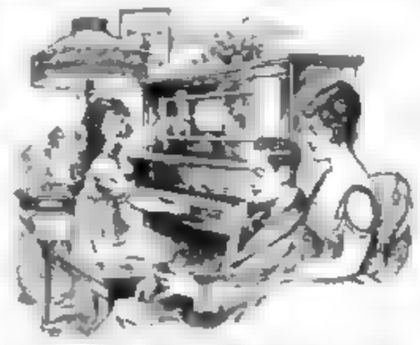

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Used Like A Cloth Towel

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS
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(Continued from Page 71)

Reina tried to look indifferent, but something seemed to bother her eyes; so she bent them assiduously on her work.

"I fixed up the match," pursued Polk, "knowing all that. I did it because we have just one chance. If you'll come back to the boy—we win. Eddie's licked better men than the Kid before now. If you won't come back to him, will you do this for me? On the day of the fight will you see he gets a letter or a tel'gram from you, saying it's all right and that you're coming back? Will you? Even if you renig on it afterward, it'll carry him through the scrap. It's such a little thing to do! If he loses out he's pretty well done for. Will you?"

"No!" she made muffled reply. "I don't see how I can. I've never broken my promises to Eddie any more than he has to me."

"But ——"

"I'm afraid I can't do what you want me to, Mr. Polk," she said with much finality.

Johnny Polk grunted in dire misery and got to his feet.

"I was gambling high on this visit," he said with an elephantine sigh. "Good-by, ma'am. It sure must 'a' been a he-squabble that you two had—if it lets you bust up his life like this!"

"The thing a quarrel is about," she defended herself, "has nothing to do with the things it can lead to. When a couple argue over the place where the shell cabinet ought to stand in the parlor it can lead to worse feeling sometimes than if one of them was to throw a pail of hot water at the other."

"Maybe so," he assented without interest. "Well, I must be going. So —— "

"For instance," expounded Reina, warming to her theme. "For instance, there used to be a man and his wife right here in this very town who were ever so much in love with each other—ever so much. And one day they just happened to read in a newspaper a discussion about whether it was a husband's place or a wife's to wheel the baby carriage, and they happened to get to talking about it. The husband said it was sissyish for a grown man to be a baby-carriage chauffeur. The wife said a man ought to be proud to push his own darling baby's carriage. The husband said that was a woman's job, not a man's. And the wife said something about his being lazy and selfish; and then he said something about her being a corking good judge of selfishness and laziness—if ever a woman was. And that started them. And it grew into a perfectly horrible quarrel and they ——"

"How did they settle it?" asked Polk with perfunctory politeness from the bottom step. "Which of them was elected to wheel the baby?"

"There—there wasn't any baby," she answered gloomily. "There never had been any. It seemed as if there was never going to be any. I think that was why they both argued so crossly about the ——"

"Well, of all the pie-eyed rot!" snorted Polk. "Scrapping as to which had to wheel the kid when there wasn't any kid to wheel! You say they lived in this burg? I guess by this time they're most likely getting their Burlesons addressed to 'em in care of the nearest foolish house. You say they ——"

"I told you about it to show what tiny arguments can lead to quarrels that separate folks forever and ever," she interposed coldly. "I didn't expect you to understand. Good-by. I'm sorry you had this long hot trip just for nothing."

"I wouldn't quite say it was for nothing," grumbled Polk. "If I hadn't wasted the day like this I'd never 'a' known there could be such a stubborn woman left alive. And I'd 'a' missed that booby-hatch yarn about the couple who went to the mat over the baby buggy that wasn't ever needed. That was worth the round-trip fare by itself. So long!"

A Johnny Polk baffled was never a Johnny Polk beaten. The crass failure of his appeal to Reina served Polk merely as a spur. He had worked out in his own mind the sole method whereby he believed Craig could be made impervious to the insult that always wrecked his fight hopes. Since Reina would not apply that cure, there was another way of getting it done.

Shamelessly Polk rummaged among the few papers in Craig's trunk until he came across the little parcel of old letters from Reina which Eddie still kept there; and which furtively he used to take out and read at odd intervals of depression.

Choosing one of these letters at random, the manager carried it to a fight hanger-on of his acquaintance; a man who had twice been the welcome guest of the state by reason of his genius as an imitator of other people's penmanship. Twenty-five dollars changed hands during Polk's interview with the penman; and the manager came home a few hours later bearing in his wallet a note in Reina's sprawly handwriting—a note which ran:

"*Eddie, dearest:* It was all my fault and I am sorry. Won't you take me back? Please wire reply. But wait till you have licked that big stiff of a Kid Hardy first and send me news of the fight in the same telegram.

"Yours with lots of kisses, REINA."

This model epistle was dated the day before the forthcoming fight. Polk went to the further expense of sending it by hand on that day to Reina's home town and having it mailed thence by special delivery.

Meantime Kid Hardy and the latter's manager were keeping their betting commissioners busy. True, the odds on the battle itself were so strongly in Hardy's favor, due to his recent exploits in the ring and chiefly to Craig's chronic trick of blowing up at the critical minute, that it was a foolish waste of money to hazard any wagers on the direct result. But the custom of "rounds betting" was then at its height, and to this custom Hardy proceeded to lend his whole-hearted patronage.

Acting always through an agent, he placed wad after wad of his savings on the long-odds forecast that he was going to win in the seventh round. Insiders knew Hardy was backing himself thus and why he was doing it. It was an open secret among the initiated and they trailed his bets.

By all normal reasoning this persistent plunging should have sent the odds toppling in no time and have rendered impossible any further betting on such a certainty. Yet, mysteriously, money appeared from nowhere to cover the bulk of the proffered wagers, especially when the odds began to lengthen.

Johnny Polk had never heard the term "psychology." Yet he was betting every dollar he could scrape together—on his own psychological skill. He knew Eddie Craig as not even Eddie's wife knew him. And he foresaw, with no shadow of doubt, the effect Reina's pseudo-note would have on its recipient.

Craig, doggedly and with all his fund of grim perseverance, was training for the fight. Yet in his heart he knew he would not be able to steel himself to coolness should Hardy taunt him publicly with his wife's defection.

Vainly he tried to school himself into indifference of anything this new opponent of his might say. Vainly he told himself that, now he was prepared for the insult, it could not sting him to that queer stage of madness. In his heart he knew what must happen. And knowing it, he nevertheless went on training with all his concentrated might.

As well warn a lunatic to force himself into calmness at the full of the moon as for Polk to entreat Craig to get used to the idea of hearing that one unbearable taunt. The thing had become a sort of mania to him. And every succeeding week of Reina's absence made the shame bite deeper. The certainty that Kid Hardy would bawl out his disgrace used to send hot thrills of homicidal fury tingling through the unhappy man.

Craig knew the coup was planned for the seventh round. Polk had seen to that. Eddie had even formulated a vague plan for getting his seconds to stuff his ears with waxed cotton just before that round should begin. But he knew he would be able to read the other man's lips. He would know what Hardy was saying. He would know that all the near-by box holders were hearing—that the taunting words might be even loud enough to reach everyone within fifty feet, and he knew they would drive him to blind wrath.

No, the one hope was to finish his man before the seventh round—a feat practically impossible with so tough an adversary as Hardy.

Thanks to brilliant press work and to dark hints of a grudge fight, there was a more than moderate-sized crowd in the inverse truncated-cone auditorium of the Pastime Athletic Club on the night of the Hardy-Craig go. With wholly controlled enthusiasm, the spectators watched the two preliminary bouts wherein certain spindly featherweights slapped each other for a

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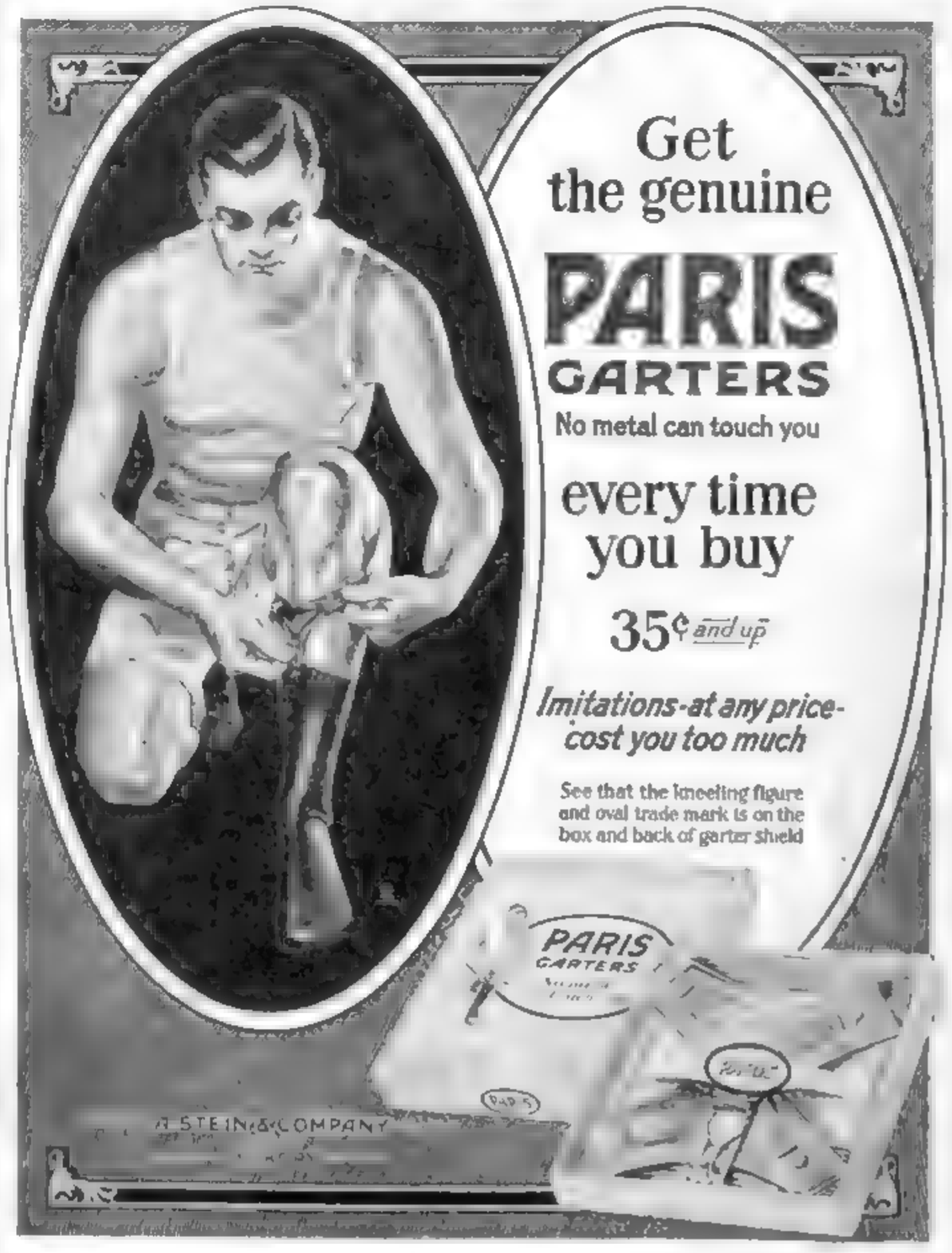
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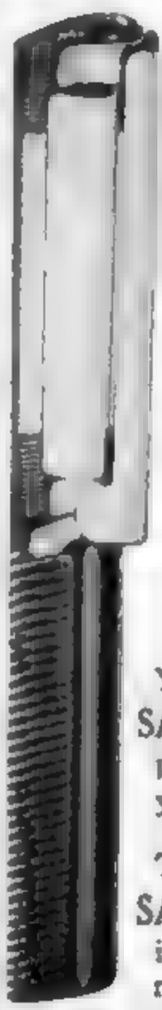

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few rounds and failed to score a knockout. Yawningly the throng eyed the dreary handful of has-beens and non-comers who were introduced between bouts. With unconscious unanimity they struck matches by the hundred in response to the leather-lunged announcer's tired drone of:

"Kindly refrain from smoking!"

In his dressing room Eddie Craig was submitting apathetically to the vehement rubbings of two husky attendants. Johnny Polk was imparting to him the last words of advice, which no manager has ever omitted and to which no fighter—probably—has ever listened.

From the auditorium above their heads came a scattered volley of applause.

"Hardy's climbing into the ring," commented Polk, breaking off in his lecture. "Let him wait, the slob! Nothing puts crimps into a guy's nerves like having to sit there and sit there and sit there with all them eyes on him while the other feller don't show up. I've knowed it to crumple better men than him. Let him wait!"

The last three words were spoken in a voice of thunder, and instantly the dressing-room door flew open. In walked a messenger boy. Straight up to Polk he went, reciting in laborious correctness:

"This bunch of mail come to the hotel just after you left. The clerk thought it might be important, so he chased me down here with it."

Having spoken his piece and earned a promised five-dollar fee, the simple youth thrust a handful of letters and papers into Polk's hand and departed.

"Here," said the manager, tossing the mail onto the table in front of Craig. "Take a look over these, will you, Eddie? I got a cinder in my eye. See if any of it's for me, or if it's all good-luck spiels for you."

The seconds gasped in horror at his words. Never before in prize-ring annals had a pugilist been assigned to such grievous labor as that of reading just on the eve of a fight! But Craig picked up the strewn handful of mail matter indifferently and glanced over the various superscriptions.

Polk, his heart in his teeth, turned away and appeared to be concerned with the lighting of a cigar. An hour earlier the desk clerk had proffered him a sheaf of mail that had arrived during the day for himself and for Craig. Polk had refused to touch it, bidding the clerk send it to the clubhouse by a messenger of the manager's own choosing—a richly subsidized youth who had strict commands to insert into the heap a letter which had arrived by special delivery during the afternoon and which Polk right cunningly had intercepted.

A screech of pure rapture from Craig presently gave the quivering manager the longed-for excuse to turn round. Eddie had flung himself free of his seconds. Nude, elate, all but delirious, he was prancing about the room's narrow confines, overturning chairs and upsetting laden suitcases. In one uplifted fist he flourished a sheet of paper. His eyes were wet. His face was scarlet and exultant.

"Hey!" demanded Polk in vast surprise. "What's wrong? Don't you go wearing yourself out like that, you poor fish! Whatever ails you? Are ——"

"We win!" yelled the frantic Eddie. "Here! Take a look at this, man! It's all right with Reina. It's all right!"

"Good!" approved Polk. "Got a letter from her? I hope you didn't misread it wrong. She's coming back, is she? Well, we can't stop to powwow over it now. After the fight'll be time enough. Get into your duds. I'll read that afterward, whatever it is. Hustle, now!"

Having more faith in his own psychology than in his powers as an actor, Polk sheered away from the offered sheet of paper and from enlarging on the theme or letting the jubilant Craig enlarge on it. Having thus far scored so perfect a success with his ruse, he was not minded to jeopard that success by rousing Craig's suspicions. Wherefore, with much bustle and shouting of orders, he superintended the hasty finishing of his principal's demitoilet, flung a bath robe round the sleek-muscled shoulders and led the way upstairs to the auditorium.

As the party moved toward the ring amid a mild patter of applause, Polk allowed himself a single feeler as to the complete triumph of his scheme. Over his shoulder he said to Craig:

"I'll bet Reina'll be one happy girl when she hears about your winning to-night, hey? Hardy'll have his hands full trying to get your goat, now."

"My goat's dead!" was Craig's chuckling reply. "What is there to get mad at now? Whatever he says will be a back-number lie. Watch me!"

The fight began briskly. The spectators sat up. This was going to be lively and worth while after all.

From the first Eddie Craig took the aggressive and held it. He fought with no rancor or viciousness, but with the gayly violent zest wherewith an overhappy athlete might seek to work off steam by thudding the punching bag.

Hardy seemed puzzled by the dash and vim of his foe's assault—the more so when he found that this same eager aggression did not in any way mar Craig's cleverness of defense. Hardy had not trained so rigorously for this bout as he might have done. He had been confident of his ability to stay with his antagonist for at least seven rounds and to have enough left to wreak the needful punishment on the rage-blinded Craig after that. He had not counted on facing this mass of joyously buoyant dynamic energy.

More than once in the first three rounds Hardy was forced to cover up or to clinch and hang on to avoid punishment. Craig's whalebone blows were landing with increasing power and frequency and were shaking him up to an annoying extent.

Once in a terrific third-round rally, when Eddie broke through his guard and was all over him, Hardy was sore tempted to spit forth the mystic words which should transform this too formidable enemy into a wildly helpless maniac.

But he forbore. Most of the Kid's available funds were tied up in those seventh-round bets of his. To win now would be to face something nastily akin to bankruptcy. The winner's end of the purse was comparatively small and Hardy's side bets were enormous.

So he covered up and stalled and sought to outride the intervening rounds as best he could with no undue loss of strength or of energy. His tactics were discovered almost at once by the crowd, who began to comment on them with increasing frequency and frankness.

They exhorted the management to take him out—to substitute someone who had enough sand to keep him warm. They besought Craig to whirl in and finish him.

Hardy flinched under the swelling volley of derision. But the thought of the seventh round consoled him. A fight crowd is the most fickle on earth. In another few minutes these same blatty dubs would be cheering their fool heads off for him. So Hardy covered up—and waited.

Nor did Craig heed the spectators' entreaties for him to go in and finish his man. He was in no hurry. He wanted to do his work safely and scientifically. He was content to hammer the Kid round the ring and to land a few really damaging blows now and then. And so the battle wore on till the end of the sixth round—a round in which the crowd fairly swamped Hardy with abuse for his stalling tactics.

When the men came up for the seventh, Eddie Craig leaped from his corner and made as though to rush clean across the ring to meet his foe. Seeing which, Hardy halted and prepared to meet the bull rush. But there was no such rush. Five feet away from Hardy, Craig stopped. Taking advantage of the momentary hiatus, he called distinctly:

"This is the round when you'd framed it to get my goat. You've bet quite a slice on it. Well, you lose! If you think you don't, just hand out that speech you've been chewing over!"

And he attacked.

There was plenty of ferocity now in Craig's assault. But it was the deadly cold ferocity that makes true the aim and distance gauging of the tiger's striking paw.

He bored in, contemptuous of such punishment as could break past his clever guard. Sweeping aside Hardy's belated defense, he landed three successive blows—two right-handers to the heart and a left hook to the throat—that sent Hardy reeling and clawing into a clinch. The crowd screeched in ecstasy. Hardy, gasping and bubbling in the clinch, managed to pant out: "Your wife ——"

"My wife's come back to me, you dead one!" chortled Craig, grinning from ear to ear as he tore free from the clinch and then tore in to the attack once more with all his science and strength.

The end of the seventh round found Kid Hardy slumping to his corner, battered and cowed. He had lost his cash. He was losing the fight. The heart was gone out of him. Nor did his manager's blue-blasphemy tirade during the one-minute interval serve to cheer him, for his manager had lost as heavily as had he.

The end came early in the ninth round. Some of the crowd declared Kid Hardy deliberately lay down. In any case, a jaw cross counter from Craig sent him floorward, where he reclined twistingly while the referee counted ten. It had been a chopping stunt rather than a fight, from the disgusted spectators' viewpoint.

But Johnny Polk was as beamingly happy as was Craig himself. As they elbowed a path side by side back to the dressing room, Polk bethought him of his winnings, and they dulled the knowledge that presently he must have an accounting with this gloriously jubilant young fellow as to the trick he had played on him.

"The jinx is buried," Craig was saying in his ear. "I could fight 'em all after this and never turn a hair. But the hay and feed business looks better to me. She always wanted me to go in with her dad. He ——"

The horrified Polk heard no more. A sharp tug at the elbow halted his progress toward the haven of the dressing room. He looked down to find a messenger boy yanking his arm—the boy he had bribed to bring the mail to him. That conscientious youth was holding out to Polk a special-delivery letter addressed in a familiar sprawly hand.

The manager recognized it at a glance. It had all the familiarity to him of long and intimate acquaintance.

"I'm sorry, boss," the boy was explaining. "I was so dippy about seein' the fight I clean forgot to slip this into the bunch of other letters the way you told me to. I just found it in me hip pocket. I'm sorry, boss ——"

But Polk was gone. Like an inspired halfback he bucked his way through the impeding throng and overhauled Craig just as the victor reached the door of his dressing room.

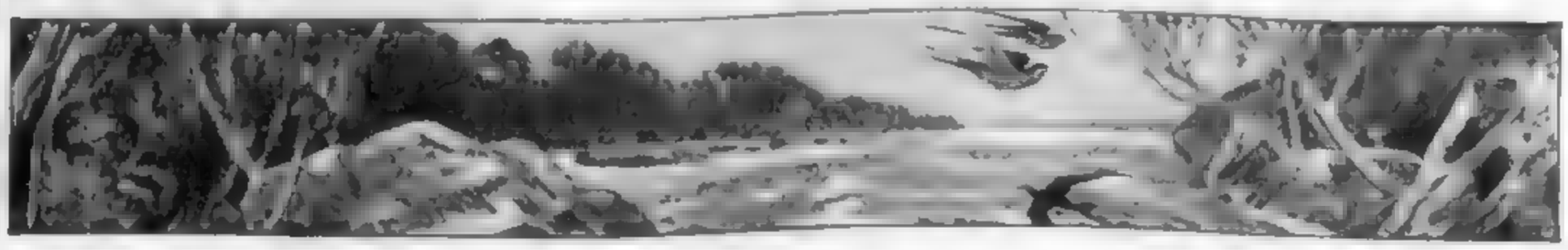
"Say—say, Eddie!" faltered the dazed manager, "what—what was that news you got from Reina to-night? Hey? What—what was it? You was offering to show it to me and ——"

He paused—his head awhirl, his throat dry. Craig, entering the room, had already made a bee line for the suitcase into which was tucked the sheet of paper he had waved so excitedly over his head. Now, having salvaged the sheet, he was reading it all over again.

Finishing the brief persual, his eyes alight from the afterglow of his joy, he handed the paper to his manager.

It was in Reina's hand—Polk saw that. But it was written far more waveringly and shakily than had been the letter his accomplice had so laboriously produced. With bulging eyes, Johnny Polk read:

"I'll wheel it, if you don't want to. I'd love to wheel it, Eddie. And I'm not sure I'd trust anyone else to—not even you. But you can walk beside it. I'm going to have him christened Edward Leander after you and dad. You'll be at the christening, won't you, Eddie? It's to be the day after you get home—whenever that is. When you see him you'll feel so ashamed of not wanting to wheel his carriage! Why, anybody'd just sit up and beg to!"



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CUTTING THE SIN OUT OF CINEMA

(Continued from Page 23

Add to these liberties the distressing fact that there are projectors who boast they have film clippings—stolen from the reels that pass through their hands—of every star in the movie heavens and you can see that producers have their troubles too.

But these annoyances are nothing compared with the great indoor sport of censorship. Some fellow writing lately in a magazine said that all men were natural-born censors:

"Ever since Moses came down out of the mountains with an armful of thou-shalt-nots men have been going about telling one another that they mustn't think this or mustn't do that."

Think as I think or you are a toad is what most of us really think, no matter what liberality we proclaim. I had a dear old aunt who expressed her breadth of vision thus: "Oh, yes, my dear, I used to be quite prejudiced in religious matters, but I am broad now. Why, I'd just as soon dine with a Presbyterian as not!"

Expressed individually, this sort of thing is amusing and adds much spice to life; but let it become organized and induce a preoccupied legislature or common council to arm it with authority and we have that merry medieval institution known as censorship, which may or may not be enlightened but in any event is bound to be exceedingly personal. The world is made up of a few who "note with pleasure" and a great multitude who "view with alarm," and though the positivists have a happy feeling that good will prevail in a free-and-open fight, the negativists will take no chances and are bound and determined that the others share their alarming views.

The Indoor Sport of Censorship

If censorship were what many people innocently believe it to be—an institution to protect us from obscene, lewd and inflammatory films—we should be the last to protest. It may start with that noble purpose but it doesn't end there. Certainly patriotism comes under no such head, yet we find pictures stopped because of "too much American flag." Nor is there anything immoral in the fact that we had parents, yet to intimate such a phenomenon in the pictures is forbidden in one of our great states. Surely kidding a cop is not a terrible outrage, yet in certain places where the selection of æsthetic food is determined by the police such liberties are denied us.

The truth is, laws covering outrages to public policy include the cinema the same as they do books and plays and picture post cards, and anybody attempting their defiance can be sent to the bastile in five minutes. And please let it be noted that the film producers—just like nice people—prefer the birds and the flowers to the donjon keep. Yet because an occasional wildcat, renting a camera for a few days, will shoot a rankly indecent picture and make a quick clean-up before he is caught, all of us are made to pay for his sins. It is as though no great reputable publishing house could print a book or no famous actor could appear upon the stage without a permit because degenerates sometimes profane both arts.

No, indeed! If the censors were there solely to see that the laws governing all art and public utterances were enforced we should not worry, for their tasks would die of inertia. But the fact is, censorship as we have it in many places goes away beyond the cherishing of public policy and butts most egregiously into private opinion and taste, as I shall prove by citing specific cases.

Catering to Both India and Indiana

I'll say this, though, in the name of that blessed freedom that men bleed and die for: There are only four states that have felt the need of protection from the sinister movie show, the forty-four others going gayly along to perdition and apparently enjoying the trip. However, within these care-free states there are a few large cities and quite a number of smaller places that permit movie monitors, though taking them altogether they are in the vast minority compared with the places where folk are allowed to choose their own photo-dramatic entertainment and to invoke the police when the need arises. Four of Canada's greatest provinces are so darned censorious that—well, later on I'll tell how the Canadians are saved from corruption; and nobody will be more surprised than they when they learn of the things they are missing.

Before I go on to tell of the queer workings of the human mind when questions of taste are under debate let me identify my position so that my credibility as a witness may be established. My real name is not important, but by concealing it I'll save myself from adding to an already overwhelming correspondence. This mail is not addressed to James Peters, Esq., but let us suppose it is. My job is that of—how shall I define it? Well, I'm a kind of ethical ambassador sent out by the Superba-Prettygood Actors Company to appear for it wherever we have a censorship fight on. I was chosen for the delicate task because I'm Irish, in addition to which I wear the make-up of a scholarly man of great virtue, which you will no doubt perceive is a good disguise when one has to match shocked sensibilities with indignant saviors of the people, high-minded politicians, recondite policemen and just plain nice folk who often admit the embarrassment of their positions. In order to complete the hypnosis I always carry in

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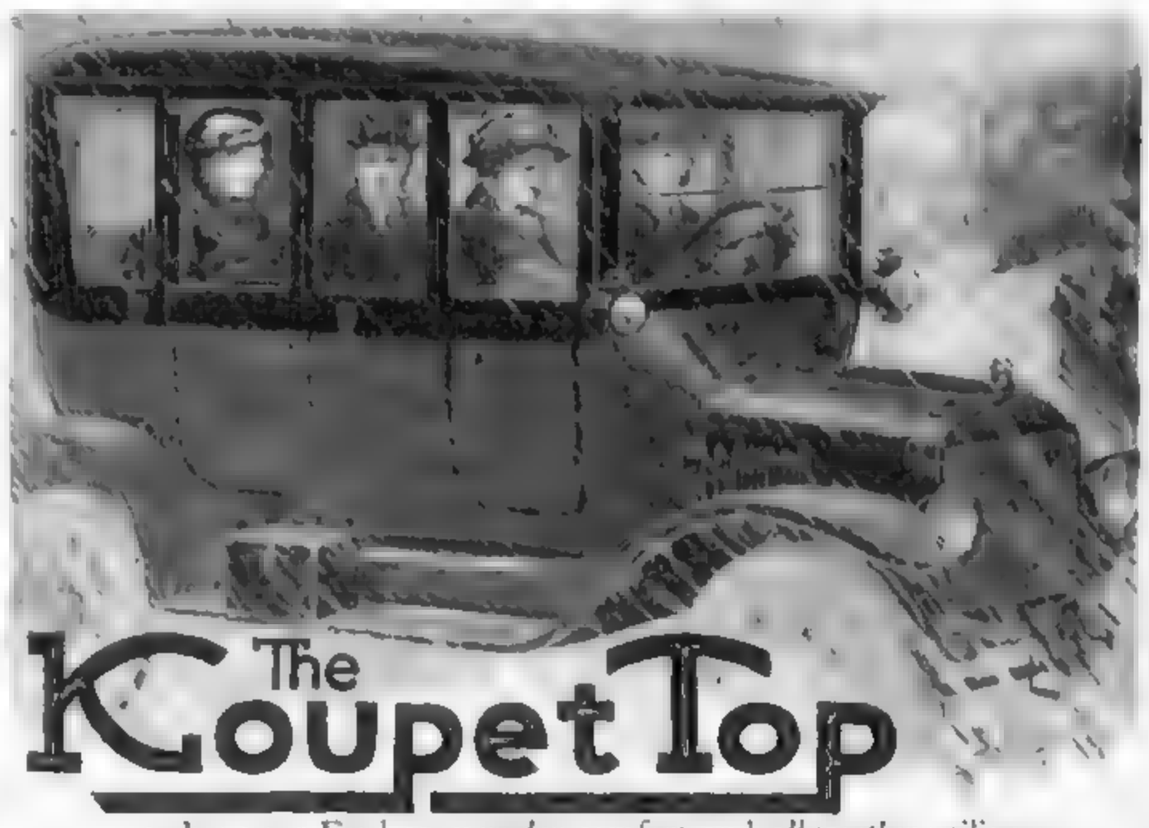

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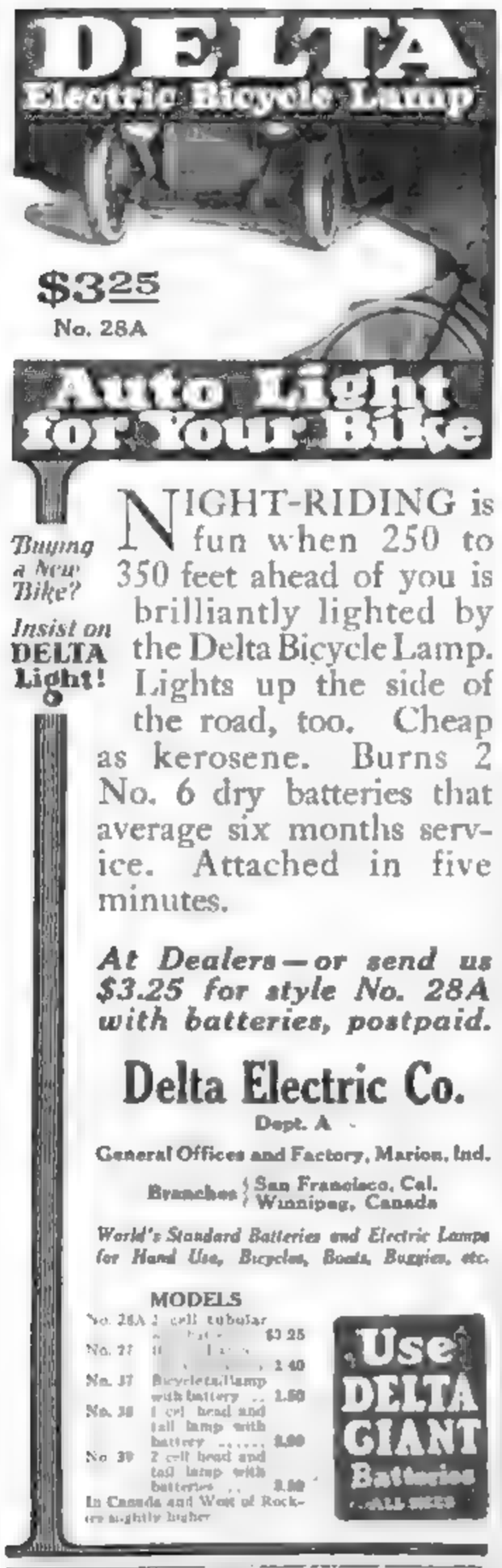

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In the tempestuous teapots where art is storm tossed I try to bring calm to the discussion and fairness in the result. When changes are slight and will not particularly hurt the story I order them made; and sometimes when great bitterness develops I even throw a few harmless scenes to the wolves—lest the whole be destroyed. This is all done in the rôle of the gentle æsthete, shocked beyond words that the censors should be shocked. But when entire reels are ordered cut, relationships changed in the titles in order to gain a moral boost—such as marrying the heroine to the heavy or making the adventuress the boob's sister—or the film is condemned in toto, then I turn on my Irish and go to the bat to give battle. And I do this joyously and conscientiously, for my company would not make a vulgar or offensive picture. However, when I find a whole community unanimously opposed to the showing of films dealing with sensitive subjects peculiar to the locality I make no fight at all, but go home and say a little prayer that they may some day see the light—meaning, of course, think as I think.

The tariff is not the only local issue; morals are, too, and so is taste. The maidens of Bagdad define modesty by covering the eyes and baring the abdomen, while just the opposite holds true in Terre Haute. It is notorious that the ladies of Cairo, Illinois, think the ladies of Cairo, Egypt, are brazen hussies. Furthermore, an Egyptian gentleman is *déclassé* if he supports but three wives, while the gentry of Gotham are denied even two. The morals of India and Indiana are not identical.

In a more or less modified way these differences exist right within the country. The codfish manners of Boston are not at all *au fait* in Red Gap, nor are the malted appetites of Milwaukeeans pleasing to Kansas. But worst of all, the greatest differences exist among individuals in the same place. Certain people object to one-piece bathing suits, while others believe we should go naked, eat nuts and live in trees. And each individual is simply distraught until he can convert the other to his way of thinking.

These diversified tastes are the big problem facing the picture producers, for unfortunately theirs is a world market and their audiences are everywhere quite indiscriminate. We can't make pictures for Kansas alone, or for school-teachers, Seventh Day Adventists or chiropractors. The time has not yet come when educational or children's pictures may be released to exclusive audiences of educators or children. Our pictures are addressed to the whole people; so it stands to reason, no matter what the subject or the treatment thereof, that there are always to be found a few persons in the audience who do not care for our wares and feel so strongly on the subject that they will attempt to see that nobody else enjoys them.

The Leader in Celluloid Conscience

Strangely enough, though, moving-picture morals do not follow the map as we have been taught it. For instance, we have always been led to believe that New Englanders were fearfully tight across the chest and that witch burning and blue laws were more or less constitutional with them; yet not one of the New England States has a censorship. On the other hand, out in the great free West we find one state that—according to her favorite son—"has for years been raising political hell and is now suffering from overproduction," yet it has almost the finest set of movie morals in America. I said almost the finest. What state do you think leads all the others in its celluloid conscience?

Rhode Island, with Providence to guide it? No!

Virginia, that proud Old Dominion of high honor? No!

Strange as it may seem, Pennsylvania is moraler than any other state in the Union. Here is where the citizenry are to be kept pure and grow up in the grand old belief that babies come in coconuts and cabbages. You can't even bribe Pennsylvania. We once named some sweet, innocent bathing girls the Keystone Beauties, but they couldn't appear in the Keystone State.

Some sociologists say that geography and climate make our morals, but this isn't true with moving-picture morals—they follow no such determiners, for we find films forbidden in one city and just across the way the churches are showing them in their parish houses.

On one of my Eastern trips I met a regular author—one of these fellows who write for THE POST, belong to the authors' union and all that sort of thing—and the way he panned the movies was something scandalous.

"Did you see what your company did to my novel, The Vamp's Vengeance?" said he as he put his hand on his watch. "Holy cat, man, they are a fine bunch of butchers! Why, they cut out all the vamp's best work, married her to her victim in the first reel, and for all I know she wound up by knitting comfits in front of a cottage on the rose-scented banks of the Kankakee. I didn't wait to see."

"And where did all this happen?" I asked with happy nonchalance, for the symptom sounded familiar.

"In Pittsburgh—my home town, by gad!" he answered with chagrin.

"My dear fellow," I replied with my best ambassadorial manner, "your quarrel is with the atlas and not with the Superba-Prettygood Actors Company. You should know better than to try to exhibit a vamp in Pittsburgh. Just run over into the next state and you'll see your old story in all its essentials exactly as you wrote it."

Some Vagaries of Film Tasters

The same picture may be a work of art in one place and a disgrace to the silver sheet in the next. When censors will cut, delete, substitute, denationalize, marry, divorce, separate, reunite and even de-educate our characters, what is the use of hiring authors, anyway? It would be much cheaper for us and more fun for the censors if we just had the characters wander round and then allowed each board to evolve the kind of drama it preferred by connecting the action up with their own snappy titles.

Now that the whole world has taken to writing scenarios, the jolly film choppers must themselves realize that the drama is always based on a contest of some kind—usually between good and evil. Yet they would have us leave out the evil. Virtue must triumph over vice, but the vice must not be present lest the susceptible spectators run right out and commit what they have just seen upon the screen.

The reader no doubt suspects exaggeration in the flippancy of these statements, but I am going to quote some of the standards of the board that acts as the official photo-dramatic taster of one great state, and then you will see what chance some millions of people have of enjoying the plays permitted the lowbrows of other states.

In the great commonwealth that boasts the Cradle of Liberty "prenatal and childbed scenes will be disapproved." "Unduly distressing scenes, such as shooting, stabbing, lynchings, hangings and surgical operations are forbidden," "nor may scenes of persons in delirium or insane be shown." Eugenics is taboo, as are "pictures and parts of pictures dealing with the drug habit."

Already certain films that might stampede a whole state into sin suggest themselves. Many of our sublimest Westerns are liable to the scissors under such a standard. Jack London's Sea Wolf is quite unduly distressing, to say nothing of the war dramas of the past four years. Mary of Magda may be shown upon the stage of the Keystone State, but not upon the screen, for "pictures of prostitutes will be disapproved"; and as for Mrs. Warren's Profession—horrors!

Again, we "must not show the modus operandi of criminals that might incite to evil actions."

This is a wise inhibition, for they say whenever Othello has been acted in Pittsburgh a perfect epidemic of murder has followed in its wake. Unhappy males, who have hitherto been restrained because of the usual messiness of murder, have been incited to use Shakspere's refined technic and straightway have run home and smothered their Desdemonas with pillows.

Think of the drama that has lain in poison vials! From the knockout drops slipped into the gin fizz of the underworldling to the classic potion that put poor Romeo to the mat, drugs have produced some of our thrillingest punches—yet poisoning is out on the banks of the Susquehanna.

To prove that the revealing of criminal technic does not incite imitators I once submitted a picture to a certain censor board which showed how hemlock was made and several good close-ups of Socrates drinking it. Then I waited hopefully to hear that these local philosophers in charge of the public morals had become incited to philosophic suicide, but no such happy result eventuated. I even offered to provide the hemlock, but the censors thought I was insulting them. Professional moralists never can take a joke.

There are a lot of people who would dearly love to pick pockets, but they don't know how, so according to the highest cinema morality we must not show pocket picking on the screen lest they learn the mysterious technic. But at the risk of becoming an accessory before a lot of unpleasant facts I'm going to tip off the potential crooks to where they may learn all about this fascinating crime. Sh-h-h! Just go to the public library and get a book called Oliver Twist, by C. Dickens. In it there is a character named Fagin who actually teaches pocket picking. It is from reading this book that all the ninth-grade children in America have become pocket pickers.

Safe robbery is out and "pictures dealing with counterfeiting will be disapproved." However, if one really wishes to know the technic of counterfeiting there is quite a lot of literature on the subject. In fact, the whole field of crime is charmingly exposed in the works of Edgar Allan Poe, Gaboriau and Conan Doyle. But if you think you could learn better how to open a safe by seeing it, attend a performance of Jimmie Valentine next time it comes to town.

It is bad enough to have the censors call the poor old struggling photo-drama a college of crime, but it is even a greater blow to have the burglars laugh at our technic. I have a friend in the Ohio State Pen. and he said to me the last time I was there: "Jimmy, if any yeggman, dip or porch climber operated as you fellows show them in the movies they would all land in the psychopathic ward and then be let free as harmless lunatics. You ought to have enough crooks in your business to wise you up on how to blow a safe or raise a check or ——" And so on.

Did Nick Carter Make Bandits of Us

"Men and women living together without marriage" will be disapproved, as will "the discussion of the consummation of marriage." Thus in Pennsylvania the great classic triangle has been squared and never again will Pittsburgh be compelled to witness home life without a close-up of the marriage license. Domestic-happiness stuff and the sweet-girl goo shall be the dramatic food of Erie, and Scranton will know only life as it ought to be—but sometimes isn't.

"Children and animals must not be brutally treated in pictures." I wonder, do the good people who framed that law believe that we actually killed little babies to make our German-atrocity scenes? Oh, the irony of public criticism! For when we induce a couple of grown-up actors to take a hard beating for the sake of the picture, then we are accused of trick stuff.

"Views of burning or the destruction of property, which may put like action into the minds of those of evil instincts or may degrade the morals of the young, may not be shown."

Now we know what turned our country into a nation of pyromaniacs. It was the wicked burning and destruction of the settlers' huts by the Indians in the old Buffalo Bill shows.

Out with gun play and underworld stuff!

Alas, what is to become of the spirit of adventure? And another alas for the loss of that love of punch—or even the memory of it—that one observes in the hearts of men when they approach their fatuous forties. In the hope of recalling the past and of softening the hearts of our middle-aged and medieval censors I ask them if they didn't once thrill to such passages as this: "Have mercy on me! Have mercy on me!" cried the beautiful maiden. "Never!" shouted Gonzales, the outlaw, kilang like dogs the other passengers who stood before him with upraised arms. "Ere yon sun sinks behind the Rockies ye shall be muh wife, ha, ha!"

Here is a perfectly fair question to ask the censors of gun play and violence: If Nick Carter couldn't make bandits of us, what earthly chance has Bill Hart with our sons?

Also, I should like to ask what is vulgarity? In Pennsylvania it is vulgar to poke fun at

(Continued on Page 80)

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(Continued from Page 78

a hospital, yet a hospital full of one-legged men is essentially funny—so fine is the line that divides comedy and tragedy. And—would you believe it?—the law in this austere state does not permit a film showing a little boy making faces—that is, if the rascal puts his thumb to his nose and distends his fingers. I wonder if we shot a picture showing a boy raising two fingers to another boy in school—which used to mean "Will you go swimmin'?"—would it be cut because it suggested the nude?

Now it is one thing to have standards and quite another to enforce them, so let us take a quick slant at the official bulletins to see if they do.

"War Brides—condemned because it deals with prenatal subjects." Of another story we read: "Reel One—eliminate all scenes showing baby clothes. These indicate prenatal condition." "Reel Three—eliminate title: 'Happy is the home where a baby is expected.' This indicates prenatal condition of young wife."

Think of the corrupting influence of Botticelli's Spring, which hangs in almost every American home and shows a prenatal condition in the dancing figures as the artist's symbol of that vernal season! Also out the female portraits by the Dutch masters, who unblushingly chose that period so as to get the beautiful look of coming motherhood in the faces of their sitters! Out Israels' Expectations in the Metropolitan Museum of Art!

The only conclusion one can come to is that the framers of this movie law were never born, but fell off Christmas trees or were washed ashore in shipwrecks.

Just a few more deletions to show that I have not exaggerated beyond the facts.

"Reel Two—eliminate all scenes where men are turning wheels of press bringing shaft closer to girl!"

I'll bet my sling shot, postage-stamp album and all my agates, against a red top, that these eliminators in their youth howled their appreciative heads off at the good old melodramas where the heroine was strapped to the railway track or was fastened to the skid in the sawmill.

To many of us life has never been the same since the passing of those grand old anatomical shows—The Pulse of New York, The Lights o' London, The Heart of the West and The Liver of Minneapolis. And now we are to be denied a revival of the sawmill scenes of the seventies and eighties lest the sterile consciences of our sons be inflamed to the dastardly deeds of black-mustached villains.

"Reel One-A—eliminate scene of calf feeding from mother."

This cut has no doubt saved the morals of literally thousands of men and women of the cities, who never will know just how calves survive during babyhood.

"Reel Four—reduce gambling scene. Only show three tables of gambling."

Those Sensitive Censors

Leaving out the question of the number of tables necessary to make gambling immoral, such a cut—though apparently slight—may mean the complete condemnation of the whole film because of the impossibility of retaking such a scene after a great lapse of time. To rebuild the set and reassemble the cast is in many cases practically impossible.

But let's lay off poor old Pennsylvania for a while and I will tell how the censors in a large Middle-Western city made Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch fit for film publication. It absolutely changed the relationship between the man and the maid, which was what prompted the heroine to her efforts of uplift and regeneration and was the whole excuse for the story. Here is the official purging: "Reel One-A—eliminate subtitle: 'But the world was not kind to Maggie—and two years later she was again seeking the shelter of the orphanage,' and substitute: 'But the world was not kind to Maggie and after two years' secrecy about her marriage she again seeks the orphanage.'"

Fortunately this tale was so well known that the newspapers kidded the censors into returning Maggie's sins to her.

The point of all this is to let the fans know that the producers have no monopoly of head bone. We utter many stupidities, no doubt, but we are not the authors of some of the curious plots you witness. When censors perform all sorts of marital legerdemain by changing titles one must expect curious developments in the story.

One exhibitor in a good-size town wittily took advantage of the moral paradox that things permissible on the stage are forbidden in the pictures, stopped his film at the points of elimination and had a mummer enact the part and speak the deleted titles! The villagers howled with joy, but the poor censors felt that the mean old exhibitor wasn't playing fair.

When we come to examine the censorable subjects one at a time we find some astonishing results. Take drinking, for instance. Under the present state of the public mind we might expect to note strong feeling, for—right or wrong—alcohol has occupied a large and dramatic part in life; yet in some places all drinking scenes are cut out; in others liquors may be shown on the table, bar or sideboard, but as soon as a person touches the glass the scene must be cut.

But fortunately for art, men sometimes appear intoxicated from other than alcoholic causes. I was ordered to cut a scene showing a chap unsteadily leaving his club, and recalling a letter of appreciation I had read addressed to a maker of liver pills in which the writer had told of suffering from dizzy spells, I saved the scene by simply changing one word in the title. "Bill Was a Bit Bibulous" became "Bill Was a Bit Bilious," and a parochial morality was saved a wetting.

Sparing the Other Fellow's Feelings

The vicissitudes of Jack London's John Barleycorn are themselves almost worth dramatizing. Forbidden by church people in some places, the film was used as W. C. T. U. propaganda in others. One board that never permitted the exhibition of liquor under any circumstances allowed this picture to pass, notwithstanding it contained more drinking scenes than any other film ever made.

One day I received a telegram from the local exhibitor of a certain town stating that one of our pictures had been denied a permit on the ground that it showed a drinking scene. I couldn't understand the condemnation, for I knew the censor well and he had always offered me "the best in the house."

"Bill," said I when I arrived in town, "what's the answer?"

"Well," he replied, "this burg has went and voted itself dry, so dry she'll be—even in the pictures. If that's what these pinheads want they can have it. I'm for the will of the peepul."

"You're kidding, Bill! You wouldn't use your office for personal revenge, would you?"

"You jest try and run the picture and see!" he answered, and all my arguments failed to budge him an inch. Yet that is not the only town in America that is denied its entertainment simply because it has delegated its movie morals to a vengeful man.

For the sake of those naïve souls who believe in the absolute realism of the pictures let me publicly state that the liquor imbibed in our wickedest Westerns is mostly sarsaparilla pop and is no more intoxicating than the imaginary quaff contained in the wooden goblets that the grand-opera chorus wave about like Indian clubs when they wish to register "To the King!"

Now let us take up the question of the nude—oh, such a delicate subject! Everybody will agree that the acceptability of its presentation largely depends upon the intention of the artist. In pictorial and plastic art the nude figure is found everywhere, but let a painter put a hat on a nude figure and it immediately becomes naked. Notwithstanding this evident difference, there are many people who believe that the human figure is intrinsically indecent.

We once filmed a classic in which a famous sculptor joins the church and finally becomes a priest, and later on in the story he models a beautiful female figure as the symbol of Truth. Though no model was shown, one board condemned the film because the priest was too worldly.

"But," said I, "he used no model and did the thing from his anatomical knowledge, in which he had been trained for years."

"Well," replied the chief objector with emphasis, "he ought to have forgotten his sinful past."

"But Father Gerrity has asked permission to run the picture at the K. of C. Hall on Friday night," I protested.

"Well, you tell him with my compliments that he can't do it."

In another town this same picture was turned down because one censor had his own queer notions of symbolism.

"Why did you pick out a woman to represent Truth? God is a man, isn't he? Well, if you shoot that scene over and make Truth a man I'll let it pass otherwise no, no, no, I tell you!"

But more delicate than the question of nudes is that of religion. Curiously enough, however, it is rarely that the censor's own beliefs are shocked; but he's afraid the other fellow's will be. A great historical drama has to this day been forbidden in a Protestant province in Canada on the ground that it might shock the Catholics, and in a Catholic province it has suffered the same fate for fear of upsetting the Protestants.

I once went to a Middle-Western city where for the first time one of our greatest successes had been condemned. It was a story of a girl who ran a gambling house in the West. The young minister in endeavoring to save her soul won her love, and she in turn saved him from disgrace by restoring a fund intrusted to him that had been stolen. The objection, it seems, lay in the fact that the girl was in love with a priest.

"But he is a Protestant," I argued, "and Catholics haven't the slightest objection to Protestant ministers marrying; so why should you care?"

"Well, right's right," answered the censor, "no matter what you think."

The same kind of objection popped up in a great Eastern state, but here instead of condemning the film the censors straightened out the story! The fact that men from time immemorial have deserted even their gods for the women they loved has been woven into story and song, but here was a man who was deserting only his stone-throwing congregation because they couldn't see the bigness of his soul. This is the official correction:

D. Eliminate all scenes and subtitles connected with Ruth's visit to the church, the minister's pleading for her, the congregation registering their opposition. This is a running cut beginning with the subtitle, "Sunday, the Lord's Day," and so forth, and ending with the fade-out, the last time she leaves the church with the minister.

E. Insert subtitle, "Time, the healer of all wounds, passes on, and true love points the way to eternal happiness."

Which is what we call a slush ending, but the audience must have been puzzled as to what it meant, for the wound was apparently left wide open the last time they saw the soul-torn couple together.

No Forgiveness in the Films

In a splendid story of repentance another censor stopped the film upon this naïve principle: "Well, you can't show any pictures round here that will let people think that after they're caught they can hide behind religion. They've got to pay the price."

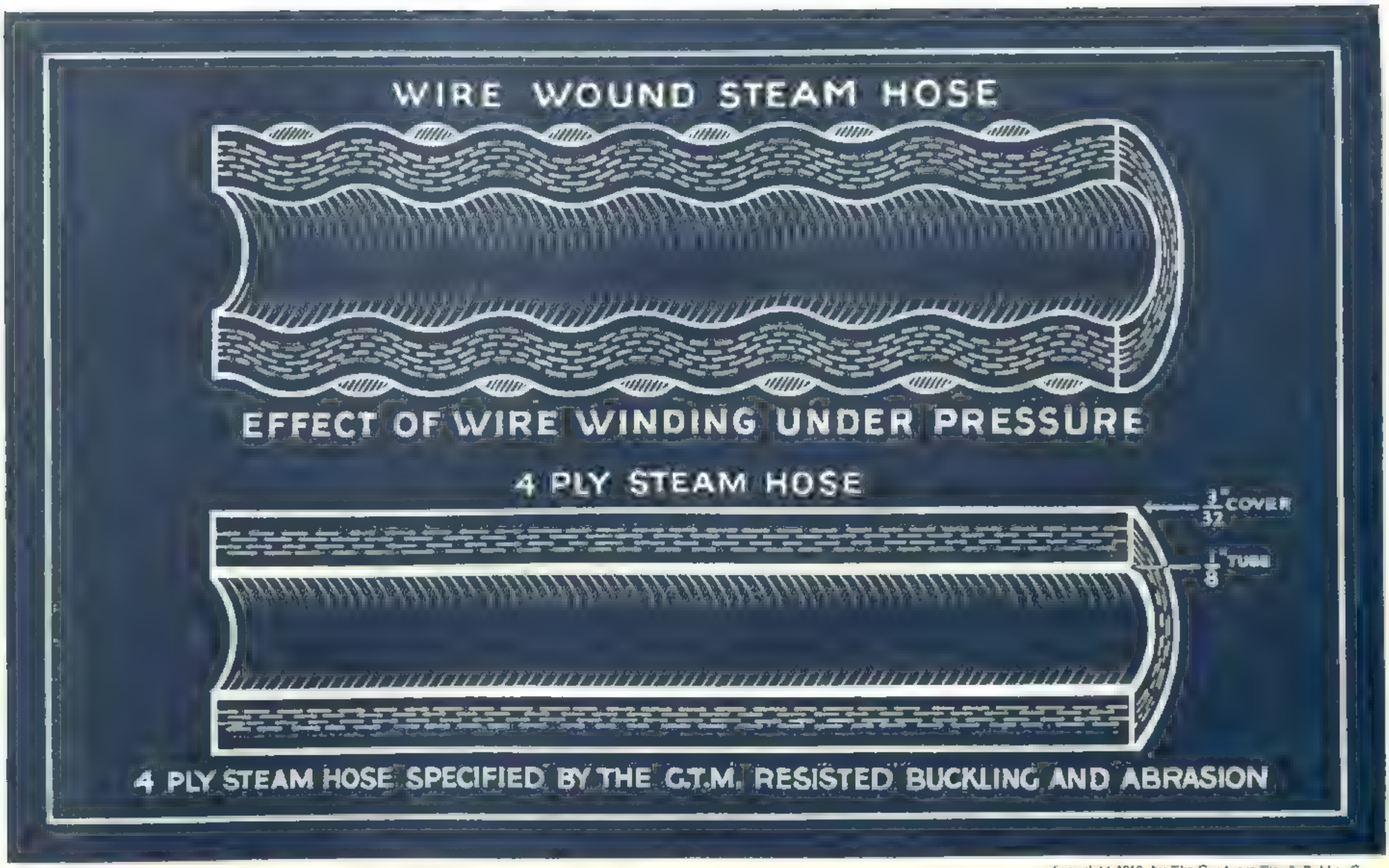
Now let us turn from the question of man's soul to his political beliefs, for here is where—from the Irishman's point of view—the fun begins. Politics in general is the expression of an economic interest. In the days of free trade and protection the North, representing manufacturing interests, was Republican and protective; and the South, being agricultural, was Democratic and for free trade. But with many people these differences of opinion were quite subconscious, and being herd animals their beliefs finally became simple prejudices born of tradition. I have often told how my Aunt Min gained such religious breadth that she would shamelessly dine with a Presbyterian, but Uncle Eb to his dying day reached no such happy results in his politics.

"Show me a Republican and I'll show you a rascal," he used to say.

So strong is this feeling yet that producers are very shy of exploiting any political doctrine and stick to nationalistic themes upon which we are all fairly agreed.

It would seem safe, therefore, to produce pictures of intense patriotism, but even here we run up against strange problems. For instance, during the war Canada and America were allies with a common cause and one would think that each would be tolerant of the other's flag waving; but this was not so. During the last four years our Lady of the Snows gave thumbs down on eighty reels of American war stuff. Why? Because of too much American flag.

(Continued on Page 83)


WIRE WOUND STEAM HOSE
EFFECT OF WIRE WINDING UNDER PRESSURE
4 PLY STEAM HOSE
3/32" COVER
1/8" TUBE
4 PLY STEAM HOSE SPECIFIED BY THE G.T.M. RESISTED BUCKLING AND ABRASION

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Steam, Wire, Rubber—and the G. T. M.

That steam hose had to be protected with wire, was long taken for granted by the Beach City Silica Sand Company, at Beach City, Ohio. Of course the hose had a habit of suddenly choking up and having to be discarded, but it had always done that, so they thought it was natural enough. In their experience, hose and steam didn't go well together anyway, and besides the wire seemed necessary for protecting the cover when it was dragged over sand, gravel and rock.

But one day a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—called on Mr. Oliver, president and general manager. And before he left he showed Mr. Oliver something about wire, steam and rubber. When he first came in he was asked what he had to sell. "Steam Hose," said he. "What's the price?" was the answer. "I want to show you something about hose first," said the G. T. M. "Oh, I see; you're one of the fellows that have something a little better than anybody else." The G. T. M. admitted that he was, and that the something better was just what Mr. Oliver needed to cut down his steam-hose bills.

He showed him a sample of 4-ply Goodyear Steam Hose—of Monterey construction—*not* wire-wound. Mr. Oliver immediately pointed out that their hose had to be dragged over rough, sharp surfaces and needed wire protection. And then the G. T. M. explained what wire-winding does to steam hose—how the alternate heating and cooling, pressure and deflation involved in using steam hose expand and contract the body of the hose more than they can expand or contract the wire-winding. In consequence the inner tube of the hose separates from the fabric plies, causing a blister which sooner or later closes up and prevents steam from getting through in the required volume.

Then he told him about the rubber cover of that piece of Goodyear Hose, how it was compounded to resist abrasion, and how it did resist it. Mr. Oliver was interested, said he had never thought that wire-winding was harmful or that a properly compounded cover could do what that Goodyear cover seemed to be able to do. But he said he didn't need any hose just then.

A month later he ordered according to the G. T. M.'s recommendation—ordered by mail. Some time later the G. T. M. saw him. He was perfectly satisfied, introduced the G. T. M. to some of his friends and told them that if they wanted to save money on belts and hose to let him analyze their conditions and prescribe the goods to meet them. And he added, "He told me something about steam hose that I never knew before; after he left I proved it by cutting up an old piece of hose. And the hose he recommended is rendering exceptional service." Of course the Beach City Silica Sand Company continues to order its hose from Goodyear, in accordance with the G. T. M.'s recommendation.

If you have never challenged your steam and water hose bills, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do so when next in your vicinity. His services in the matter of hose are free—just as they are for belts. The good will resulting from the economies the G. T. M.'s effect, is always certain to result in a gratifying volume of business within a few years.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Clusters *of* rich, purple grapes!

Now is the time to make up for any of the fruits you may have neglected to preserve. Grapes are ripe and there are countless ways in which to preserve them. Grape jam, grape jelly, grape conserve, grape butter.

We are fortunate in having the wholesome products of America's splendid canning industries. But there is still surplus fruit to be preserved and it is our duty to preserve it.

In all your preserving use Domino Granulated sugar. Domino Granulated is a pure cane sugar of the highest quality, and comes to you in convenient sturdy cartons and strong cotton bags, free from flies, ants and dust.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.

(Continued from Page 80

Unfortunately there is an old tradition to the effect that one may prove one's own patriotism by slamming the other fellow. We have boys on this side of the line who—when things are dull—can always start something by twisting the lion's tail, panning the Mexican or handing it to the Jap. And so in Canada there are superpatriots who take a wallop at Uncle Sam whenever they can, or try to break up Anglo-American friendship as an embarrassment to their own government. All this may be perfectly fair on the political field, but it would seem that art should not be made a party to it. Yet the photo-drama has paid a fearful price in order to supply political partisans with ammunition.

As much as we love Canada, our greatest market is right here in America and it was natural that we should make heroes in our own national image; as the Dominion makes scarcely any pictures of her own she is largely dependent upon us for her photo-dramatic entertainment. But, alas, some of her censors in their patriotic zeal decided that if she couldn't have Canadian pictures she shouldn't have any!

Such items as President Wilson's arrival in Paris were cut from the news weeklies. Of course such a performance is just silly and it is doubtful if our robust neighbors would have stood for such mutilations had they known about it.

While we are at it, however, let us not forget that we have a few politicians in our own country—men who played the patriotic stuff both ways from the middle. One chap refused to allow any pictures of Hughes to be shown in his state, while another fellow, bent upon discovering sedition in the remotest places, condemned a five-reel comedy as pro-German because one scene showed the comedy bride and groom traveling hilariously on their honeymoon through old Heidelberg.

Small Egos With Big Prejudices

Another story was denied exhibition in a large city because of its "German atmosphere." And true enough, the film was saturated in that offensive medium, but only to show the work of the hero, who turned out to be a British spy plotting wholeheartedly in the interest of his country.

Everybody loves power in one form or another. Great souls, like the prophets of old, the founders of religions and our own Abraham Lincoln found theirs in the spirit. Artists thrill with the power of adding beauty and happiness to an all-too-ugly world; certain great egos in industry crave material power over the lives of their fellow men; and then at last we find the little egos who lord it over their families and are made supremely happy if they can exercise the slightest authority over the neighbors.

It is these small egos of little vision and stupendous prejudices that cause the greatest embarrassment to the producers and exhibitors of the photo-drama. They will often forbid pictures upon their personal, unsupported opinion, and in many places there is no appeal from their legal stubbornness.

Censors With Nothing to Censor

Even the social power that comes with the privilege of previewing pictures is cherished highly by little men and women. They achieve a certain æsthetic class in the village by their critical vantage point and they put it all over their neighbors by their familiarity of the great popular art.

In order to see how this apparently innocent function can become a real political weapon let us suppose one of the hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month moralists is appointed censor. His first stunt is to appoint a large board of deputies, who—armed with passes—attend all the movie shows.

One would think people who are ostensibly appointed to save their fellows from artistic debaucheries would welcome films that by no possible standard could be cut. Well, here is an experience that will show this is not always the case. I was called to a town where a certain picture had been ruined for no apparent reason that we could figure. The censor in this case kept a store and was an undertaker on the side—but earned twenty-five dollars a month to keep the town pure.

"I used to have about eight or ten cuts a week before Hickey quit the exchange and began buying your program stuff, and damfi could find anything in it to cut. If I don't censor I'll lose my job, so if you are sore at what I'm doin', why don't you arrange to have your company shoot somethin' I kin cut without hurtin' the fillum?"

"That's a good idea," I said. "I'll wire the company and let you know to-night."

So I arranged a meeting where the mayor could overhear the talk, with the result that the man was fired; and His Honor refused to appoint another censor.

One company, I am ashamed to say, has risen to this bait and deliberately includes vulgarities for the sheer purpose of supplying those charming defenders of the hearth and home something upon which they may earn their wage. But the sword works both ways, for the films go to places where no censorship exists and immediately there is agitation for a censor. Another company invites the censors to come to New York at their expense to view the films before they are released—and incidentally shows the parochial purists the sights of the town.

And while we are discussing the peanut politics of most censorship let us give the police the gladsome up-and-down. A writer has said that there are three classes of people who won't be joked at—school-teachers, ministers and policemen. But this is unfair to learning and the cloth.

There may be something in the daily contemplation of crime and other human weaknesses that crabs the sense of humor;

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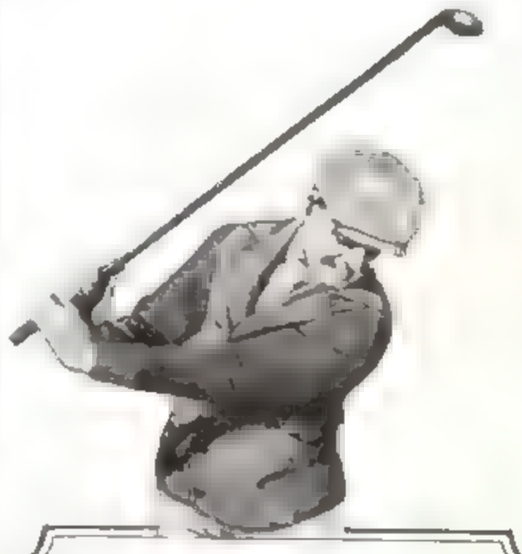
Little Boys Who See Pictures Like This Always Become Outlaws. We Who Were Brought Up on Nick Carter Deny This



Some Coat!

Sleeves and body lining fine, soft French Gray suede leather. The body fine velour in gray, tan or golden brown, or tweed in gray or green mixture

Made with the neat, comfortable three-way collar, elastic box pleat back worsted knit wrists, four roomy pockets.

Warm, wind-proof, yet light. Neat appearing yet permits entire freedom of movement.

Ideal for men who work or play out of doors.

BOSTWICK WEAR

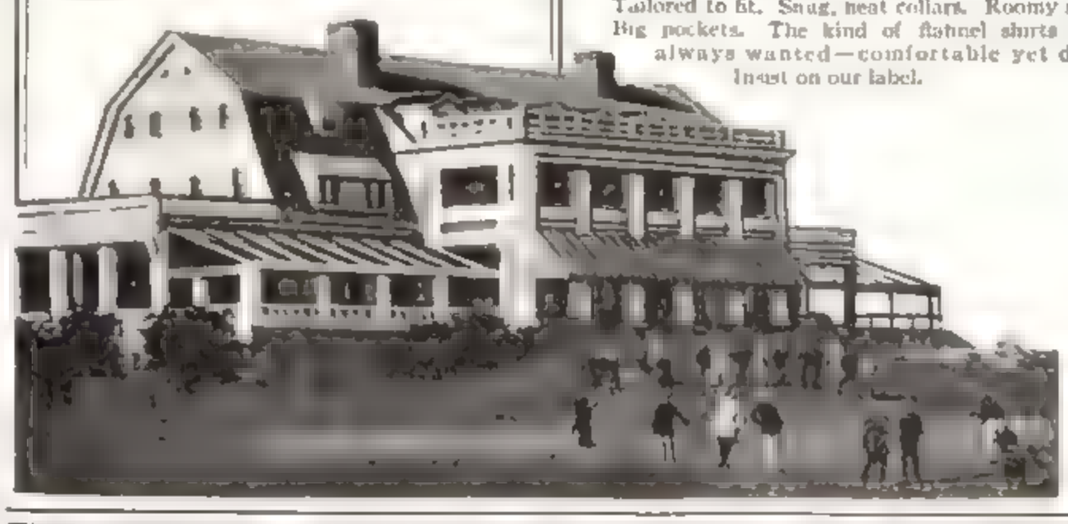
Better coats, vests, ulsters with leather and lamb linings, reversible cloth and leather ulsters and flannel shirts—better in design, appearance, quality of materials and making

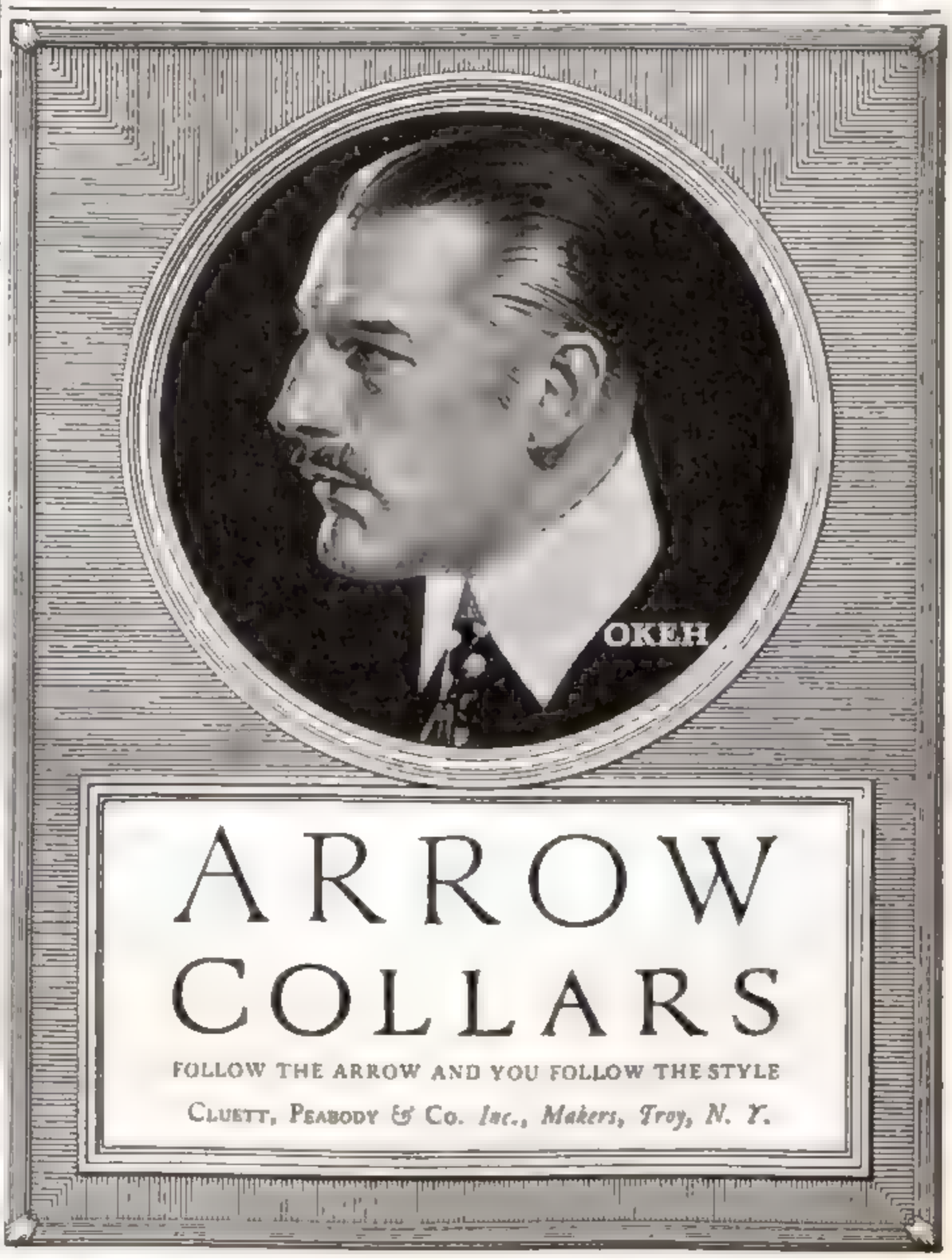
If your dealer's stock has not arrived, send his name and we will see that you are supplied.

JOHNSON BOSTWICK & CO.
105 Bostwick Bldg., Mpls. Minn.

Bostwick Flannel Shirts

Tailored to fit. Snug, neat collars. Roomy sleeves. Big pockets. The kind of flannel shirts you've always wanted—comfortable yet dressy. Insist on our label.





ARROW
COLLARS

FOLLOW THE ARROW AND YOU FOLLOW THE STYLE

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co. *Inc., Makers, Troy, N. Y.*

LINDSAY LIGHT POLISH

Leaves a Lasting Lustre

It Comes All the Way From India

From the shores of the Bay of Bengal, 9,412 miles away, comes the remarkable mineral which makes this *the wonder-polish for metal and glass.*

It imparts polishing properties that are marvelous.

It enables Lindsay Light Polish to thoroughly clean and brilliantly polish anything of metal or glass without scratch or streak, however delicate the surface.

It makes it lightning quick.

POLISHES *Silver, Aluminum, Nickel, Porcelain, Brass, Glass, Copper, Tile;* CLEANS *White Paint—as never before.*

The simple formula: apply a thin film of Lindsay Light Polish with the dampened end of a cloth; rub briskly with the dry end. The result will make you marvel.

Nine distinct uses. A many-purpose polish.

Buy and try it. If not the best you ever used, we will refund the purchase price.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c for a 7-ounce can or 50c for an 18-ounce can and it will come to you prepaid.

In 5-lb. and 10-lb. tin containers for large users like hotels, restaurants, hospitals, factories, stores and office buildings.

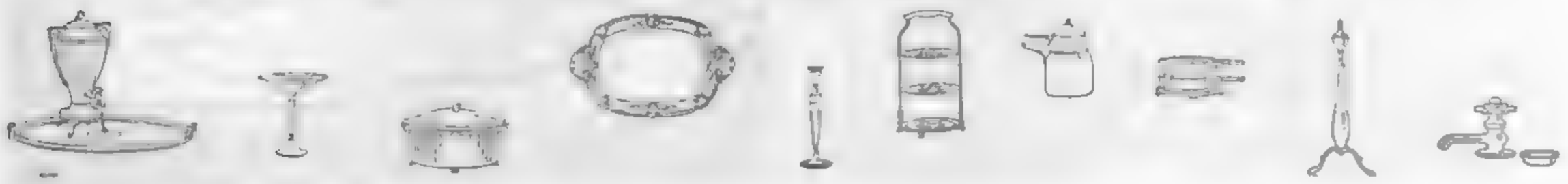
Dealers: *In its handsome display carton, Lindsay Light Polish is a ready seller. Order from your jobber or us.*

Manufacturers of Thorium Nitrate, Cerium Nitrate, Cerium Oxalate U. S. P., Cerium Carbonates, Rare Earth Hydrates, Rare Earth Fluorides, Didymium Nitrate

Lindsay Light Company

New York CHICAGO San Francisco

Manufacturers of Beryllium Nitrate, Titanium Potassium Oxalate, Rare Earth Metal Forms, Compounds of Antimony, Incandescent Gas Mantles, Metal and Glass Polish



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but the fact remains that many cops — even some Irish ones — have dignities that excel even the bench and the pulpit and when they have the power will permit no one to treat them lightly. As the photo-drama is the only censorable art in America it has to take all the clubbings.

In one great city where the police are the determiners of artistic values in the cinema the famous Clingstone Cops were banned and even the finest studies of our greatest comedian have been cut where the alleged dignity of the law was upset.

But this sort of censorship does not stop here. These detectors of crime also sit in judgment on dramatic art, even dragging poor old Shakspere off in the Black Maria. In one of the finest battles I ever had the chief was of a race peculiarly lacking in our kind of humor. He had forbidden one of our pictures on fourteen counts, so I decided to fight, and while an appeal to the governor of the state was pending I ran the film with fines piling up at an alarming rate.

At the sixth performance I learned that the chief and his wife were in attendance, so I got an usher and we both snook down and took seats immediately behind them. As the film progressed the chief pointed out the offending parts, but the wife wasn't a bit impressed.

"Why, deary, that's all right," was her comment to all his objections. And when it came to the big punch and he grew red under the collar she bravely said: "Why, deary, that is the whole point of the story."

He evidently respected his wife and was frankly chagrined.

As the couple were about to leave I tapped the guardian of the law and art on the shoulder and said: "Chief, I have heard the whole conversation, and if you insist upon this condemnation I shall summon your wife as a witness against you."

The result was that I went to headquarters next day and got the permit by agreeing to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars for having defied the laws of the state in running the picture six days without permission!

Doing the Public's Thinking

Which reminds me that our troubles would be cut in two if women were the censors, for—as much as I hate to say it—with a few exceptions men are far more stubborn in their prejudices. The single woman member on one board is our only hope when things get thick. I attended a meeting one time and was amazed to hear her oppose a certain film that was immediately passed over her veto. When I questioned her afterward she said: "Oh, that was just a trick! If those men really thought I favored a picture very strongly they would kill it just to get even with me. I have to play my cards very carefully or they will suspect me."

Yet they say women can't understand politics!

At another time I had an engagement to meet the board at five o'clock and the case was serious, but this same woman gave me a tip.

"Get the meeting postponed—if you can—until after dinner. Mr. Blank is a perfect bear before his dinner, but after he is fed he is as expansive and lovable as you please."

I succeeded in the postponement—and Mr. Blank voted for the picture. Thus it will be seen that one's moral outlook often depends upon one's dietary metabolism.

We gayly appoint censors, thinking their duties are merely to save an outraged morality. But they are soon settling much more delightful questions.

Here is a case where an artist's interpretation was challenged: One of our biggest producers filmed a great historical drama of Joan of Arc. After much debate among the scenario staff, for reasons that had been tested in other films, he decided to treat his subject as a human being rather than as a mystic, and in order to disarm criticism he frankly called his picture Joan, the Woman. When the picture went on the market there was a great deal of wholesome academic discussion as to the interpretation, all of which had much educational value, and the libraries reported an amazing call for literature upon the subject. But one day the picture was stopped and the studio sent its ethical ambassador to learn the cause. At a special meeting the reason advanced was the æsthetic one referred to.

"I'll tell you, Joan of Arc has been canonized by the church and nobody has any right to insinuate that she ever loved a man or was anything but a saint."

"But, Mr. So-and-So," put in a mousy little man, "the founder of our faith has time and again been treated in literature as a man, with reverence and helpful understanding, and it seems to me that mere interpretation of treatment is an artistic privilege we have no concern with."

After an hour of debate the ambassador rose and said: "As you gentlemen seem unable to agree among yourselves upon a purely æsthetic problem, don't you think it only fair that the public should be permitted to decide for itself? It is such discussions as these that render the whole problem of censorship absurd. If you do not pass this film I shall publish this debate verbatim." Needless to say it was passed.

Shock Troops and Cinema Thrills

Dramatic impresarios have always known the value of shock methods in advertising, and in the good old days of the road shows we looked forward deliciously to at least one annual jolt to our civic virtue. The regular method was to have the advance man call upon the mayor and tell a hard-luck story of how the jay towns had stopped his show, but he felt sure a real live city would find no objection to it. Strangely enough the dear old mayor, his boob district attorney and even the sad-eyed chief of police would usually fall for this stall and insist on a preview before the permit was issued. The advance shock troops would then let the newspaper fellows in on the scandal and they in turn would call upon the ministers for opinions regarding the threatened outrage. Pretty soon the women's clubs would take it up and by the time the show arrived the whole village would be throwing a virtuous fit. At the special performance to which the authorities, ministers and shocked ladies would be invited a naughty song or dance would be interpolated into a very dull show for the express purpose of having it cut out. With this elimination the drama might have been shown with propriety in a church or used as a cure for insomniacs. But the shock staff, having crowded other news off the front page for a day, jammed the theater the entire week of its stay. It must always be remembered that everybody likes a gentle shock occasionally, a point often capitalized both by editors and showmen.

The difficulty of this stunt was in working it twice a season, for the memories of mayors and district attorneys run about that long, but if we have an official whose whole duty it is to be shocked the problem is simplified, and so the classic game is worked every few weeks in the censorship districts. Not only does the censor—earning his wage and not entirely hating to see his name on the first page in the paper—often fall for the scheme, but alas, he sometimes forbids a film until the town is all worked up, the ministers have seen it and given signed opinions, and then he "reluctantly releases it!"

There are some places where photo-dramatic editing is so boyish that bill stickers are sent about covering up the deletions on the show bills. If the censorship forbids the public exhibition of gun play, for instance, such weapons will be covered with little posters, which naturally have the effect of making one wildly inquisitive to learn what the man is holding in his hand that had to be effaced by law. As may be guessed, bathing girls suffer a similar drapery.

Needless to say, exhibitors have taken advantage of this snappy means of advertising and often have perfectly innocent pictures stuck all over with censor's posters, thus subtly inviting the citizens to come and enjoy the latest cinema thrill—with the most pleasing results. In several towns where indecent exposure is definitely defined by law clever exhibitors call loud attention to their shows by draping the Clingstone beauties with paper aprons.

Public gullibility is amusing when it results only in crowded houses with shocking hopes that are doomed to dullness, but unfortunately some producers and exhibitors have deliberately fostered race and class hatreds by the same methods.

Many people favor censorship, "if only the personnel is refined and cultured," but these qualities in censors do not solve the problem, as it is impossible for real nice people to be quite fair to those less nice. How often do we hear æsthetic folk deploring the taste of the gang for preferring the

O-B Rings
As for wedding rings a man will look far rather than accept anything but the very best. In finding the O-B Trademark, he has the satisfaction of knowing he has obtained the finest ring made.
"Wherever good jewelry is sold"
Ostby & Barton Co. Providence, R.I. U.S.A.

DENBY
MOTOR TRUCKS
BEARING its mighty burden as lightly as a thoroughbred bears its rider, this great truck moves with quiet dignity, secure in the proud supremacy of illimitable power and perfection of detail
Denby Motor Truck Company
Detroit
Pioneers of the Internal Gear Drive

GILBERT
New Wheel Toy

WITH these sets of specially made steel disc wheels, finely painted steel plates and axles, strong hardwood bars, etc., any boy can make all sorts of fine outdoor toys. A screw driver and a wrench are the only tools needed.

Make Racers, Gliders, Wagons, Trucks

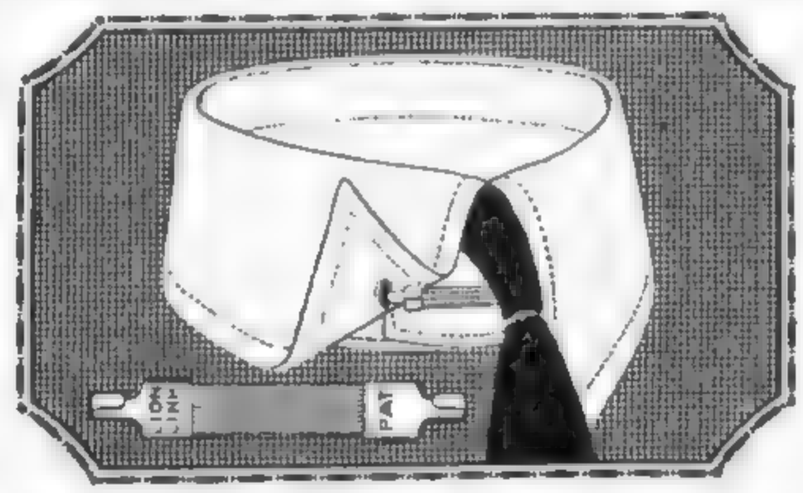
Your boy can make a new toy whenever he wants it—coasters and racers and gliders that are strong and speedy, snappy-looking express carts, baggage trucks, wheelbarrows, go-carts, etc.

The fine $10 set ($15 in Canada) has gears and pinions and extra parts that make a great power racer. The $6 set ($9 in Canada) makes the glider, coaster, flat topped wagon, etc. Then there is the big $15 set ($22.50 in Canada) that also makes a small sleigh and bob sleighs.

Big Prize Contest—Boys' Magazine FREE

We have started a big toy building contest for boys and girls, with a real buckboard automobile or Shetland pony for first prize, and a hundred other fine prizes. The contest is free. Write for list of prizes, free copy of our boys' magazine and catalog of Gilbert Toys.

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
110 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario



Lion Link Collars

are made with special eyelets in which to fasten the Lion Link, which prevents the collar from spreading, and holds the tie in proper position.

The relation a perfect fitting collar has to correct dress, is described by the foremost authority on men's fashions, in the Booklet "Correct Dress and Collars." Here is the coupon—mail it today.

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO.
TROY, N. Y.

Send me the Booklet "Correct Dress and Collars."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

If you are a dealer please give name of concern.

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N. Y., MAKERS OF LION SHIRTS

cataclysmic comedies of the Sunday supplement to the refined humor of the Editor's Drawer. Many nice people would absolutely forbid the yellow newspapers if they could, but such days are past and the horrid masses may now have papers as gaudy and vulgar as their depraved hearts desire. Only in the photo-drama has the liberty of choice been denied. Here at least may the refined person enforce his own taste on the others. He previews the first three episodes of the Poisoned Hatpin and his beautiful soul is outraged at the gun play, fighting, explosions and general cussedness of the masked villain, so he cuts out all the punches, yet in the gas-tank districts and the mining towns the tumultuous serials go big when the unrefined fans are permitted to see them.

That this tyranny of private opinion is a contradiction of free speech is best evidenced by the fact that often the most refined censors disagree among themselves. As one intelligent member has written:

"Viewing the national board internally: Many of its members are predominantly concerned with the child and have blind spots for other social problems. Others are swayed more or less unconsciously by their own rebellion against the æsthetic—not moral—standards of the millions. There are members of religious bias, members deeply schooled in submissive morality, members with a strong property loyalty, members with sympathies for the industrial revolution, members with a hatred for caricature or libel directed against downtrodden elements of the nation."

The enormous fiscal losses to the companies and the æsthetic discouragement to the actors are after all not to be compared in importance with the emasculated films that the public is compelled to see; and often the greatest films are absolutely forbidden because one person in the community may have a blind spot.

If for no other reason than the financial loss big producing companies will not utter offenses against public taste. We have learned that nothing pays like the cleanest pictures. The inevitable suicide of the vamp story and the noteworthy popularity of the ten greatest stars are eloquent that the public has determined upon and patronizes liberally the cleanest pictures. It required no censors to learn that snakes were offensive to most people and that gross vulgarity very quickly kills the company uttering it.

I have said that as yet the photo-drama is somewhat handicapped in that it has no special audiences, but in one respect this is an automatic check upon its moral behavior, for by the same token no producer can round up exclusive audiences of vulgarians. No matter how lowbrow the district, there are always a few who will go to the manager and raise a fearful howl if an offense occurs. Leave it to ma and pa to decide what is good for little Willie.

In its larger application the idea of public censorship has softened greatly and the National Board of Review is as liberal and as fair as any group of educated and intelligent people can be, but the little local boards that often pay no heed to the national's rulings are springing up in all directions.

In this crisis the big distributing producers have at last organized for the purpose of establishing a set of high standards to which they will all subscribe and then will refuse releases to any exhibitor who shows wildcat films that offend public taste. In this way we hope to make agitation for censorship negligible, for no exhibitor will dare to show rotten stuff if it will inhibit his getting the standard pictures.

If local censorship is not entirely driven out of business our photo-drama will soon be reduced to travelogues, goo and witty sayings, for it is becoming well-nigh impossible to produce pictures that will get by the chaos of moral standards. One of the greatest historical dramas ever filmed was censored in thirty-two places—and in no two places for the same reason!

This may all seem funny enough to the great majority who live in uncensored and sinful communities, but it is no joke to the producers. A picture forbidden in one state the size of Ohio or Pennsylvania or even Kansas may mark the difference between profit and loss.

One day recently I battled six hours to save a charming scene of Charlot dancing with some wood dryads in a Corot landscape, but neither my wit nor my respectable make-up could prevail against the shocked sensibilities of the chief objector, who was a small-town banker and boasted possessing a fine copy of Bouguereau's Satyr and the Nymphs.

"My dear," said I that night when I reported my diplomatic failure to my wife, "I've just thought of the only film that I believe would pass every censor board in the country—and that is a picture of the mint showing how money is made."

"No, daddy," piped up my daughter, who goes to school in Memphis, "the mere title, The Mint, would stir up the whole South to evil action, for it is too reminiscent of the forbidden julep."

THE CLOSET DRAMA AND THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT

(Continued from Page 22)

Neither the public nor the stage—the art of acting—will ever be really instructed or materially helped by revivals of those old plays and others like them; or of, for example, such later ones as Catiline or Comus or Cato or Philip Van Artevelde or The Cenci or Werner, or of any of the more modern—in most instances, far inferior—and merely literary dramas—whether Scandinavian, Italian, French, English, Irish or what not—with which, and by extravagant advocacy of which, as I believe, real progress and the best interests of the theater have been during recent years obstructed and delayed. If this be critical treason—why, then, make the most of it! It is assuredly my settled conviction. And I appeal to the history of our theater to approve and support me. Though many of the greatest leaders of the stage—those who, rightly, are most extolled and held up to us for emulation—have made their side ventures, their little journeys into the realm of literary drama I defy any fair disputant to show me any testimony—whether a written opinion or a record of their careers—that does not sustain my view of this matter.

The very phrase "literary drama" is almost a contradiction in terms, a posing of mutual exclusives! "Drama" that is to be acted must seize and impel attention by active interest; must visibly move; must tell a story in action—and dramatic action is often practically or wholly independent of language. The best of all historians of the subject has pointed out that language, a series of sounds uttered by the voice and the organs of articulation, addressed to the ear and not to the eye, is the medium of literature, which is composed of words—of thought reduced to the form of words. You may be sublimely eloquent in the use of that medium—and yet not be even a tolerable dramatist. Contrasted with the truly dramatic the work that is in essence literary is a work which pertains to learning or letters—to the art of verbal depiction or narrative. Put crudely, the difference is analogous to the difference between hearing a murder described and actually seeing it done.

Sometimes a great drama is also great literature; but it is seldom that a work distinctively great as literature is also great or even practicable as drama. It is the dramatic, not the literary excellence of the best plays of Shakspere that makes them great as plays and which, in spite of every mutation of fashion and taste, will maintain for them through generation after generation a place in the actable and acted drama. It has been pointed out before now that Shakspere put into his plays more than the requirements of any stage—his or ours—demanded or, indeed, would sustain. And therefore when we revive the masterpieces even of the greatest dramatist—Othello, Hamlet, King Lear, Julius Cæsar, The Tempest, all of them—the very first thing we are forced to do—just as Garrick and Kemble and Kean and Macready and Charles Kean and Philps and Calvert and Irving and Booth and Forrest and Davenport and the Booths and McCullough and Barrett and the Wallacks and Daly and all the rest of the giants did before us—is to

(Continued on Page 89)

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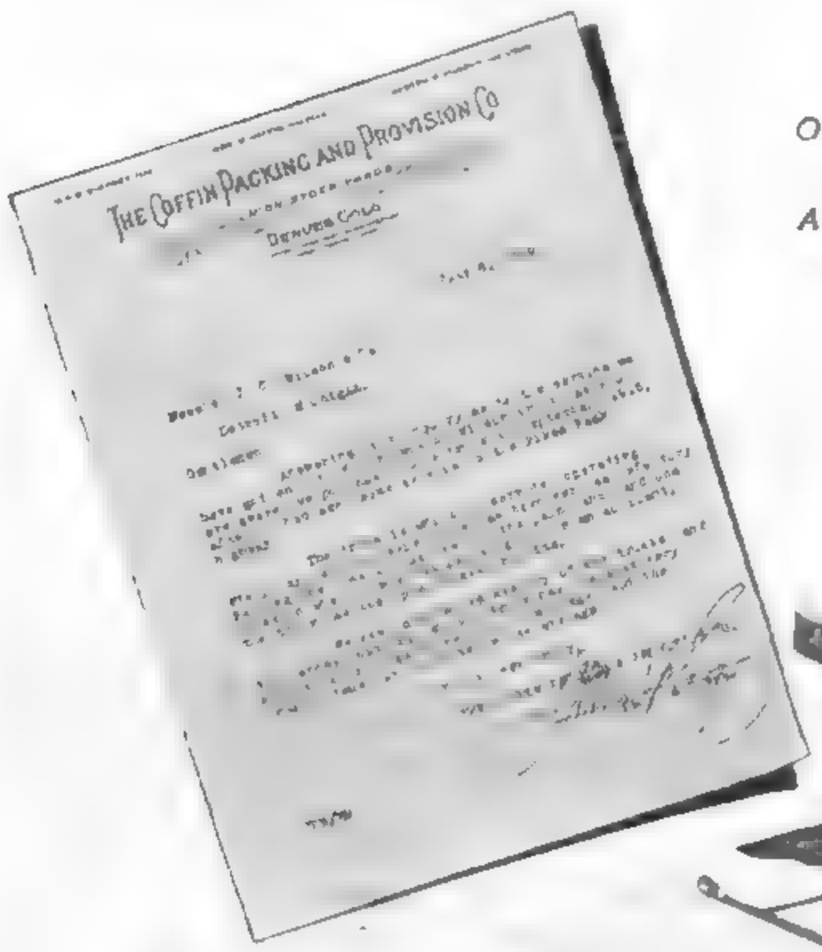
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• COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS •

(Continued from Page 86)

cut out the purely or preponderantly literary passages. Why, Edwin Booth and Henry Irving, than whom greater managers and men never lived in the theater, declared, as we have it on the most undoubted authority, for Cibber's version of King Richard III, for practical stage purposes—which means for pleasing the paying public—over Shakspere's original!

Then you, good my masters The Public, and you, good my brother artisans of the pen, do not rail at or harshly and unjustly condemn the honest commercial manager of to-day, who does not produce the literary, the closet drama. Believe me, he does not seek to prostitute the drama or the theater or himself. He usually has aspirations as high as yours and mine, but he must conduct his business on a business basis—or very soon cease to conduct it at all! Doctor Johnson's mellifluous lines on this subject have doubtless often been misused to excuse wrong or bad managerial policy; nevertheless, though I would not cite them—or any other words ever written—for that purpose, they remain a wonderfully succinct statement of the actual predicament of all workers in the theater—just as much to-day as when the sage wrote them for his friend, David Garrick, more than one hundred and seventy years ago:

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live!

Advocates of the closet, the higher, drama are continually complaining that the commercial manager is stupidly, blindly obdurate regarding the welfare of the theater and the advantage of the public because, as those advocates allege, he will not produce—because, so they say, he has not brains enough to appreciate—either the literary masterpieces which are standing idly on library shelves, still less those that are offered to him by authors of to-day and are rejected without being given even a chance.

Wanted—Unacted Masterpieces

I must confess that that complaint sometimes annoys me and makes me impatient. We theatrical managers—of all sorts—need plays; we are hungry for them and on the hunt for them, early and late. I, for example, work almost every day from nine or ten o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night—and yet there is hardly a night that I do not take home with me a manuscript play to look over; often I take home three or four such. Why, at the very moment that I write this there are no less than twenty different dramatists working on plays for me, and I am using every means I know of or can invent in order to stimulate and encourage them and get them to turn in to me finished scripts.

Unacted masterpieces! For God's sake, let me have them! I need them in my business. Only—they must be plays, not mere fabrics of words, no matter how beautiful the literary style with which the words are combined.

My dear old friend William Winter, a few years before his death, testified on this subject—about which we often conversed—and as he was not only one of the most practical and reasonable of theatrical authorities but also a dramatist, as well as a master of literature and of all pertaining to it, I want to quote his testimony on this subject here.

"Most plays," Winter declared, "that are written in every period are trash! The faculty of the dramatist is rare. I have been pestered all my life by requests to read unacted plays and give opinions about them. I used to read many. I never do so now, unless for some exceptionally good reason. And I do not recall even a single instance of a play by a novice, which has been submitted to me, that was worth the time it took to read it. Not only does almost every person who can write anything believe that he can write a play but great numbers of persons who seem to recognize that they can write nothing else nevertheless suppose that they possess the peculiar talent essential for that difficult species of composition!"

And dilating further on this subject Winter wrote:

"It always has been so. When Lord Byron became a director of Drury Lane Theater—an office that he held for a short time in 1815—he heard the same complaint that is made now—the complaint that unknown dramatists receive no encouragement—and he caused an examination to be made, and he participated in it, of the manuscript plays which had been submitted for managerial consideration and were then in the Drury Lane Theater library. There were about five hundred of them. 'I do not think,' he subsequently wrote, 'that of those which I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them! . . .' The unacted, the rejected plays of our period are mostly of the kind Byron found in Drury Lane. Writers, even of great ability, as a rule, think only or chiefly of shaping their thoughts into felicitous words. The objective faculty in art is rare. The plays of Cervantes—who wrote many dramas and prided himself much more on his theatrical compositions than on his immortal Don Quixote, perhaps the greatest novel ever written—were so tedious that no audience would long endure them. . . ."

Though I agree with Byron and with Winter—as I am sure does every other experienced and practical worker in the theater—I have, I believe, gone further than any other manager ever went—or is ever likely to go!—to give the dramatic novice, the literary man who might perhaps have a serviceable idea and nothing else, an opportunity. I had for years heard so much about suppressed masterpieces that I began to think there might be something in it and I determined to round 'em all up, if I could, and enjoy a sort of corner in budding genius! With this purpose in view I established and for several years maintained as an adjunct to my theatrical business a play bureau, the primary purpose of which was to encourage, develop and in every practical way aid the unknown and untried playwright. As many as one hundred plays were sometimes received by that bureau in a single day. Several thousand manuscripts a year were carefully read, studied and reported on—and not even one ever came in that was of any use; that, as Byron puts it, "could be conscientiously tolerated!" My bureau cost me never less than $15,000 a year to maintain: it never directly or indirectly returned me one cent; and as the only practical purpose it seemed to serve was to facilitate the making of outrageous charges against me of plagiarism by cooks and bottle washers I closed it up.

The Public Gets What it Wants

Let us recognize and admit frankly that there are not many plays written in any epoch that live in the theater or are worthy to live—and those that do live derive their vitality not from their literary but from their dramatic qualities. The School For Scandal is immortal not because of its literary brilliance but because, granted competent actors, it is one of the most intensely human and effectively actable of plays as well as a perfect comedy of manners. The fact—which, by the way, I never see mentioned by any contemporary reviewers—that remarkably few plays of significance, substance and enduring value are being written at this immediate juncture is due not, as commonly alleged, to repressive cupidity on the part of commercial managers but to the other fact that the vast majority of plays written to-day—say, ninety-five per cent of them—are being made by persons who not only do not possess the dramatic faculty but who do not even feel an honest impulse to dramatic expression; by persons, in short, whose sole desire is to make money.

Disagreements on this subject of closet drama and theatrical management are inevitable, and irreconcilable as long as censurers clamor for production of the former without due regard to requirements of the latter. "Sure," says Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the play, "if you was goin' north, while I was goin' south, maybe that's the reason we didn't meet!" We are traveling in different directions while one party seeks to arraign the managers for a bad condition which, if actually it exists, rightly is chargeable against the public. And we waste time in disputing over any dogmatic assertion that an undramatic play is available for dramatic purposes. I venture therefore to urge that it is incumbent on those who censure theatrical managers for not producing closet, imaginative, literary plays—thus, as alleged, depressing the drama to a low level—either to inform themselves better or to recognize things as they are. It may be a shame and a crying wrong that our stage is not devoted to Cato and Pippa Passes, and divers other such masterpieces of literature; personally I think it is a blessing that it is not, and I am entirely with the public; I

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think one Conn the Shaughraun is, for stage purposes, for legitimate entertainment and beneficial diversion, worth twenty Catos. But when the public prefers Cato and Pippa, Pippa and Cato it will get.

It seems to me that the theater and the drama are everlastingly going to the demnition bowwows. Yet somehow they never go! It really is amazing what an amount of declining and falling the drama has mysteriously managed to survive. Five years before Shakspere died rare Ben Jonson was bewailing the theatrical period as a "jig-given time." In 1791 Pasquin was lamenting that theatrically "this is an age which blissfully receives dross for bullion!" In 1811 the poet Moore declared that "an author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp and past all cure." And, nearly a century later, in 1907, I saw a letter by the poet Aldrich, in which he made much the same lament, adding, by the way, a declaration that his play of Judith of Bethulia—a beautifully poetic and literary, but undramatic composition—had failed not because of its manifest dramatic shortcomings but because of the perennial and well-known "conspiracy of critics" to kill it! Likewise in 1839 Benjamin Disraeli declared himself "almost tempted to admit the theory of those ingenious critics who maintain that the English Drama has performed its office, and that in the present state of civilization it has no function to fulfill"—this, mind you, in 1839, when—to mention only a few representative names, eminent in the annals of dramatic authorship—Madison Morton was only twenty-eight years old and beginning his career; when Charles Reade was only twenty-five; Charles Dickens, twenty-seven; and Wilkie Collins, fifteen; when Maraton was twenty; Boucicault, seventeen; "Tom" Robertson, ten; and Wills, eleven—with all their plays unwritten, and when Merivale, Charles Young, Herman, Grundy, Jones, Wilde and Marshall were as yet unborn!

Theatric Jeremiads

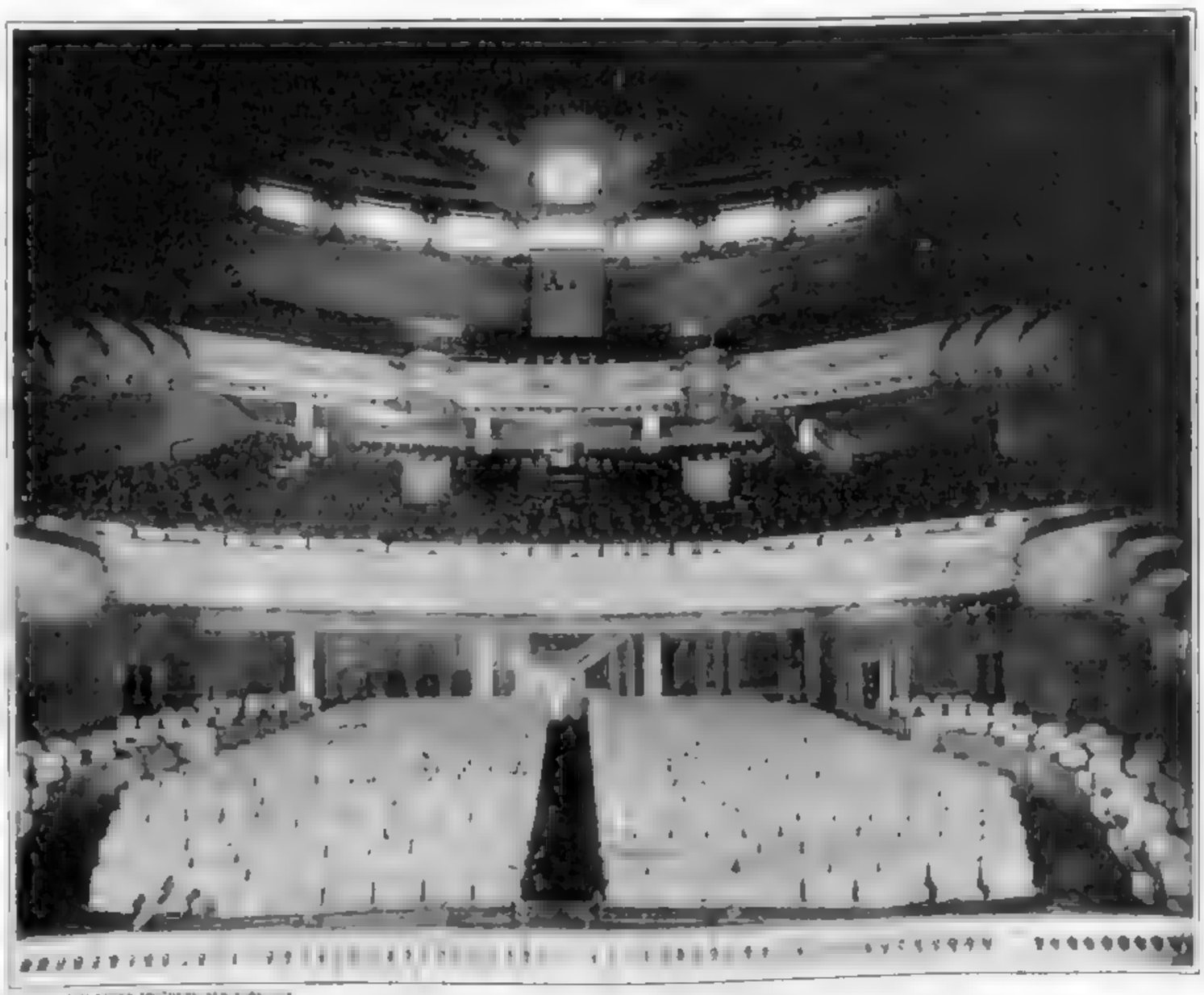
It might be thought that the absurdity of periodical theatric jeremiads had been too often and too well established and too widely commented on for any important contemporary man or woman of the theater "obsequiously to lament" an alleged hopeless decadence and impending demise of the drama. Yet only the other day Miss Lena Ashwell—one of the most highly accomplished players of England, as well as a successful London theater manager—was publicly making moan about the pitiable plight of the present-day stage; and Henry Arthur Jones—a dramatist of true genius and lasting achievement—was publicly declaring that the English drama had never reached so low an ebb as that to which it has now declined!

Once again therefore I cry, "Reason, my masters, reason!" There is no tenable ground for this belief, there is no adequate cause for this woe; let the mourners remove their funeral crape and the hearse depart, empty! The state of the drama is as sound now as it ever has been. I venture to assert that six years from now the judicial annalist and critic of the English-speaking theater who thoroughly examines and estimates the plays written and produced during the first quarter of the twentieth century—whether in Britain or America—will find both the average level and the exceptional peaks of achievement in dramatic authorship in that period as high as in any other quarter of a century for the last two hundred years. And as bearing on this assertion of mine I respectfully urge that first to view the British stage and drama narrowly and in the light—necessarily rather baleful—of conditions obtaining at the close of the most frightful war in the history of mankind, and then to declare them utterly degraded, is not reasonable.

Good Days Ahead for the Theater

For the moment, in the natural reaction against hideous and appalling afflictions of war and the sequent dangerous social antagonisms—afflictions which, unrelieved, might well drive a whole nation insane—it may very easily be that Lear and Macbeth, Othello and Richard, the legitimate and the standard, are not in the ascendant; that prevalent London taste in theatrical entertainment is momentarily frivolous. But what of that? It will pass and change.

And even now, when he is most dissatisfied, if Mr. Jones will offer the London public a play—a serious drama—as well adapted to the passing time and as truly and vitally dramatic—not literary—as was his The Silver King, Wealth, Judah, or The Middleman, he will achieve, with the very public he condemns and disparages, a golden success.



The Century, Formerly the New Theater

I, for one, would rejoice to obtain from him another Middleman—and if he will write a new play—a serious drama—as good and as timely as that one and then meets with any difficulty in getting it produced in London I will not only accept it for American representation but also I will undertake to bring it out for him in the British metropolis and guarantee to pay him ten per cent more per night than he received for The Middleman during the first run of that great play at the Shaftesbury Theater—at a time when certainly Mr. Jones did not hold the drama and the public taste to be decadent.

As to conditions in this country—there is at present a large public for every form of dramatic entertainment; if some bedroom farces have prospered so likewise have their very antitheses. Robert Mantell, for example, in Shakspere and the legitimate, played last season to the best business he has ever known; while the prospect for the future is so good that it has lured back to the stage, after a formal farewell, E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe.

For my poor part—though some person, unknown, recently hoaxed the newspapers of the country with a silly story that I am about to retire—my existing contracts already cover productions for five years after the present season, and in that time I shall bring out dramas by, among many others, Sacha Guitry, Achmed Abdullah, Henri Bataille, Edward Knoblauch, Granville Barker and Edward Sheldon. I have, besides, a little play of my own; and if I can get together a trustworthy company of actors I shall bring out a Shakspere trilogy. Besides which I am about to make a production that I hope will be deemed a credit to the American theater; certainly, in many respects, there has been nothing parallel with it.

In all this endeavor it seems to me there is something of legitimate and artistic dramatic worth—and I have no doubt my many competitors will be found diligent in enterprise. So I end as I began—the advocate of the regular theatrical manager as distinguished from the amateur and the faddist; of the business man, who has done more for the art of acting than he ever gets credit for. And as such I iterate my contention that if—contrary to my belief—public taste is low and the drama degraded, the public is to blame, and not the theatrical managers; the public and the newspaper press, which is largely responsible for creating, molding and directing public opinion.

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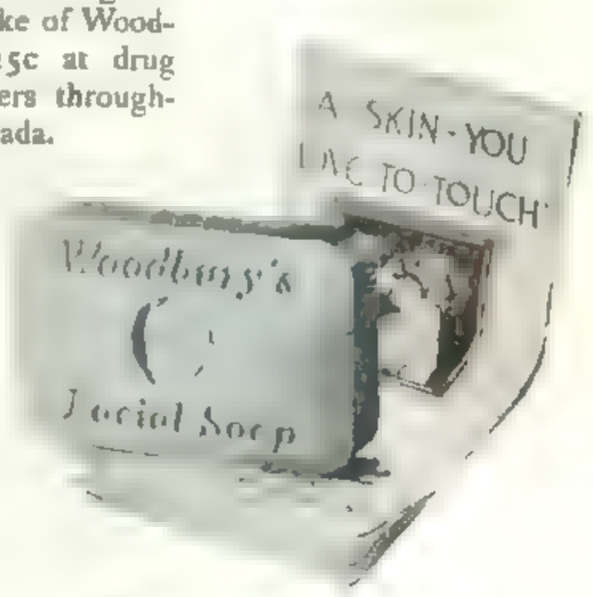

HELPING RUMANIA

Continued from Page 19

evening a fine military band gave a concert on the marble-balustraded terrace of the Army and Navy Club. It is said to be the finest army and navy club in the world—and the largest. But it is not finished. The war put a stop to the work on it and it stands now in its gaunt, windowless and somewhat bescaffolded grandeur as a reminder of what has been and what is to be. It is located in the very heart of the city and its broad terrace was the scene of many band concerts that made sunset hours memorable and lifted one's mind up into the realm of Rumanian dreams.

Rumanian dreams! The safety valve of the monarchy! The population had the war-of-defense spirit. It was in the air and was daily fanned afresh into the air. Bukharest was the center of a great amphitheater of war and at practically every point of the compass there were borders or border claims to be defended. The Rumanians would defend them!

After they made a separate peace they had a long rest, and in spite of the restraints that were placed upon them by their conquerors and the despoliation to which they were subjected, in spite of the economic chaos into which they were plunged, it seems to have been sufficient to restore them to fighting form, and as an immediate and visible manifestation of what they were intending to be we got almost daily parades of fine troops in the streets of Bukharest. It was as though some overlord of all were marching them round and exclaiming: "Look! And behold the kind of soldier Rumania can produce!"

There was much martial music day after day and the air of spring and early summer was filled always with the flap and flutter of flags and pennants. The troops that paraded were always splendidly equipped and wore conspicuously new and admirably natty uniforms. They looked like the real thing and marched with prideful precision, each company headed by its colors and by its officers mounted on handsome horses.

But it was known to the elect that only a few of the two hundred and fifty thousand-odd men under arms were fit to be seen in the streets of the capital. It was just that these few were capable of making a tremendous impression on the morale of the populace, so they were paraded over and over again like a stage army that uses the back drop to screen its maneuvers and by the simple process of marching round and round manages to make itself look like a formidable force.

Claims That Date From the Year One

The people did not know that the majority out in the various zones of activity was a ragged, a sometimes hungry and a wholly unequipped majority. There were Rumanian agents in Paris juggling financial difficulties—like seven balls at once in the air and doing it with their eyes shut—in an attempt to purchase equipment and uniforms, while the American military attaché at Bukharest was burning up the wires with urgent appeals for immediate assistance regardless of financial difficulties. He was a soldier and saw nothing but the military necessity. He was emphasizing the seemingly evident; he was calling attention to the apparently indisputable facts that the Rumanian Army was standing between Europe and a probable attack of the Russian Bolsheviki through Bessarabia and a Hungarian attempt—with possible Bulgarian assistance—to thwart the aims of the Peace Conference. The Rumanian Army would have to be clothed and fed, said he. Would the Allied Council order the necessaries into Rumania at once and work out the financial and other problems at their leisure? Delay was sure to be fatal!

But the red-tape ticker ticked solemnly away; the weeks went by; nothing special happened and the community lived mostly on rumors. One heard every kind of thing and life was a good deal of a bewilderment. The thought that everybody was agreed upon and about which there was no argument was that Rumania was a long way from Paris and that whatever might be going on at that center of momentous deliberations it had little or nothing to do with us.

The threat of the Bolsheviki necessitated the maintenance of a large army in Bessarabia. The Rumanians would defend

Peasant Carts With American Flour at Constantza

Bessarabia, they said, not as conquered territory but as native soil, and the Bolsheviki would encounter there a resistance they would not be able to overcome. That was certain. Though it was just as certain in the minds of most persons that Russia, whether Bolshevist or redeemed by the conservative majority, would continue probably for years to contest Rumania's claims in Bessarabia. And strangely enough, with regard to what the army of occupation in Hungary would be able to do one heard very few expressions of confidence. The Magyars were respected as fighting men and nobody knew better than the Rumanians that they never would descend very far into the inferno of Bolshevism; nobody knew better than the Rumanians that Rumanian aggression in Hungary had been carried beyond reasonable limits; nobody knew better than they that no Hungarian could sign the kind of peace they wished to dictate; and they could not believe so much in permanent Hungarian demoralization as in eventual Hungarian unity of determination to combat Rumanian claims indefinitely.

The occupation of Budapest and the arrogant ultimatum of the Rumanians notwithstanding, I think the feelings expressed in those days had foundation in unchanging fact. Their hatred of the Magyars reminded one of the made-in-Germany Gottstrafe variety and was more amusing than convincing, but disregarding all sentiment it is not difficult to understand why the Rumanians wish to cripple Hungary so that it will take her years to recover.

Then there was the little argument with the Serbs as to whether Serbia or Rumania had the better right to the better half of the Banat, the richest and most desirable section of the occupied part of the Hungarian kingdom. They called and still call this a friendly argument, but it is friendliness expressed on both sides in terms of warlike preparation and gesture—to say nothing of bitter talk.

After which consider the Bulgarians. They not only had their quarrel with the Greeks, but emitted an occasional murmur to the effect that they had about made up their minds to defy the Peace Conference altogether and have another go at the Dobrudja. We were not sure in Bukharest that there was anything in this rumor to be alarmed about, but we knew that troops had to be held in the south as well as on all the other borders and we wondered how Rumania was ever to handle such a complicated situation.

Rumania needed help. The war—so far as she was concerned—had been a war of "liberation" undertaken solely in the interest of her Transylvanian sons who were "groaning in degradation" and so forth "under an alien yoke." That was the gist of her pronouncements, but inspired though she may have been by lofty purposes she had made a bargain with the Allies before she entered the war on their side and she had a right to expect that the Allies would see her through. The talk was pretty hectic at times and one got suggestions that the Allies could jolly well go to thunder and that Rumania would go ahead and see herself through. She had been defeated, but her sacrifices had been great. And now she was in a worse position than she had ever been before! Whether or not this was due to her persistent determination to liberate more than really needed to be liberated was entirely a matter of opinion. There were a number of foreign residents in Bukharest, a good many members of Allied missions of various sorts and a few Rumanians who could discuss their country's affairs without having a fit of apoplexy—only a few—and we met daily groups here and there in restaurants and tea rooms, and had long arguments about the rights and wrongs of Rumania's demands. We were not all deaf to the occasional slip in the national soliloquy on self-determination and the nobility of Rumanian character and history, but it was generally agreed that Rumania was on our side and needed help and that if the Allies could not send an army they at least should lose no time in supplying materials and equipment for Rumania's forces.

Agricultural Machinery Abandoned by the Germans at Constantza

Greece had sent some regiments to South Russia to help the French and they had retreated with the French to the Dniester when Odessa was surrendered and were to stand with the Rumanians in Bessarabia. But there was nobody else. Then we heard that more Greek regiments were coming. Venizelos announced that Greece had not done enough to help win the war and that it was therefore her duty to do all she could to help win its right conclusion. He did not commit himself with regard to what he meant by "right conclusion"—everybody seeming to have ideas of his own about that—so we smiled and speculated.

The Greeks want to reërect the Byzantine Empire and cannot afford peace so long as there is any war going on in their part of the world. They demand a restoration of their geographical status of the Year One—which is about as far back as any nation had dared to go for historic proof of the validity of its territorial claims—but just why they should regard as advantageous to themselves the reëstablishment of the ancient Dacian state greatly enlarged under the very modern name of Rumania it is difficult to figure out. As a noncontiguous and therefore fairly safe balance against a Greater Serbia perhaps? But at the same time they were courting the Serbs for the purpose of forming a Greco-Jugoslavian alliance against Italy, while Rumania was petting Italy as a supporter of her claims in the Banat.

Polite but Positive Protests

It was and is and will continue to be a marvelous mix-up, but in any case the Greeks were coming to help Rumania. The French would have come too in greater strength, but there was a difficulty involved. The Rumanians regarded the terms of France as being prohibitive. This is what the Rumanians said, and the controlled press was permitted to publish polite but positive protests.

The French, strange as it may seem, occupied Rumania after the cessation of hostilities on the Western Front and proceeded to conduct themselves in a most undiplomatic manner. It was as though they were in a defeated enemy's country with an unlimited and exclusive right to make any demand they wished, and their principal demand was for a monopoly of Rumania's import and export trade. They also suggested basing credits extended in France on a practical control of Rumania's national resources. They were absolutely frank and outspoken about it, so there can be no harm in discussing it.

If they had made arrangements at once to feed the people and had brought the right kind of friendly pressure to bear on the government at the right moment they might have succeeded in gaining control of the situation before anybody else arrived on the scene, but they made the mistake of sacrificing the future to the immediate main chance. They organized what is known as the French Economic Bureau and began operations by letting in a host of merchants with cargoes of luxuries that the Rumanian rich were eager to buy at unheard-of prices. The Rumanian rich had been cut off from French luxuries for more than four years.

There was one cargo in particular which served to emphasize the French idea. It consisted of wines, sardines, truffles, pâté de foie gras, silk stockings, perfumes, fancy soaps and cosmetics—and it was unloaded under the label of "military supplies," being thereby exempted from all customs restrictions and duties and from control by the Rumanian railroad authorities. Everybody laughed, and after a while one was

(Continued on Page 99)

GOODYEAR

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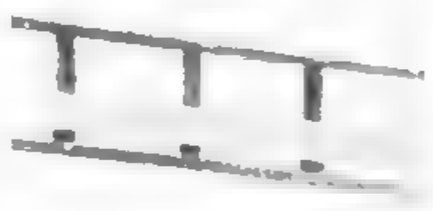

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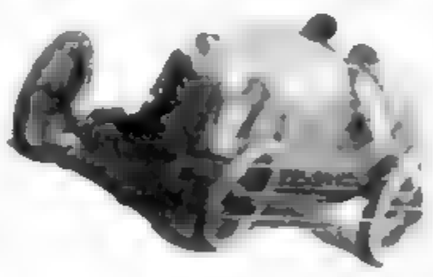

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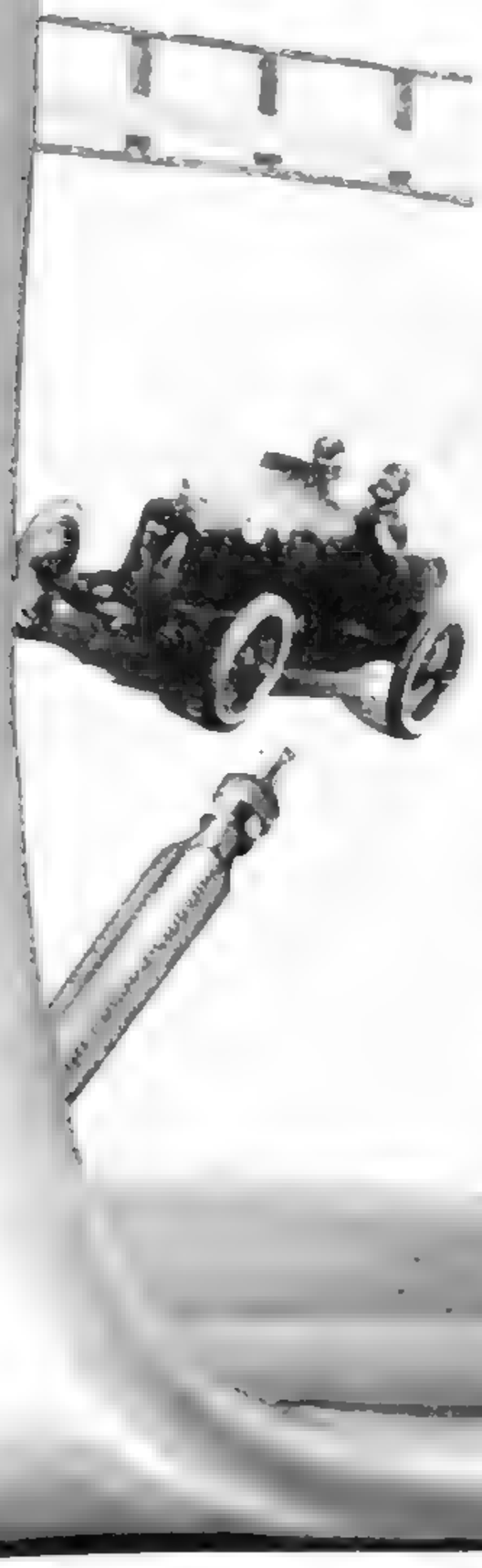

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All the light you want—*where you want it*

"Isn't this a better room than I had last time"
"No sir, it's the same room but the lighting has been changed"

The Waldorf-Astoria, New York, and many other great hotels have installed Duplexalites in guest rooms to produce the comfortable effects that are so inviting

MOST dining rooms are badly lighted. There is either a high "chandelier" (or side fixtures) partially lighting the whole room but leaving the table so dim that the food does not look palatable. Or there is a "dome" hung low, throwing a dazzling glare on the table and leaving the rest of the room in semi-darkness.

Now, Duplexalite has solved the dilemma by a unique combination of direct and indirect lighting.

The curved metal deflector floods with soft radiance the china closet, the buffet, the walls and draperies, while the flat glass diffusing disc, gives an extra intensity on the table, but without glare or strain on the eye.

A beautiful shade may be used in a material and design harmonizing with the other decorations.

And Duplexalite equally meets the need of well-placed light in the living room, bedroom, nursery, reception halls, bath or kitchen.

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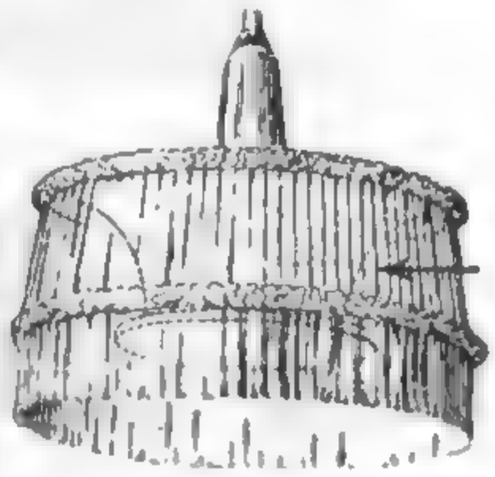

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able to go out and buy in almost any little shop much-needed toilet soap at a price that made washing one's face a positively iniquitous indulgence. As for the tinned and potted and bottled luxuries, one got them at the tables of expansive hosts and made a point of keeping dinner-table conversation as far removed as possible from such considerations as truffles and the like confront with rebuke.

Because in the meantime the population was hungry—very hungry! People were dying every day for the simple reason that bread was not sufficiently plentiful to make possible anything approaching equal distribution. There was abundance only for those who could meet the exorbitant demands of the profiteers. The reports that were sent out of Rumania along in February and March to the effect that people were dying by the hundreds every day and that it was not possible to walk in the streets of Bukharest without stepping over the bodies of the dead were gross exaggerations. But the experience of witnessing just one death from starvation is enough to create panic in the mind of anyone. These reports were intended as an appeal to America's philanthropic soul, and it seems to be generally believed that we are psychologically so constituted that it takes an awful jolt to jar us into activity. Nearly every country's propagandists lie to us, when the truth—artistically told—would be just as entertaining and far more convincing.

One day a man died of starvation in the gateway of the American Food Administration headquarters in Bukharest, and the people passing along the street laid money on his body—paper notes and coins. When he was taken away by the authorities he was quite rich—as riches go. He could have lived for days on what he had. But he was dead. It was a curious incident and I could not help thinking that with its dramatic quality it was calculated to soften in the Rumanian breast the chord of human sympathy. The Rumanians, like the Armenians and other objects of our philanthropic solicitude, are not given to helping one another so much as they might be. All that, however, is getting ahead of my story—if what I am telling can be called a story.

When Rumania declared war on the Central Powers immediately after the harvest of 1916 the country was stocked with food as it never had been before. In peacetimes its vast wheat fields had been a source of supply for nearly all Europe, and being cut off from its chief markets for two years it accumulated a tremendous surplus, though this would not have happened had the Central Powers been able to prevent it. They were not. In their attempts to purchase they were outmaneuvered and outbargained by British agents, who cornered the harvests in advance and stored the grain at various points in the country where it was to be handy for use in Turkey and the Balkans when England's plans had succeeded. But England's plans did not succeed. During the Rumanian retreat England's representatives were able to destroy a part of the hoarded grain and we heard stories about expensive bonfires, but the greater part fell eventually into the hands of the victorious Germans.

A Sample of Practical Patriotism

Within a few months after their declaration of war the Rumanians were compelled to evacuate the southern and western two-thirds of their country and to concentrate their forces on the inner frontiers of Moldavia. The great wheat belt was given up and out of the agricultural resources of Moldavia they had to provide not only for the local population but for hundreds of thousands of refugees, for their own army and for tremendous Russian reënforcements that failed in the end to reënforce and became instead a devastating horde. A plague of locusts could not have cleaned out a land more completely, nor could a plague of locusts have done better execution than the Germans did in one section at least of the Rumania they occupied.

It is said that Rumania is the only country in the world in which the peasant population was stripped of its hoarded stores—and that was only in the end. The report is that the Germans treated the people with due consideration throughout the greater part of their period of occupation, but in the late summer of 1918 things were getting desperate for them and all their schemes to placate were thrown to the winds. The Turks and Bulgars left nothing in the Dobrudja, and the Germans by a ruthless requisitioning process were able to complete a systematic round-up in the central province of Muntenia. But they had only just begun to move supplies out of other provinces and districts when the armistice put an end to their activities.

A document that was taken from a German prisoner in July, 1918, throws a brief light on the methods that were employed, and through its lines one gets a glimpse of the fact that wherever they went the enemy managed to cover every imaginable detail of administrative organization. If perchance you should happen to be curious with regard to what the men in "forest works" were doing I would present to you a picture of denuded woodlands and of vast quantities of lumber sent to Germany. These and most of their other devilries were postponed to the end and were accomplished in the face of inescapable defeat. The document translated into English by a Rumanian says:

"To the German forest region of this district: The wheat crop of this year (1918) being so unsatisfactory, it is absolutely necessary that every grain of wheat be seized in the interest of the Fatherland to provision the army. After the late rains those grains are near to fall down and so the cutting cannot be postponed any more. For the rapid gathering of the crop—being thus necessary—all workmen and cars of the district are demanded and it is for the next four weeks not possible to let as usually free any man for forest work"—this being an official order.

But as I have said, the cessation of hostilities, which surprised the Germans in the outlands of German conquest as much as it did anybody, stopped the requisitioning of foodstuffs in certain well-stocked sections of the country, and it was after the hasty German retreat that the Rumanian profiteer began to get in his bold bids for easy fortune. At any rate, practically all available stocks were cornered and withheld from general circulation, while prices went soaring to the skies.

If there had been a strong government, able to do a little requisitioning and controlling on its own account, Rumania could have pulled through in comparative comfort until overseas assistance had time to arrive, but they do say that some of the government officials were themselves too deep in the mud to be critical about any one in the mire. So when charges of corruption were made they were seldom specific.

The power of government was absolute. On the plea of urgent necessity it had set up an autocratic régime, and by a careful manipulation of events was managing to postpone elections from time to time and to keep the popular institution of parliament in a state of suspension. Incidentally it was a one-man government, the one man being M. Alexandre Constantinescu, Minister of Commerce, Labor, Economic Reconstruction and Public Works. In his multiple capacities he controlled the railroads, navigation and all national properties and he was dictating to his colleagues rather than consulting them.

He was accused of everything that could be imagined, but he hated his country's enemies with a fine fervor, was loyal to the dynasty and a stanch supporter at all points of Rumania's ambitious program. Moreover, he lived simply and worked untiringly.

It must be taken into consideration that in Rumania—a country still greatly influenced by Turkish governmental example—public service is too often regarded as a means merely to further private interest, so when a man is accused of being a grafter the accusation is more in the nature of a compliment than a slur. Such a man excites admiration modified by nothing but envy, and if a really honest man should come into power and should seek to uncover to the public gaze every dollar that passed through his hands he probably would be denounced as a dangerous disturber of an established system and lose his political head. All this is perfectly true, and there is only an occasional half-hearted suggestion of reform.

For certain conspicuously patriotic sins M. Constantinescu spent the period of German occupation in prison and was able in his enforced leisure to concentrate his mental processes and work out a fairly accurate prognosis of his country's eventual position. In September, 1917, he got letters out to the American, French, British and Italian ministers to Rumania in which he predicted the complete collapse of the Central Empires and the food crisis that inevitably would overtake the world in such an event. He had Rumania chiefly in mind and begged that preparation be made at once to meet the impending emergency. He was one year ahead of Fate's schedule, but his vision was right—with regard to a threatened famine at any rate. He foresaw nothing, however, that bore any resemblance to a Bolshevist outbreak in Rumania.

It was not until 1918 that bread began to be held up before the startled public gaze as the only palliative to be applied to the spreading disease of social disorder. The only way to combat Bolshevism was to feed the people! That was what we were told with many exclamation points, and that was what we believed. We know better now. We know a well-fed Bolshevist is as good a Bolshevist as a hungry one—even better. He has the strength and the physical pep to vociferate. He does not supplicate; he toils not, neither does he spin—he merely takes. We know now that the seat of Bolshevism is not in the stomach but among the feathers in the brainpan. Just the same, in the depressing silence which came with the cessation of the thunder of the guns we shuddered over the hideous predictions that were made and had a good deal to say about the dilatory tactics of the Allied and American food organizations, all of which was rather interesting. Having been controlled ourselves for a very long time, we had reason to believe that these organizations would be able to function with requisite promptness and efficiency. We had not yet begun to realize the possibility of differences of opinion among the Allies themselves.

Grain Elevators and Docks at Constantza

I cannot think that anybody ever went so far as openly to criticize Mr. Hoover—openly criticizing Mr. Hoover seeming to be among the things that are not done in polite society—but in England they would have roasted Mr. Hoover out of office if there had been any way to do it. In France among the manipulators his name was anathema. In Italy he was a fiend with every attribute of general cussedness. He just would not play the game for any country but the United States of America and he would not play the game for the United States for anything but credit for fair and honest dealing. This sounds too good to be true, but I happen to know that it is true.

Mr. Hoover did not care particularly about parading the United States as the grand almoner of the world and the savior of mankind, though that was what his protesting colleagues in the Allied countries accused him of wanting to do. As I remember, he always pronounced these phrases in quotation marks which were meant to express his contempt for them. Truth is, he was just practically patriotic, and he said in substance:

"The United States owns about eighty-five per cent of the immediately available foodstuffs and I guess maybe the American people would like to have said foodstuffs disposed of and distributed in their own way, so I think I'll just retain control, if you don't mind, and dictate the process."

While being a tremendously serious situation, for a time it really was very funny.

A Long Wait for Bread

A storm broke over Mr. Hoover's head which lasted a good many weeks, this being the cause of all the delay. The other nations could not afford to permit us to be first in the heart of the world as the world's unpartnered benefactor, so it was necessary that we should pool our assets with their plentiful lack of them and do everything on a basis of Interallied-American equality. That was the stand taken by the Interallied food representatives. Mr. Hoover expressed a few perfectly frank and seemingly reasonable opinions—reasonable, that is, from an American point of view—then paused in his efforts to wait the issue. After weeks of fumbling and mumbling the Interallied Food Commission finally got itself organized, but long before it began to function—if it ever did—the world was informed that the American Food Administration was proceeding with certain programs of relief.

As soon as communications were established in November, Rumania began to bombard Paris with appeals for aid, but it was not until toward mid-January, when the protest against the economic ascendancy of the United States had more or less spent itself, that the American Food Mission started for Bukharest. Its purpose then was "to investigate food requirements in Rumania and to oversee the distribution of eventual shipments"—this being in the language of Major Joseph C. Green of the American Army Intelligence Service, who was appointed to superintend the enterprise. Major Green and his party took the only route then open, which was down through Italy, across to Constantinople and via the Bosporus and the Black Sea to Constantza, where they arrived on the fourth of February. And do not forget that the armistice went into effect on the eleventh of November. Three months is not such a long time to be without pâté de foie gras, but it is quite a considerable period to be without bread.

In February a great snow fell throughout the land of Rumania; no such winter storm had ever been seen before; such traffic as existed was paralyzed; the cities were without fuel; stocks of food were soon depleted and even those who could afford to buy began to feel the pinch of actual hardship. It was then that the greatly exaggerated reports began to reach Europe and the United States. The snow lay eighteen inches deep on a level and was piled in great drifts everywhere. There was so little feed for animals that horses could not be made to work, so there was no way of carting the snow out of even the main thoroughfares. The country was simply at a standstill. The thermometer registered zero and below day after day and the people in general were not more than half clothed, hundreds of women and children being barefooted and wandering round that way as though it were a usual thing to

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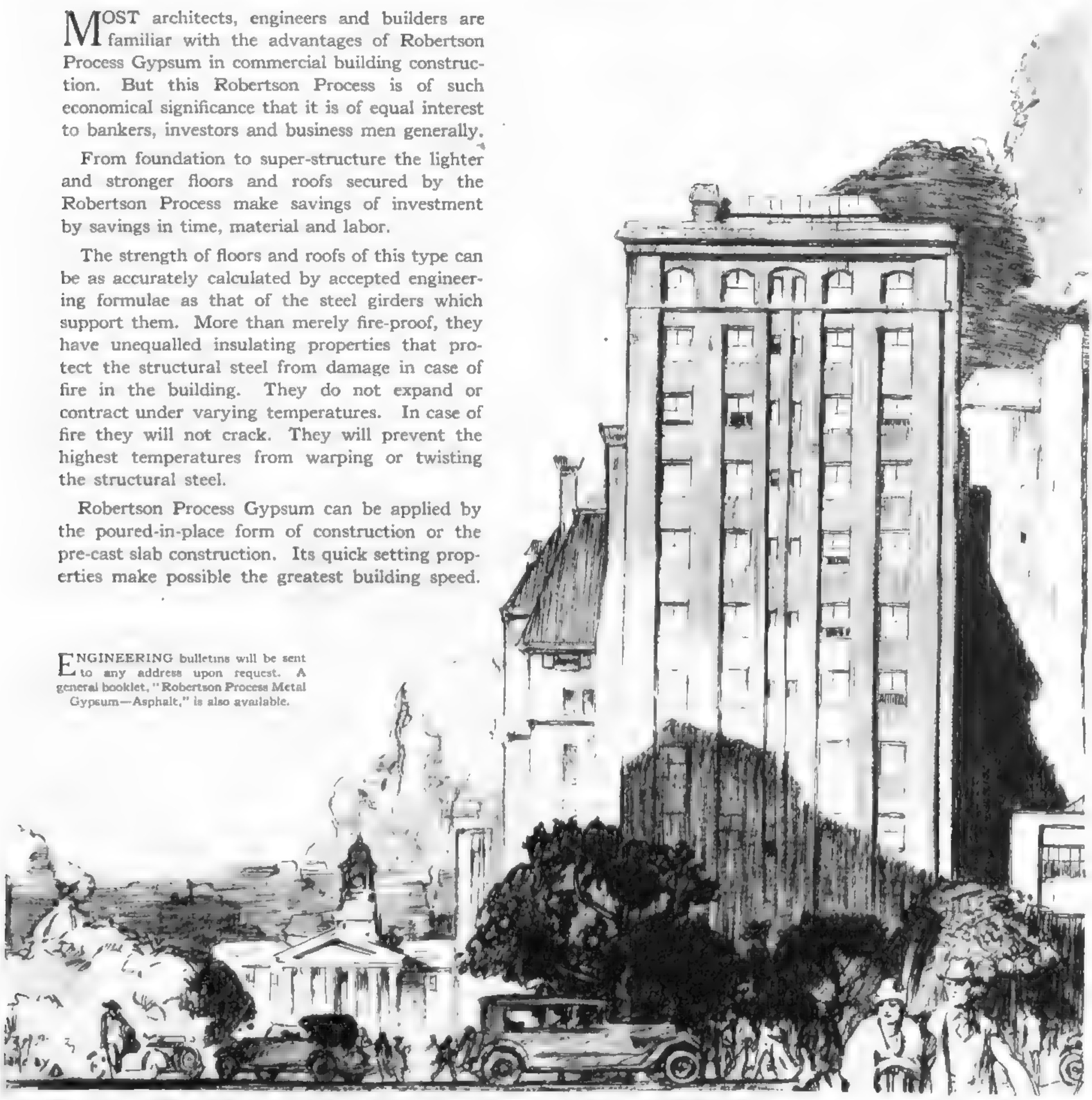

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do. Conditions were just about as bad as possible, but there never was very much actual starvation. The people were suffering, that was all, and the truth is that the authorities began to be afraid of them.

The British minister in telegrams to his government referred to Rumania as "a sinking ship." He was convinced that relief would come too late to check a Bolshevist uprising and demanded not only food but forces for protection. I was in and out of Bukharest a good many times in those days and watched the course of events with intense interest. There were sporadic bread riots and there was an occasional suggestion of organized anarchy. But Bolshevism—the subversion of the principle of *meum* and *tuum*—never more than slightly brushed the bedraggled fringes of society. The mass was sober-sided in the midst of all its troubles and was really quite magnificently imbued with a spirit of aggressive patriotism. The singers of songs of national aggrandizement had the ear of the multitude, and the breathings of Bolshevism—as I have said—were merely as brief gusts in the social undergrowth. This continued to be true, even when the Russian Bolsheviki were engaged in their best efforts to submerge the country.

Major Green and his American colleagues were the only representatives of the food organization in Bukharest and they had to cooperate with the ministers of Italy, France and England, who had been instructed by their respective governments to get together and act as a temporary food council. They did very little counseling, so far as I could make out, unless they counseled their governments that the United States was as usual "hoggin' the show." That was what one heard locally and I suppose it was true. The British were the only ones who did not attempt to do a dance in the economic boat and the only ones who put in an oar. Some British representatives arrived at the end of about two months—along in April—and dropped into uninterfering and methodical cooperation with the American office with to-be-expected good form and courteous acquiescence. In answer to Rumania's appeal, England sent out some cargoes of food, but she was handicapped for the time being by the circumstance that in order to sell food in any great quantities to anybody else she had to buy it from us.

Knotty Problems of Distribution

By the end of April the United States had ships unloading continuously at Constantza, while in the transshipment and distribution of foodstuffs our commission began practically to control the traffic facilities of the country—though not quite. Major Green was instructed to keep the business of the food commission wholly detached from Rumania's internal affairs and to refrain if possible from showing even a passing interest in local politics. But when certain phases of a nation's politics are bound up with its transportation and communication facilities—which is a result of government ownership—and those facilities are of paramount importance to you, what are you going to do? M. Constantinescu is not a man who would delegate too much authority, even to foreigners who could not possibly put a dent in his political helmet, but he was anxious to deliver into the hands of the American representatives an almost complete control of the railroads and shipping services, even offering them powers to issue orders to prefects of districts and mayors of towns and cities.

The railroads and shipping services were literally all shot to pieces and there were no materials in the country for reconstructing them. During their occupation the Germans lifted miles of rails off roadbeds and sent them nobody knows where; they ran out of the country hundreds of engines and thousands of freight cars and oil tanks; bridges were blown up—mostly by the Rumanians on their line of retreat; stations and freight sheds were destroyed. Also banks of silt were permitted to accumulate in the mouths of the Danube, while river steamboats and Black Sea cargo vessels were left lying at wharves to gather barnacles and other crusts of deterioration. In the meantime nearly all industries were suspended and such of the country's laborers as were not in the army were acquiring habits of indolence and indifference that were fostered and fed by governmental gratuities.

The cargoes of American flour would have been left to rot on the docks at Constantza if our representatives had not taken the situation in hand. They refused even a suggestion of executive power, but they outlined a complete system of interior transportation—in so far as they could with the means available—then sat down on the doorstep of duly constituted authority and directed the process of putting this system into operation.

I heard one young American one day breathing a fervent prayer of thanksgiving that the Rumanians were at least able to sign orders. And by the simple process of getting the Rumanians to sign orders the Americans actually did Rumania's work.

Doing the Impossible

They first asked for and received permission to put into service all the ships and river craft that had been lying idle so long, and soon had opened a distributing route through the Danube to the river ports of Sulina, Tultcha, Reni, Galatz and Braila. They sent the Black Sea ships to Gibraltar to be repaired and afterward put them in commission as overseas carriers, thus releasing American bottoms for use on other routes. It is not necessary to go into details with regard to the processes, but it is interesting to know that the Americans established the necessary freight service after the Rumanians had declared that it was impossible to do so and were able in spite of destroyed bridges and railways and a paralyzing shortage of serviceable rolling stock to achieve a general and fairly satisfactory distribution of foodstuffs throughout the country.

That the cost of living continued to increase was thought to be due to the fact that American flour had to be sold to the government instead of direct to the people, and pecuniary corruption being regarded as a matter of course it was believed that Rumanians who were connected with the handling of cargoes and the final disposal of them were lining their own pockets and providing liberally for their families and political friends.

But the Americans had nothing to do with all that. Their business really was to sell the flour and deliver it within Rumanian borders, and in undertaking to distribute it by inland transportation they were exceeding the necessities so far as they were concerned only because they genuinely desired to relieve as quickly as possible a situation that was described as desperate. The Rumanians seemed to appreciate this effort and—though as regarded the cost of living, relief failed notably to relieve—according to editorial writers, after-dinner speakers and the kind of citizens one met in the general round of social contacts the United States was Rumania's best friend.

But on the other hand we roused the jealousy of Allied colleagues. The French especially resented the arrival of the American mission and could not be convinced that its efficient operations were anything but a forerunner of keen American commercial competition in what they were pleased to consider their own particular field.

It was all rather sordid and unpleasant in many ways, but there was some satisfaction in knowing that we were doing well what was demanded of us by circumstances and living up to our declared principles with a minimum of parade.

And we were doing it while our hearts were sore with a mighty homesickness.

Organizing the Soul of Rumania

I write in the first person plural to include myself, the American people and all the American people's representatives in this particular undertaking. And I think I am right.

"We want to go home!"

That was our answer to all the baseless accusations and the petty intrigues against us and it was the only thing we could say that had the effect of startling our friends—who needed us but loved us not—into an attitude of proper respect. They did not want us to go home. All they wanted was that we should stay on the job, deliver all the necessaries—including money, credit and goods—do all the work, maintain a self-deprecatory mien and carefully refrain from collecting any benefits—either sentimental or material.

Such a digression will indicate hurt feelings on my part—and I am content that it should. My feelings were hurt for my country all over Europe. We had been placed by our spokesmen—or spokesman—on a high if unpractical plane of morality, and wherever I went—in the countries of our friends, in the countries of our erstwhile enemies, in South Europe and into Asia—all the Americans I met were doing their best to keep a footing on this plane and to shape their acts in conformity with the principles that had been voiced for them. But spiritually considered it was like singing a hymn in—well, in any kind of place you might happen to think of where an attempt at spiritual uplift would inevitably spoil the fun.

The American Red Cross in the meantime had sent a large unit into Rumania. It was the idea of the Red Cross high command that this magnificent humanitarian arm of the United States Government—which is what the Red Cross amounts to, even though it is supported by direct contributions from the people—should supplement the efforts of the Food Administration by taking up the slack, so to speak, in the process of retautening the various crumpled peoples into self-sustaining existence. A good many Americans began soon to think that it would be better to leave such peoples to struggle back the best way they could rather than to weaken their native abilities with too much assistance, and Mr. Hoover's work-or-starve pronouncement was an ultimate expression of this thought. But for the time being thousands of people, who really could not help themselves, were in urgent need of help, and for some strange reason these thousands—they vaguely understood and were cloudedly but definitely intelligent in their appeal—reached supplicating hands out across the world to us. Our ability to help them was a fairy tale, but they believed in fairies.

When the American Commission for Relief in Belgium was feeding the Belgian population during the war the food was sold at a small advance beyond cost to the people who could afford to buy; and the profits—added to philanthropic contributions from all over the world—were used to take care of the constantly growing multitude of the unemployed, the women and children, the orphans and the aged who had not the wherewithal to care for themselves. The American Food Administration—being the instrument of an out-and-out, however high-principled business enterprise—had not the power to institute such a system for the revictualing of all Europe, and that was where the Red Cross as a cooperating organization came in.

The unit in Rumania was—unfortunately perhaps—relieving the Rumanian well-to-do of all responsibility for their own social burdens and removing from the path of the onward marchers many obstacles that might have retarded their possibly too-headlong progress. But it was not in the nature of the Americans to contemplate the abandonment of the kind of people who were benefiting by our unquestioning and patient generosity.

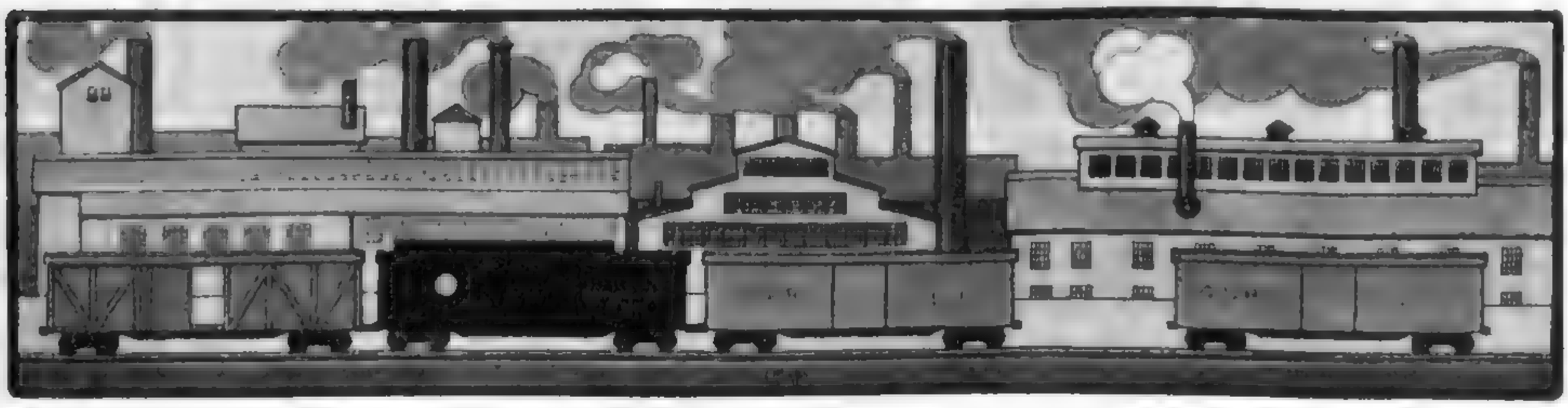
I write it in this way because I want really to cover it all up in a kind of vagueness. No reference to canteens where the hungry were fed, to free clothing depots, to little hospitals for the way-weary and sick, to busy American doctors on call day and night, to visiting American nurses helping hundreds of babies into the world and disease-stricken hundreds out of it; no reference to any of these necessary and to-be-taken-for-granted things; but I would reveal through the vagueness the fact that with all else they were doing the Red Cross Workers were attempting to organize the soul of Rumania in the same sense that the Red Cross is the organized soul of America. And that was where they caught my interest and appealed to my profoundest sentiments.

America's Constructive Program

Throughout the country, in towns and cities that were centers of districts, there were small groups of Americans maintaining all the direct phases of Red Cross work, while at the same time gathering together local committees and seeking to imbue them with a local interest and with the kind of patriotism which rejects foreign charity and expresses itself in mutual self-help.

It promised to be a performance that the American public could view with sentimental satisfaction, plus intelligent approval, and I believe the same sort of constructive program was being carried out at the same time in all the newly constituted and unregenerate states in Europe that we were called upon to succor.

The idea was that we would get out from under as soon as the structures we were at work upon exhibited some sign of being able to stand alone. This idea was embodied in the work of both the Food Administration and the Red Cross. The Rumanians now accuse the Allies of having abandoned them, and in order that their ambitions may not be interfered with they have assumed a semidetached and independent attitude, but it can hardly be denied that as a result of their eventual decision to associate themselves with the Allied peoples they have been enabled to help themselves with conspicuous success.



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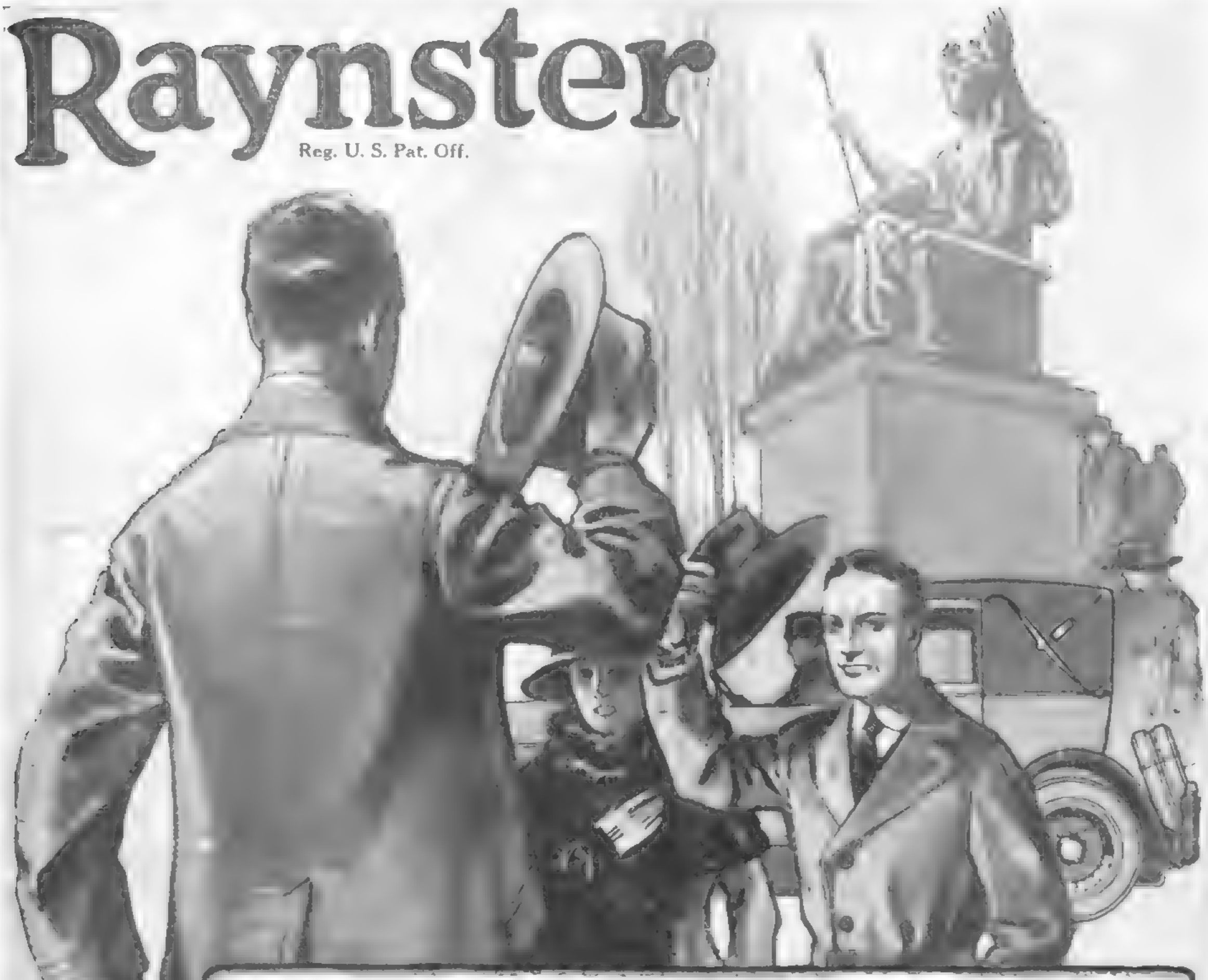

RAYNSTER means just two things to you—value and style in weatherproof coats. When you buy a Raynster you know it is right. The cut is correct. The value is there. The United States Rubber Company, the world's largest rubber manufacturer, stands back of it.

Don't think of a Raynster as simply a raincoat or a rubber coat.

Your Raynster may be a handsome overcoat of the finest imported worsted, suitable for business or dress. It may be the traffic cop's rubber coat or the motor driver's storm proof ulster. Again it may be the featherweight silk raincoat that women like so well.

Mackintosh, overcoat and slip-on—all are included in the complete line of weatherproof coats that bear the Raynster name and label.

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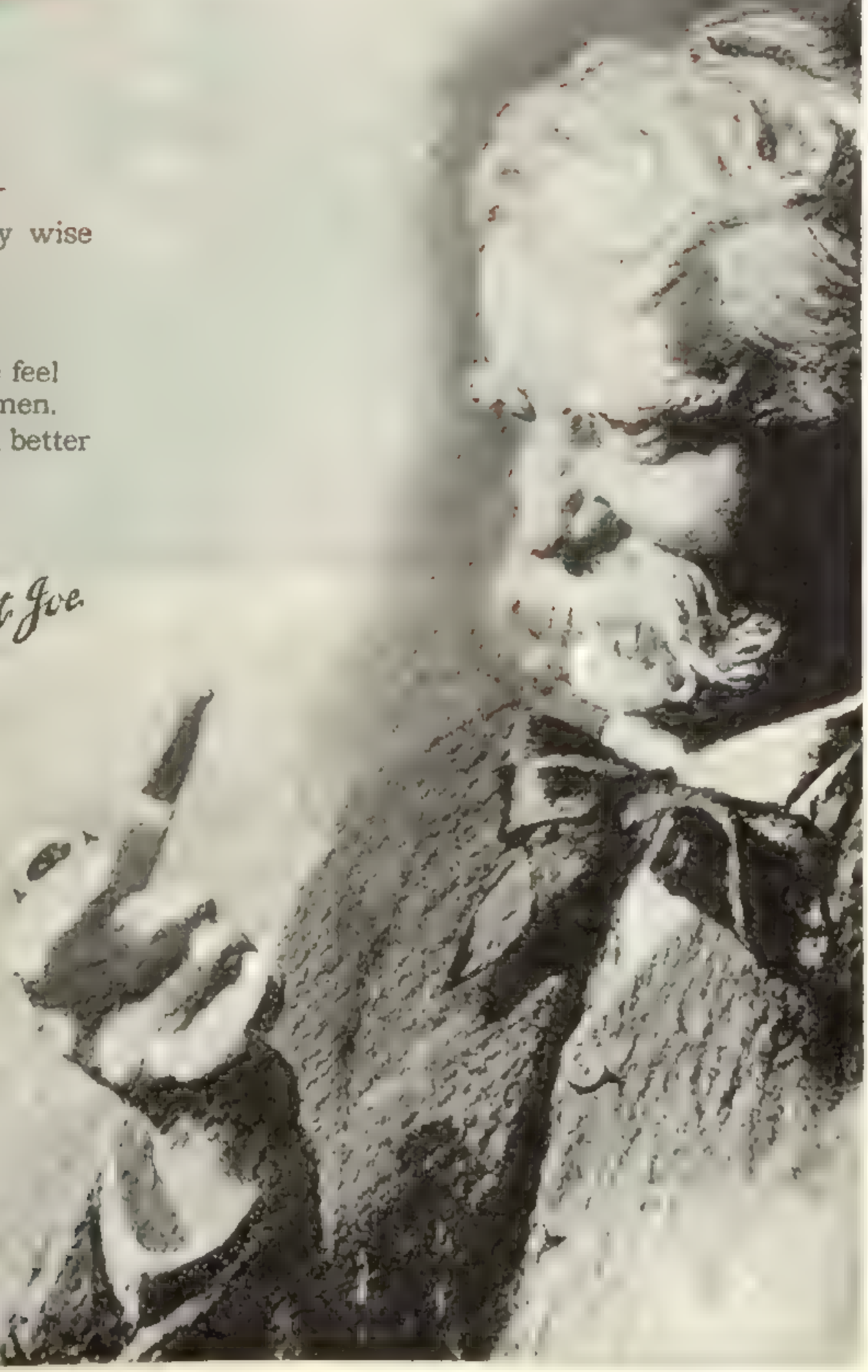
No one shall take them from me-

I love my pipe and good old Velvet—

My comforters in adversity, my wise counselors when problems vex.
Companions of my loneliness and sharers of my happy hours.
Their friendliness has made me feel more kindly toward my fellow men.
They have made this old world a better place to live in.

I love my pipe and good old Velvet;
no one shall take them from me.

Velvet Joe.



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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 5)

to the state legislature for two terms, and then to Congress. In Congress he had done well. The Hardiston district sent him back again and again. He was now in his fifth term, and his power at home and abroad was growing.

His most valuable quality was imagination. He was not an able man; he knew little about political economy, national finance, sociology, the science of government. He knew little and cared less. For by virtue of a keen imagination he was able to construct in his own mind hypothetical situations and then hire experts to meet them for him.

Peter Gergue was one of these experts. Gergue's fields were human nature and Hardiston County. He knew everyone in the county, and he had an uncanny faculty for predicting how a man would react to given circumstances. This faculty extended to men in the mass and enabled him to predict the political effect of a given course of action with surprising accuracy. Amos Caretall had learned to take Gergue's advice blindly. His home-coming at this time, for example, was in response to Gergue's message of a week previous. That message had been brief.

"If Chase is elected mayor he'll beat you for the House next year," Gergue had written.

Caretall wired: "I'm coming home." And he came.

But there was no trace of concern in his amiable countenance as they rode to his home now. He joked Joan Arnold into gayety, laughed Wint Chase out of his sulkiness, and pinched his daughter's cheek until she threatened to ditch the car if he kept it up. Thus, when they stopped before the house, everyone was in a good humor.

They stopped, and Wint Chase was the first to alight. A muffled bark greeted him from the house, and he laughed and ran up the walk and opened the door. A wiry tan-colored dog rushed out and engulfed him: Muldoon, an Irish terrier of parts, who had been left behind because he would neither ride in an automobile nor calmly suffer his master to do so. Muldoon was one creature whom Wint unreservedly loved; and Muldoon returned the affection. Master and dog, the first transports over, came down the walk again as the others climbed from the car.

Amos Caretall was urging them all to come in. Jack Routt said he would; but Joan shook her head.

"I can't," she laughed. "I promised mother to bring home some bread."

"I'll take it out in the car," Agnes pleaded. "Please."

Joan stuck to her guns. Agnes pouted. Wint did not commit himself; he seemed to take it for granted that he would go with Joan. She turned to him:

"You stay, Wint!"

The old sulky light flamed in his eyes again. "No; I'm going with you."

They left the others amid a little flurry of farewells from Agnes and turned uptown. Muldoon circled them madly, running at top speed in a desperate effort to work off the spirits generated during his confinement. Joan laughed at the dog, whistled him to her, stooped to tug at his ears affectionately.

"You're full of it, aren't you, Muldoon?"

He whined aloud in his desperate desire to answer her, then darted away again. She straightened and they went on, the girl still smiling. Wint looked at her once, and then again, and then he, too, smiled—at her and at the dog.

"He's a clown," he said.

She nodded. "He's a fine dog, Wint."

"He's a dog of sense. He thinks well of you." He laughed. "I'll give him to you some day."

She looked up at him seriously, understanding in her eyes. "I hope so, Wint," she said.

There was something besides understanding in her eyes, something faintly accusing; and he flushed and said hotly: "Don't look at me like that. Please. I'm—I mean to—make it come true."

"I hope so, Wint," she said again.

They spoke no more for a time. Presently she stopped at the bakery and they went in together. The sweet odor of hot bread and sugar and spice clouded about them as he opened the door. A round little woman greeted them.

"Is your cream bread all gone, Mrs. Mueller?" Joan asked.

"No. Not yet. How many loaves?"

"Two, please."

The little woman brought two loaves, still soft from the great ovens and still warm, and wrapped them gently, careful not to bruise them. She handed the package to Joan. Wint tried to take it, but Joan shook her head, laughing at him. "Last time you mashed them flat," she said. "I'll carry them."

"I'll be careful," he promised, and took the package from her with calm mastery, a mastery to which she yielded with a faint tremor of happiness. They continued more swiftly on their way.

Presently she asked: "How does the work go?"

He shook his head. "Badly. I've no—knack for it. And father and I weren't meant to pull in double harness."

"You must learn to, Wint. Give him a chance."

He nodded. "But we—grate on each other. He fires up at the least mistake."

"You've—been hard on his patience."

He stiffened slightly. "Possibly."

She laid her hand on his arm. "Now don't sulk, Wint. Please."

"I'm not sulking."

"You're too quick on the trigger. You get angry at the least thing." She laughed softly, in a way that robbed her words of sting. "Wint, you're as proud as a peacock and as stubborn as a mule. As soon as anyone criticizes you for doing a thing—you go right off and do it again. That's no way to do, Wint."

He made no comment, and when she looked at him she saw that his face was set and hard, and she laid a hand on his arm.

"Wint—don't you think I'm a—good friend of yours?"

"If you're not more than that, Joan—I'm through."

His eyes searched hers; she met his bravely.

"I am—more than that, Wint. So you must let me tell you things frankly. Wint, you must learn to see that when people criticize you or advise you it's more often than not because they really wish you well. Most people wish other people well, Wint."

"That has not been my experience."

She shook his arm, laughing. "Wint! Don't be silly! You talk like a disappointed man—when you ought to talk like a fine, strong, hopeful one."

He laid his hand on hers, where it rested in the crook of his arm. "You're a big-heart, Joan. You like everyone and trust them, and everyone is good to you. You—can't get my viewpoint."

"I can, too, Wint; for you haven't any viewpoint. You're just the plaything of a little devil of perversity that makes you do things you know you—oughtn't to do—just to prove that you can."

They came abruptly to her gate. She paused to say good-by.

His eyes were angry; but he said quietly: "May I come to-night?"

She shook her head: "Not every night, Wint. To-morrow?"

"Please?"

"I—— No, Wint."

He straightened stiffly. "Very well. Good night." He lifted his hat and stalked away.

Joan looked after him for a moment, her eyes disturbed, unhappy; then she smiled a tender little smile, as a mother smiles at a wayward boy, and turned up the path to the house.

At the corner Wint looked back. She was gone. He went on toward his own home, Muldoon at his heels, in a hot surge of rebellion. Halfway home he asked himself what it was that made him rebellious, angry; and when he could find no reasonable answer to this question he became more angry than ever. He was angry at himself; but he convinced himself that he was angry at others.

Winthrop Chase, Senior, had built a home for himself a dozen years before in the first rush of great wealth from the furnace. It was a monumental house of red pressed brick with a slate roof, and a fence of iron pickets round the yard. It had been, when he built it, the finest house in town. Now, however, its supremacy was challenged by a dozen others, and the elder Chase had half decided to tear it down and build another that would defy competition. Mrs. Chase opposed this, gently and half-heartedly. She thought they were very comfortable. But it was a losing fight, and she knew it. Her husband was accustomed to have his way. He would have it in the end.

Wint pushed open the iron gate—it dragged on its hinges so that it had worn a deep groove in the stone paving that led to the porch—and closed it behind him and went up to the door. He opened it and went in; and in the dim light of the hall he encountered a girl.

For an instant he failed to recognize her; then: "Why, hello—Hetty," he said.

"Hello, Wint."

"What are you doing here?" He dropped his hat on the hall bench.

"I've come to work for your mother." She hesitated. "Supper's ready. They're sitting down."

"Oh!" He looked at Hetty again. They had been schoolmates. Her seat had been just in front of his one year. He remembered with sudden vividness the day he stuck chewing gum in her hair. Her hair was red; a pleasant, dark red; and it was very luxuriant.

"Oh—all right," he said, and went into the dining room. His father and mother were at the table. "I see you've got a girl, mother," he said.

"Yes—I got Hetty Morfee." Mrs. Chase sighed. "I've had the most awful time, Wint. I do hope she stays. Girls are terrible hard to get in this town. They ——"

Mrs. Chase was loquacious. Her speeches were never finished. She was always interrupted in mid-career. Otherwise she would have talked on endlessly.

"That steak looks as though she could cook," said Wint. "Give me some."

IV

ONE of Mrs. Chase's difficulties with hired girls was that Winthrop Chase, Senior, liked style with his meals. Mr. Chase was no provincial. He had traveled; he had lived at good hotels; he knew New York, Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati. He had been a guest at fine homes. He knew what was what.

"It adds tone to a repast," he would tell his wife, over and over. "It adds tone to a repast. A neatly dressed maidservant, in apron and cap, handing your dishes round. I tell you, Margaret, it gives that—that—that style."

"I know it, Winthrop," Mrs. Chase always agreed. "I'd like to have it so as much as you would. Land knows I've tried. I've trained and I've trained; but you can't expect a girl to do everything for two dollars a week; or even three. Why, Mrs. Hullis had ——"

"Well, pay more, then. Pay more. Five or ten dollars. I make money enough. I surely make money enough, Margaret, to have comfort and—and style in my own home."

"You can't get a girl in Hardiston that's worth more than three dollars," Mrs. Chase insisted. "They come and they go, and they're always getting married, and ——"

Mr. Chase always carved the meats at his own table. He took pride in his carving. When Wint appeared now he looked up with a hostile eye, at the same time lifting the carving knife and fork.

"You're late, young man."

"Am I?" said Wint stiffly.

"The dinner hour in this house is five-thirty. If you wish to have your meals here you would do well to observe that fact and regulate your movements in accordance."

"Oh, give the boy his supper," Mrs. Chase urged. "You get me all mixed up, calling supper dinner and dinner lunch that way, Winthrop. Wint, don't you mind what your father says. He ——"

"Margaret," said Mr. Chase sternly, "I wish you would — "

"I went to the station to meet Caretall," said Wint slowly. "Sorry to be late. But ——"

"Caretall?" his father echoed sharply. "You ——"

"Now, Wint—don't aggravate your father," Mrs. Chase urged. "You two will drive me to ——"

"Hetty, pass my son's plate," directed the elder Chase, discovering the girl in the doorway. "Your place is in the kitchen while the meals are being served, not in the hall."

"All right," said Hetty cheerfully, and she took Wint's plate and went round the table to his father's side. Thus relieved of the elder Chase's scrutiny she winked lightly at Wint and smiled. He made no response. A moment later she set his plate before him and departed toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Chase began at once to talk. Her eating did not seem to interfere with the gently querulous stream of her conversation. She spoke of many things: Housekeeping cares, the perplexities and annoyances of the day, the acquisition of Hetty, her hope that Hetty would prove a good girl, a good cook, a good housemaid.

"She's not going to go home at night either," she explained. "When girls go home at night they're never here in time to get breakfast. When I have a girl I want her in the house, so's I can see she gets up. She ——"

The elder Chase interrupted obliviously. He had been studying his son.

"Wint, have you been drinking to-day?" he demanded.

Wint looked up quickly, a retort on his lips. But he checked it and instead said quietly: "No."

"Oh, Wint," Mrs. Chase exclaimed, "you ain't going to do any more of that, are you, son? You ——"

"I'm keeping my eye on you, young man," interrupted her husband. "You left the office early to-day. Who gave you permission?"

"The work was done."

"The work is never done."

"You left before I did."

The elder Chase's eyes flashed. "My movements have nothing to do with it. Your place is at the office till four-thirty every day. Don't imagine because you're my son you'll receive any favoritism."

"It seems to work the other way," said Wint.

"It does work the other way. You're on trial, guilty till proved innocent, worthless till proved otherwise. Some fathers —— A boy expelled from college for drunkenness —— You're lucky that I am so lenient with you, young man."

"Am I?"

"Now, Wint," his mother interjected, "don't you aggravate your father. Goodness knows it's hard enough to get along with him ——"

"Margaret!"

"Well, I mean you oughtn't to ——"

Wint rose abruptly. "Nagging never did any good," he said. "I mean to do my part." He flamed suddenly. "But for heaven's sake don't talk me to death!"

He went out, up to his room. He was trembling with humiliated resentment. In his room he stood for a moment before the mirror looking at his image in the glass, frowning sullenly.

"Talk! Talk! Talk!" he exclaimed hotly. "Always talk!"

He went into the bathroom, splashed cold water into his face, went out again and down the stairs. He took his hat.

His mother called from the dining room: "Wint—there's ice cream! Don't you ——"

"No—thanks," he said. "I'm going uptown."

He closed the door upon their protests and went down to the street and turned toward the town.

His way led past Joan's house. He paused at her gate for a moment, hesitant, frowning, miserable, lonely. Then he went on.

Almost everyone goes uptown in Hardiston at night. The seven-fifteen train, bringing mail, is one excuse. The moving pictures are an allurement. The streets are better filled in early evening than at any other time of the day. Wint began presently to meet acquaintances. At the hotel he encountered Jack Routt. Routt greeted him eagerly:

"Wint! Hello there! Care for a game of billiards?"

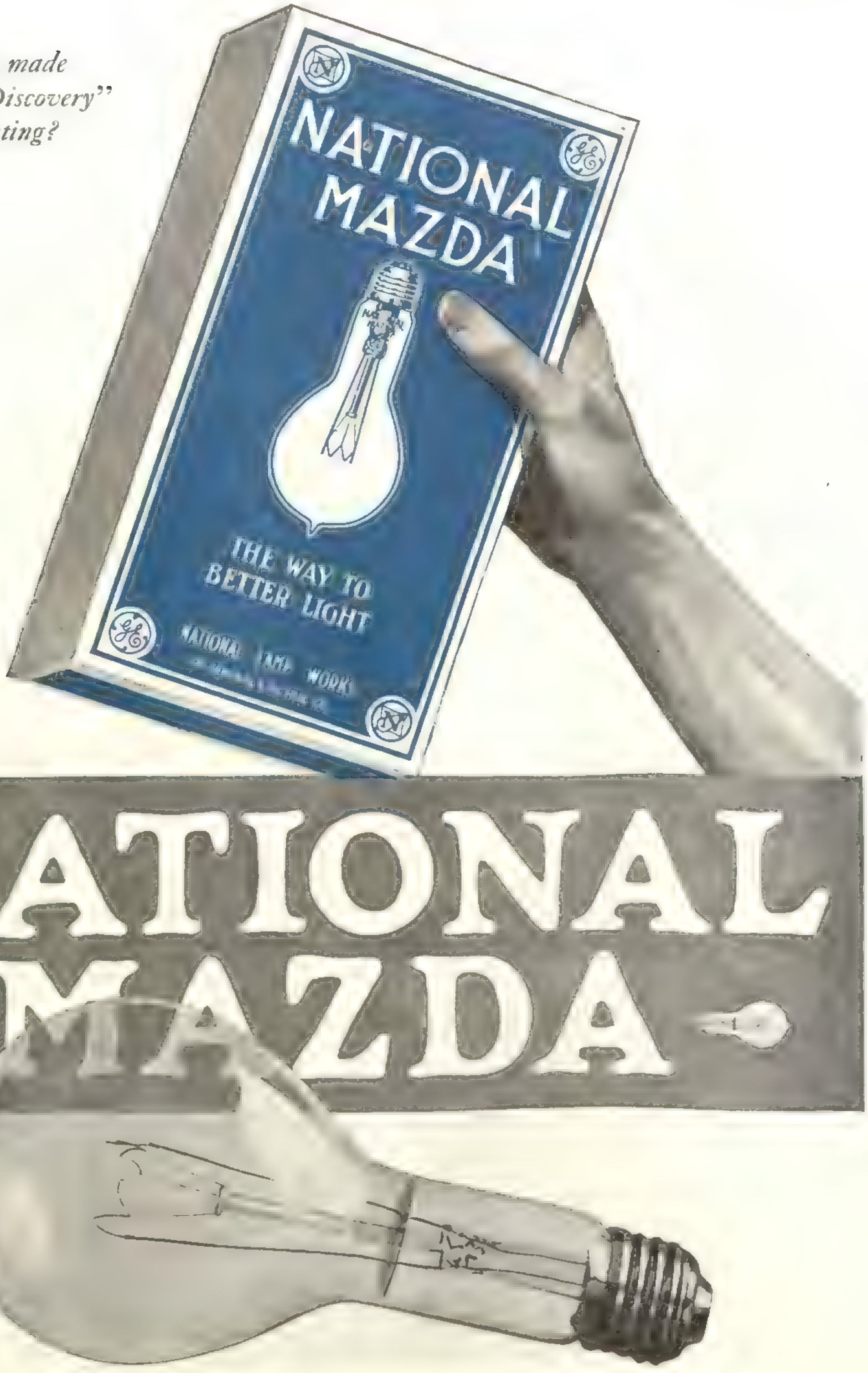
"I'd just as soon."

"Come along, then."

They went through the hotel office, down three steps, and into the pool room. There were three tables, two for pool and one for billiards. A game of Kelly pool was in progress at one table, but the billiard table was free. They chalked their cues.

(Continued on Page 108)

Have YOU *made*
"The Great Discovery"
about lighting?



NATIONAL MAZDA

Hear Him!

Somewhere in every industrial establishment is a lighting "fan." He has made "The Great Discovery." He has found that lamps and light are but raw material *out of which to manufacture increased production, better morale, and worth-while additions to profits.*

Perhaps you—if you are the executive he has been trying to interest—have mentally put up the bars against his story. The fact that lighting has regularly appeared as an item of expense—an insignificant one as expenses go—has perhaps kept you from visualizing the many times that lighting *lies hidden behind the PROFIT items!* For good lighting is a great stimulator of production and what it earns is out of all proportion to what it costs.

This advertisement is addressed to *you*, to awaken in your mind the possibility that the story your lighting fan has been trying to tell you *is a bigger one than you thought.* Hear him, by all means! Be he electrician or superintendent or engineer—or even an outside salesman with a real story to tell—you will never, we feel sure, regret the time you give him now! May we send booklets on factory illumination that show remarkable increases in production—due to better lighting—made even in factories that were already considered well lighted?

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
24 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

EACH of the labels below represents a Division of the National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service.

(Continued from Page 105)

"Half a dollar?" Routt challenged.

Wint nodded. "All right."

Routt won the draw and shot first. The game went jerkily forward. Neither was an expert player. A run of ten was an event. Wint played silently, his thoughts elsewhere. Routt was cheerful, loquacious, friendly. Wint envied him faintly. Everyone liked Jack, respected him.

Routt won the game with a run of four and laid his cue on the table. "I'll be back in a minute, Wint," he said. "You don't mind waiting?"

"I'll go with you," Wint countered.

Routt shook his head. "Now, Wint—no, I won't let you. You know—play it safe, man. You can't afford to monkey with this."

"Don't be a fool, Jack."

"Oh, Wint, I mean it. Leave it alone. That's the only safe way—for you."

Wint's eyes flamed sullenly. "Aren't you coming?" he asked and started for the door.

Routt followed, still protesting. "Wint—don't be a darned fool."

"Don't be a preacher, Jack."

"Please, Wint—leave it alone. Come on back. I won't go, either."

Wint said nothing, but he went steadily ahead; and Routt yielded. They left the hotel, went half a block, entered an alley, climbed a stair.

County option had closed the saloons; but Hardiston was still far from being a dry town. When they returned to the pool room half an hour later Wint's cheeks were unnaturally flushed, and he laughed more easily than before.

▼

AMOS CARETALL and his daughter had supper—dinner was at midday in the Caretall household—alone together. Old Maria Hale cooked the supper, and Agnes brought it to the table. It was a good supper. Fried chicken, for example; and mashed potatoes as creamy as—cream. And afterward apple-tapioca pudding of a peculiar excellence. All garnished with little round biscuits, each no more than a crisp mouthful. The congressman smacked his lips over it with frank appreciation.

"Maria," he told the old colored woman, "you could make your fortune in Washington."

Maria cackled delightedly. She was a shriveled little old crone, bent, wrinkled and suspected of being as bald as an egg. No one ever saw her without a kerchief bound tightly round her head. She had looked a hundred years old for twenty years, and declared she was more than that. "I mus' be a hundred an' twenty, at the mos'," she used to say when questioned Now she cackled with delight at the congressman's praise of her cookery.

"I don' know 'bout Wash'n't'n," she declared, "but I ain' makin' no great pile in Hardiston, Miste' Caretall."

He laughed, head tilted back, mouth full of biscuit.

"You old fraud, you could buy and sell Chase himself, twice over. You haven't spent a cent for a hundred years, Maria."

She giggled like a girl, and went out to the kitchen, wagging her head from side to side and mumbling to herself. Agnes looked after her, and when the door was closed said with a toss of her head: "She's getting awfully cranky, dad."

Amos chuckled. "Always was, Agnes. Just the same when I was your age. But she can make mighty uncranky biscuits."

"She gets cross as a bear if I don't help her with the dishes."

Amos looked at his daughter with a dry smile. "Then if I was you, Agnes, I'd help her."

She started to reply but thought better of it. A little constraint fell upon them, and this continued until Amos leaned back with a sigh of contentment and pulled a pipe from his coat pocket. It was a horny old pipe, black, odorous, rank as a skunk cabbage. Agnes hated it; but Amos stuck to it, year in, year out. When it caked so full that a pencil would not go down into its cavity Amos always whittled out the cake, burned the pipe with alcohol and started over again. The brier had been in regular and constant use for half a dozen years—and it was still, as Agnes used to say, "going strong."

Amos cuddled this pipe lovingly in the palm of his hand. He polished the black bowl in his palm, and then by rubbing it across his cheek and against the side of his nose. Agnes fidgeted, and Amos watched her with a twinkle in his eye until she rose suddenly and cried: "Dad—that's horrid!"

He chuckled. "What was it you said about dishes?" he asked.

She went sulkily toward the kitchen.

Amos watched her with a certain amount of speculation in his eyes. Amos was always speculating; speculating about people and about things. He stared at the door that closed behind her for a long minute before the clock on the mantel struck seven and broke the charm. Then he got up stiffly, favoring his big body, and went into the sitting room. Only half a dozen houses in Hardiston had living rooms in those days. Rooms with no other appointed use were sitting rooms and parlors. The library and the living room were arriving together.

Amos went into the sitting room and pulled a creaky rocking-chair up before the coal fire. His feet were in carpet slippers, and he kicked off the slippers and thrust his feet toward the blaze. He wore knitted wool socks, gray, with white heels and toes. Maria Hale had knitted Amos' socks for ten years. He wriggled his toes comfortably, then searched from one pocket a black plug of tobacco, from another a crooked-blade pruning knife. He sliced three or four slices from the plug with grave care, restored plug and knife to his pockets, rolled the slices to a crumbling pile in his palm, and filled his pipe. When it was lighted—he primed it by cramming into the top of the pipe some half-burned tobacco from a previous smoking—he leaned back luxuriously in the chair, closed his eyes, puffed hard and thought gently.

He was still in this position when the telephone rang; and he rose grumblingly to answer it. Winthrop Chase, Senior, was at the other end of the wire; and when he discovered this Amos winked gravely at the fire and his voice descended half an octave.

"Good evening, congressman," said Chase.

"Evening, Mr. Chase," said Amos.

"Gergue told me you were coming home."

"I guess he was right."

"He thought you would want to see me."

Amos' eyes widened. "Did he say so?"

Chase laughed. "Well—you understand—Gergue has his methods."

Amos nodded soberly. "Yes, yes. Well—you can come to-night if you want."

"Er—what?"

"I said you could come to-night. I'll be home all evenin'."

Winthrop Chase, Senior, hesitated. He hesitated for so long that Amos asked blandly: "Er—anything else?"

"No; no-o," Chase decided then. "No—I'll come."

"That's good," said Amos; and hung up and went back to his chair with a pleasant smile upon his countenance.

Almost immediately someone knocked on the door. From the sitting room the door was open into the hall, so that Amos heard the knock easily. There was a bell, and most people rang the bell; but Peter Gergue always knocked, so Amos called out confidently: "Come in, Pete."

Listening, he heard the front door open. Then it closed, and Gergue came slowly along the hall and into the room. Amos looked up and nodded.

"Evening, Peter. Glad t'see you. Take a chair. Any chair."

Peter put his hat on the table and dragged a morris chair before the fire. He sat down, still without speaking, and extended his feet toward the fire in imitation of Amos. Amos' hands were clasped across his middle, and Gergue clasped his hands in like fashion. Thus they remained for a little time silent.

But such a position put Gergue under too great a handicap. He had to get his fingers into his hair; and so presently he unclasped his hands and began to rummage through the tangle at the nape of his neck for his medulla, as though hunting for something. Apparently he found it, for after a moment he said slowly: "Well, Amos, we're licked."

Amos turned his head and studied Gergue. "Do tell!" he exclaimed at last.

Gergue nodded. "Hollow ain't got any more chance of being mayor than—than young Wint Chase has."

This seemed to startle Amos. He opened his mouth to speak, hesitated, closed it again, then asked: "Young Wint! What makes you say that?"

"We-ell—no more chance than I got, then," Gergue amended.

The congressman seemed satisfied with the amendment. He wagged his head as though deploring the situation, then asked: "Why? What's Jim done?"

Gergue looked at Amos reproachfully. "We-ell, you know Jim."

"Always does the right thing, don't he?"

"They ain't no votes in that."

The two considered this truism for a time in thoughtful silence. In this interval Gergue produced and filled and lighted a pipe in a manner painfully like that of Amos. Every detail—pipe, plug, knife, priming—was the same.

Amos watched him with interest, and when Gergue had finished with the rites Amos asked: "How big a margin has Chase got?"

Gergue opened his hands as though baring every secret. "Well," he said, "Jim'll get two votes. Yours and mine. He won't vote for himself. Says it ain't right. So I don't know where we can count on anything else." He hesitated, then: "You know, this Chase has got a holt on Hardiston."

"How?"

"Every way. Two-three hundred men working for him, one way or another. The drys are all with him. The money is all with him. And the Democrats are all with him."

Amos pondered. "I hadn't no notion Chase was such a popular man," he said.

Gergue shook his head. "He ain't. They'd all like to see him licked, just to see his swelling go down some. But—a man can't vote for Hollow."

Amos puffed hard. "You know, Peter, I've a mind to vote for Chase myself."

Gergue was startled; but after a minute he grinned. "Whatever you say goes for me, Amos."

"Chase is a good man, a big man, a public-spirited man. You know, Peter, if he was elected mayor, things being as they is, he'd stand right in line for Congress next fall. I don't know as I'd even run against him, Pete."

Gergue leaned forward and clapped his knee and chuckled. Something pleased him. Amos watched him with an expression of comical bewilderment, until Gergue caught his eye and sobered abruptly.

Then Amos asked most casually: "How's young Wint, Peter?"

Gergue looked sharply at the congressman. "The boy?"

"We-ell—he's over twenty-one."

"Er-er—is he?"

Amos squinted at the ceiling. "Seems to me he is. He was three years ahead of Agnes in school and high school, and she is twenty now. He must be twenty-two or three."

Peter considered this, but made no comment.

After a moment Amos asked again: "So—how is he, Peter?"

Gergue rummaged through his back hair. "We-ell—they kicked him out of State for overstudy of booze."

Amos nodded. "I know. But—how is he?"

"Still at it."

"Still at—the booze?"

"He drinks when he has a mind to; and he's got a large and active mind."

"What does his father think of it?"

"Various sentiments."

"Wint is looking badly."

Gergue nodded. "I come along the street this morning," he said. "He was standing in front of the post office. His back was to me; and when I says hello to him he jumped a foot. Nerves on edge."

"That's natural."

Peter shook his head. "Not natural; booze"

"Oh," said Amos; and: "But he'll straighten up. He'll come out all right."

Peter shook his head. "I've seen 'em go that way. By and by his face will begin to look old, just overnight. And then his clothes will get shabby, and b'fore anybody knows different he'll be hanging round the hotel corner of nights with a cigarette in his mouth." He hesitated. "He's set in his way, Amos. Nothing but an accident'll change him."

Amos looked across at Peter curiously. "Accident?"

"Yeah"

Gergue volunteered no explanation; but after a little time Amos said slowly, "Well, Peter—some accidents ain't so accidental as others. Pete, you just make a study of Wint Chase for me."

Gergue looked curious, and he threaded his hair for his medulla oblongata, but he asked no questions. Before a direct instruction or command from Amos, Peter was always silently obedient. He looked at Amos, and then he turned back to the fire; and for a long time the two men sat thus, staring into the coals above the smoking bowls of their pipes.

It is one of the merits of cut plug for smoking that a well-filled pipe gives a long smoke. Amos Caretall's pipe lasted three-quarters of an hour before the last embers were drowned in the moisture at the bottom of the bowl. He knocked out the loose ashes into his palm, leaving the half-burned cake in the bottom of the pipe to serve as priming for a later smoke, and then stuffed the pipe affectionately away into his pocket.

Peter was still puffing at his, and Amos watched him for a little, and then he chuckled softly to himself. Gergue looked across at him in faint surprise. Amos chuckled harder, began to laugh, laughed aloud—and instantly was as sober as a judge.

"Peter," he said slowly, "what you reckon Winthrop Chase, Senior, would up and do if he was licked for mayor?"

Gergue considered for a moment, then seriously judged: "He'd up and lay him an egg."

Amos nodded. "And eggs will be worth fifty cents a dozen, right here in Hardiston, inside a month. It might pay to have him lay one, Pete."

"You'll need a political Lay-or-Bust for that, Amos."

"I've got one, Peter."

Gergue stared slowly at Amos, his eyes ponderously inquisitive. At length he asked: "What brand?"

Amos leaned toward him quickly: "Almost any good man could beat Chase, couldn't he, Pete?"

"He might have—starting at the first go off. He couldn't now."

"Chase ain't rightly popular."

"No—he puts on too many airs."

"Hardiston'd like to see a joke on him—now, wouldn't it?"

"Sure. A man always can laugh at a joke on the other fellow. Special if it's on old Chase."

"Pete—I kind of like Congress."

Gergue nodded. "Don't blame you a speck."

"I want to keep a-going back there."

"Fair enough."

"But you say yourself that Chase don't agree with me on that."

"He says so too."

Amos tapped Gergue's knee. "Pete, wouldn't a good smashing joke on Chase put him out of the running for a spell?"

Gergue considered. "I'll say this, Amos," he announced at length: "A joke on a man is all right if it don't go too far. If you go too far you'll make 'em sorry for Chase, and then there'll be no stopping 'em. Politics sure does love a martyr. But—short o' that—a joke's good medicine."

Caretall sat up quickly. "That's fine," he said soberly. "That's fine," he repeated. And he fell silent, and after a little said, half aloud and for the third time, "Peter, that's fine."

Peter's pipe smoked out, and he, too, emptied the ashes and preserved the last charred bits of tobacco as Amos had done. Then he rose, reached slowly for his hat. "I'll go along, Amos," he announced.

The congressman lumbered up out of his chair, his broad countenance beaming. "Fair enough, Pete. But, Pete—I want to ask you something."

Gergue shifted his hat to his left hand; his right went to the back of his neck. "What is it?"

"Take a man like young Wint, Peter. Suppose he was given a job—sudden—that was right up to him. Responsibility, power, something to do that had to be done. Nobody to boss him but himself. Him and his heart. What would that do to a man like Wint, Pete?"

Gergue scratched his head—hard. He thought—hard.

Amos said softly: "Don't hurry, Pete. Think it over."

Gergue nodded; and presently he said: "Man just like Wint—that's what you mean?"

"Say—Wint himself"

"It'd depend on the man"

"Say it's Wint"

"Depend on whether he had any backbone—any stuff in him."

"Has Wint got it?"

Gergue shook his head. "Ain't sure."

"Say he has."

"Then—this job you mentioned would straighten him out—likely."

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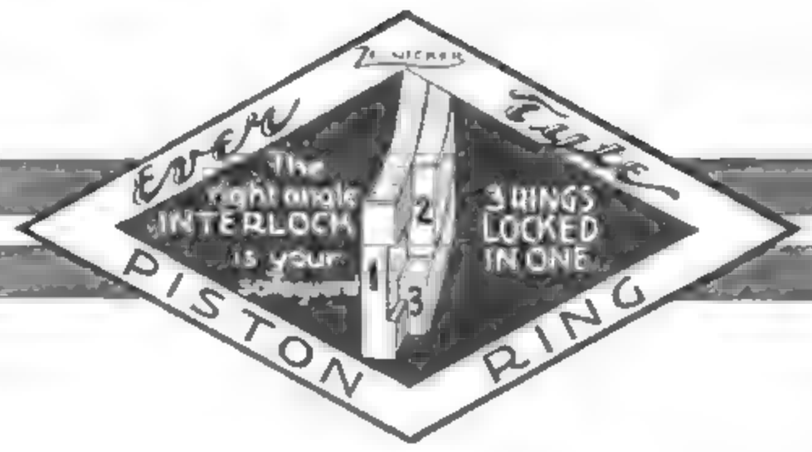

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(Continued from Page 108)

"Say he hasn't."

"'Twouldn't hurt him none."

Amos nodded. "That's what I thought, Pete." He laid his hand on the other's shoulder and propelled him gently toward the door. There he paused and added: "You do what I asked, will you, Pete? Make a study of Wint."

"All right."

"And Pete."

Gergue turned.

"Tell V. R. Kite I wish he'd come and see me."

Peter's eyes lighted slowly—and after a moment he grinned. "All right, Amos," he said quietly, and went down the walk to the gate.

VI

WINTHROP CHASE, SENIOR, took himself seriously. When he walked the streets of Hardiston, bowing most affably, smiling most genially, he was inwardly conscious of the gaze of all who passed that way. He felt their eyes upon him; and this gave him a sense of responsibility, a sense of duty. His duty, as he saw it, was to set an example to the town; an example of erectness and respectability and high ideals. And it must be said for Winthrop Chase, Senior, that he did his utmost along these lines.

He was not an educated man. He had been born in Hardiston, and had attended the Hardiston schools; but in those days the Hardiston schools were not remarkable. Chase could read, he could write, and he could arrange and classify more figures in his head than most men could manage on paper. But beyond that he did not go. There was a native honesty in the man; and this led him to recognize his own shortcomings. For example, when he was called upon to address his fellow citizens he always called in a collaborator and arranged his speech in advance. He made no secret of this. In the same way, the printed word was a continual surprise and delight to him; every book he opened was a succession of amazing revelations. And this characteristic gave him a profound admiration for such folks as the editors of the Hardiston papers. As business men he had for them only a benignant contempt; as politicians they were pawns and nothing more; but for their ability to say what they wished with pen and paper Chase accorded them all honor.

The elder Chase's sense of responsibility to the town had made him an unsympathetic father to Wint. He expected Wint, too, to live up to the position in which he found himself. It was not hypocrisy that made him gloss over private errors and denounce more public aberrations; it was a feeling that Wint owed a good example to the town. Thus he had never objected to Wint's drinking at home—the Chases always had liquor in the house—but when Wint was expelled from the state university his father was furious; and when Wint once or twice was brought home from town in an uncertain state of mind and body his father raged.

The elder Chase made many errors, most of them well-intentioned, and he accomplished much good, most of it by accident. He was a curious compound of harmless faults and dangerous virtues. And no one regretted his mistakes more than Chase himself.

Five minutes after telephoning Amos Caretall, Winthrop Chase saw that was a strategic mistake, and began regretting it. Until Amos' home-coming the mayoralty campaign had been going smoothly and satisfactorily. Hollow was not a dangerous opponent, and Chase seemed reasonably sure of election by default.

Nevertheless, the coming of Amos had disturbed him. Amos was rightly feared by his political enemies. He had the habit of success; and no matter how secure Chase might feel, the thought of Amos made him secretly tremble.

He was not a man to avoid conflict; therefore he had sought to confront the enemy forthwith, and had telephoned Amos with that end in view. He wished to bolster his own courage by seeing Amos cower; and Amos had disappointed him. Instead of cowering, Amos had told him carelessly that if he, Chase, wished to do so he might call on Amos that night. And Chase had promised to.

Now he was torn with regrets. He was sorry he had telephoned; and he was sorry he had promised to go. At first he thought he would stay at home—let Amos wait in vain; and he tried to bolster this decision with arguments. But they were unconvincing. Sure as he was of the election Amos made him nervous; and eventually, with a desperate feeling that he must know the worst, and quickly, he set out for the Caretall home.

Agnes went to admit him when he rang the bell. Chase liked the girl. She was pretty and gay, and she was always flutteringly deferential in his presence. She opened the door, saw him, and cried delightedly: "Why, Mr. Chase! Come in!"

He obeyed, drawing off his gloves. He was one of the four men in Hardiston who wore kid gloves.

"Good evening, Agnes," he said in his tone of condescending graciousness. "Is your father at home?"

"Oh, yes—he's in by the fire."

Amos called from the sitting room: "Toasting my toes, Winthrop. Come in."

"Let me take your coat," Agnes was begging; and he allowed her to help him off with the garment, and then handed her his hat and gloves and watched her bestow them on the rack. She was graceful in everything she did, and she looked up at him in a humble little fashion, as though to solicit his approval. He gave it.

"Thank you, Agnes," he said gravely.

"Now!" she said, and turned toward the sitting-room door. In the doorway she paused. "Dad, here's Mr. Chase."

"Come in, Chase," Amos called again. "Take a chair. Any chair. Turning cold, ain't it?"

Amos did not get up; but Chase went toward him and held out his hand so that the congressman was forced to rise. He was in the act of filling his pipe again, knife in one hand, slices of tobacco in the other; and he had trouble clearing one hand for the greeting, but he managed.

"Now sit down, Chase," he urged again, when the handshake was over. "Glad you came in. Is it turning cold; or ain't it?"

"Yes," said Chase seriously. "Yes, there's a touch of cold in the air."

"Sky looked that way to me this aft'noon. Early too."

"I think it will pass, though," Chase declared. "We'll have some Indian summer yet."

"Had some snow, haven't you?"

"Two or three inches, early in October. But it melted in an hour when the sun touched it."

Amos nodded slowly. He was lighting his pipe. Agnes had come in with the visitor, but after a moment took herself upstairs and the two men were left alone. This made Chase uncomfortable. Even Agnes would have been a support in this encounter. He looked sidewise at Amos, but Amos was studying the fire; and after a minute the congressman got up and poked out the ashes and put on half a bucket of fresh coal. Then he jabbed the coals again, and so resumed his seat.

"Ain't been over to Washington lately, Chase?" he said presently.

Chase roused himself. "No. No. Been very busy, Amos. Affairs here, you know."

"I know, I know. Now me—Washington is my business. But you have to stick to your coal and your iron." He paused. "I sh'd think you'd get tired of it, Chase."

"How are things in the capital?" Chase asked importantly.

Amos looked at him sidewise. "Why—I ain't noticed anything wrong."

"Who will the Republicans nominate next year."

"Reckon the Colonel will give 'em Taft."

Chase nodded importantly. "Taft will carry Ohio without difficulty."

"Carry the country just as easy." Amos grinned. "Chase, you're a funny Democrat."

"Why? I ——"

"I guess you're one of these waiting Democrats—eh?"

Chase looked confused. "I—what's that?"

"Figuring there's bound to be a swing some day—and when it comes you'll be there and waiting." Amos nodded. "You're right too. Absolutely bound to be a swing some day."

"I'm a Democrat from conviction, Amos. The Democratic Party ——"

"Fiddlesticks! Tariff has made you—iron and steel. Fiddlesticks!"

Chase fidgeted; Amos fell silent, and for a time neither man spoke. Once Amos reached into a table drawer and produced a cigar and offered it to the other. Chase lighted it.

When it was half smoked Amos asked carelessly: "Well, Chase, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

Chase put himself on the defensive. "I? Why, you asked me to come. I supposed ——"

Amos grinned. "Have it so, Chase. Have it so." He puffed hard at his pipe, looked at the other. "Well—does it look to you like the swing was coming in Hardiston?"

Chase stiffened self-consciously. "The town has demanded that I run for mayor—and—I consented."

"That was a public-spirited thing to do, Chase. With all your business to hinder you—take your time."

"I was glad to do it. A man owes it. If there is a demand for him he must respond."

"Sure! Sure thing! And you've responded noble, Chase."

"I've made a straightforward campaign."

"First-class campaign. You figure you've got a chance?"

Chase's confidence returned. "I'm going to win, Amos. Nothing can stop me. I'll be the next mayor of Hardiston—sure."

Amos looked thoughtful. "I ain't in touch—myself." He puffed at his pipe. "Gergue says you'll win—barring an accident."

"There will be no accident."

"Eh?"

"I intend to see to it that there is no accident."

Amos nodded. "Well," he commented, "that's your privilege."

Chase leaned forward. "Congressman," he said seriously, "it's a bad plan to stay away from home so long. You get out of touch with affairs here. You ought to —— You need some ally here to watch over your interests."

Amos looked up quickly. "Now I never thought of that," he declared.

Chase clapped his hand on his knee. "It's right. You can't tell what the people are thinking unless you live among them—as I do, sir."

Amos considered this statement, and then he remarked: "Take this wet and dry business, for instance. Now me—I'm so far away I don't rightly know what the folks here are thinking. But you ——" He hesitated. "How does it strike you, Chase?"

"It's the big issue here."

"How? County's dry."

"But the town isn't. The law is not enforced here."

"Why not?"

Chase laughed shortly. "The present mayor ——"

Amos interrupted. "I'm a wet man, Chase. You know that. I guess you are, too, ain't you?"

Chase shook his head sternly. "No, indeed. Prohibition is the greatest good for the greatest number. I want to see it sweep the country—statewide—nationwide."

Amos looked startled. "I'm surprised."

"There's no question about it, congressman. Prohibition is coming. And I'm for it."

"You have—you ain't a dry man, are you?"

"I believe in moderation."

"Now that's funny too," Amos commented, his head on one side in the familiar posture that suggested he was suffering from stiff neck.

"Funny? Why?"

"You and me. Me—I'm a wet man; I believe in license. But I'm a teetotaler. You're a dry man—but you like moderation. I'm for a wet state and a dry cellar—and you're for a dry state and a wet cellar. Ain't that always the way?"

Chase flushed stiffly. "Many great men have held public views differing from their private practice."

"Who, f'r instance?"

"Why—many of them."

Amos nodded. "Well, you've studied the thing. Maybe you're right."

"I am right."

The congressman looked at the other with a cold, quizzical light in his eyes. "How 'bout Wint? He hold your views?"

Chase turned red as fire. "He has nothing to do with this."

"I heard he was a wet man personally; but I wondered if he was dry like you in theory."

The other said stiffly: "My son has disgraced me. I have been very angry with him. But it may have been as much my fault as his. I have tried to be patient. He understands now that if he continues, if he does not mend his ways—I ——" He stopped uncertainly.

"Reck'n you'd disown him."

An unexpected and very human weakness showed in the countenance of the elder Chase. His features worked; he said huskily, "Well—the boy—he's my only child, Amos."

Amos had never liked Winthrop Chase till that moment. He was surprised at the burst of sympathy that moved him. He nodded. "You're right, Chase. And—Wint's a good boy, I figure."

His tone encouraged the other. Chase leaned toward the congressman. "Amos," he said, "there's a new day coming in Ohio politics."

Amos looked puzzled. "To-morrow's always likely to be a new day."

"Things are changing, Amos."

"How?"

"Men are dissatisfied with the present—administration of affairs."

"Men are always dissatisfied."

"They're looking round for a new—hired man—Amos."

Amos chuckled; then he said slowly: "Well—there's lots of folks looking for the job."

Chase hesitated, considering his next word; and in the end he cast diplomacy to the winds and came out flatly: "Amos—it's a good time to look round for friends. To make new alliances."

Amos looked at the other thoughtfully. "Meaning—just what?"

Chase said simply: "You and I ought to get together, Amos."

"We're—here together."

"I mean—a permanent alliance—offensive and defensive. For mutual good."

Amos' pipe had smoked itself to the end. He emptied it with his accustomed care before answering. Then he said slowly: "Specify, Chase. Specify."

Chase proceeded to specify. "I'm going to be the next mayor of Hardiston, Amos."

"Barring that accident."

Chase brushed that suggestion aside. "My victory—in a strong Republican town—will make me an important figure in the district."

"Meaning—my district?"

"Meaning the congressional district."

Amos looked at the other. "You figuring to run against me next year?"

Chase shook his head. "I don't want to. There's no sense in our cutting each other's throats."

"That's against the law anyhow."

Chase leaned forward more earnestly: "Amos—here's my proposition: We ought to get together. I'm willing. I've got Hardiston. Sentiment in the district is swinging. I can make a good fight against you next year—I think I can win. But I don't want to fight you. So—let's get together. Party politics is out of date. We're the two biggest men in the county, Amos. You step aside and let me go to Congress—I can beat anyone else easily. And I'll back you for—the Senate, Amos."

For a moment Amos remained very quietly in his chair; then he coughed, such a loud harsh cough that Chase jumped. And then he said slowly: "Chase—you startled me."

Chase said condescendingly, grandly, "No reason for that, Amos."

"But my land, man—the Senate! Me in the Senate!"

"Why not? Worse men than you are there."

"Chase—you're the man for the Senate—not me."

Chase bridled like a girl. "No, no, Amos. You've the experience, the wide view ——"

Amos seemed to recall something. "That's so, Chase. And you—you ain't mayor yet. Something might happen."

"It won't."

Amos rose. "Chase," he said, "I've got to know you better to-night than in twenty years."

Chase grasped the congressman's hand firmly. This was a habit of his, this firm clasp. "It's high time, then, Amos."

"Yes, yes," Amos considered. "Tell you what, Chase," he said at last, "I'll think it over."

"It's the thing to do, Amos."

"I'll think it over, Chase," the congressman repeated. He was ushering the other toward the door, helping him into his coat, opening the door. "Wait till after election, Chase," he said; then deferentially: "If you're elected mayor of Hardiston I don't see but what we'll have to team up together."

(Continued on Page 114)

MADE THE
REAL *french* WAY

Touraine

ALMOND
BARS

CHOCK-FULL
OF ALMONDS

IT'S IN THE
YELLOW
PACKAGE

$64,000,000 Worth of Chocolate Almond Bars

Listen, People!!

Ever hear the facts about chocolate almond bars?

I can tell them to you.

I'm the "Touraine Chocolate" man.

I've been in the chocolate business for years.

I've watched the almond bar business from the start.

"Some day," I said, "I'll go into this almond bar business myself. I'll make a bar that *is* a bar. In the meantime I'll look on, think a lot, and say little."

Well sir, there got to be half a hundred different makes or brands of chocolate almond bars.

The almond bar idea carried the country by storm.

Last year the American public consumed sixty-four million dollars' worth of them.

People bought them so fast that many makers didn't stop to make them any better.

In fact, it got so you had to hunt for the almonds.

I said, "Now is my chance, I'll make my chocolate the French way (not any old imported way—but the French way).

"And I'll have it chock-full of almonds—fresh, best grade almonds.

"I'll make a bar so crispy and good that when you sink your teeth into it you'll get a new sensation.

"Yes, I'll make it so lickin' good that you'll always reach for that yellow label with the word 'Touraine' on it.

"And you'll remember Duane, the man who makes the chocolate almond bar that is different and better."

HARRY B. DUANE, *President*
THE TOURAINE COMPANY
New York Boston Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland

(To be Continued)

P.S.—The next installment will tell how I went to France, how it took two years to perfect my automatic chocolate mixer, thermo, moulder and cooler, all-in-one; and why they can't follow me or match my almond bar at any price.

(Continued from Page 111)

Chase grasped the congressman's hand again. "That's a bargain, Amos."

"A bargain," Amos echoed. Then: "Good night, Chase."

The door closed; and Amos after a minute began to chuckle slowly under his breath.

VII

VICTOR RUTHERFORD KITE was a man about half the size of his name. Specifically, he was five feet and two inches tall with his shoes on and his pompadour ruffed up. A saving sense of the fitness of things had led him to abandon the long roll of names bestowed upon him by his parents in favor of the shorter and more fitting initials. As V. R. Kite he had lived in Hardiston for twenty-odd years; and most Hardiston people had forgotten what his given names actually were.

He was about sixty years old; and he looked it. His eyes were small, and they were washy blue. The eyelids fell about them in thousands of tiny folds and wrinkles, so that the eyes themselves were almost hidden. His eyebrows and his hair and his hints of side whiskers were gray. These side whiskers were really not whiskers at all; they were merely a faint downward growth of the hair before his ears; and they lay on his dry cheeks like the stroke of a brush. His skin was parched dry; it was so dry that it had a powdery look. He walked with a dignified little swing of his short legs, and held his head poised upon his thin neck in a self-contained way that indefinably suggested a turkey.

This man was a member of the session of his church; he was the proprietor and manager of a store that would have been a five-and-ten-cent emporium in a larger town than Hardiston; and he was the secretly acknowledged leader of the wet forces in Hardiston. He himself had come to the town in the beginning to run a saloon; but after a few years he submerged his own personality in this venture and opened the little store, leaving a lieutenant to manage the saloon, which he still owned. Thereafter he acquired other establishments of a like nature, until he attained the dignity of a vested interest. When county option came he suffered in proportion.

But though town and county voted dry there were any number of Hardiston folks who still liked a drink now and then—and the city—for the town of Hardiston was legally a city—took judicial cognizance of the will of its citizens to this extent—the prohibition law was not strictly enforced. The official interpretation of it was: "It's against the law to sell liquor if you get caught."

V. R. Kite thought this was reasonable enough, and took care not to get caught.

On the evening of Amos Caretall's homecoming Kite was not in his store, so Peter Gergue had some difficulty in locating him. As a last resort he tried the little man's home and was frankly surprised to find Kite there. He delivered Amos' message, and Kite, who was at times a fiery little man, and a sulker between whiles, agreed in a surly sort of fashion that he would go and see Amos that night. Gergue was satisfied.

Kite's house was near that of Amos; but he did not set forth at once. When he did it was just in time to encounter Winthrop Chase, Senior, at Amos' gate. Kite bridled and slid past Chase as warily as a cat. The two men did not speak. If they had spoken they would have fought; for each of them felt that he had borne the last bearable insult from the other. They passed, and Kite hurried up to Amos' door while Winthrop Chase, looking back, watched with a calmly complacent smile. He felt that he and Amos had come to an understanding; and he rejoiced at the thought that this understanding meant the downfall of Kite as a political power in Hardiston.

Kite knocked at the door while Amos was still chuckling in the hall; and Amos let him in. Kite, once the door was open, slid inside, shoved the door shut behind him, and exclaimed in a low furious voice: "That Chase met me outside. He was here. Don't deny it, Amos! Did you aim for me to meet him here?"

Amos chuckled and patted Kite's shoulder. "Now, now, Kite," he said soothingly, "you didn't run onto him here. You didn't have to talk to him. So what you mad about?"

"I hate the sight of the man. He makes me sick."

"Come in and set down," said Amos, still chuckling.

They went into the sitting room, Kite still grumbling at the nearness of his escape. When they were once settled Amos broke in on this monologue without hesitation.

"Chase says he's going to be the next mayor—whe'er or no," he remarked.

Kite's dry little countenance twisted with pain. Amos saw, and asked sympathetically: "You and him disagree some on the liquor issue, I take it."

"We disagree on every issue. He's ——"

"Hardiston's a little bit wet, ain't it?"

"Of course! And no one objects! But this Chase wants to get in and make it dry. He's a ——"

"This county-option law's popular, though."

"Popular—with fools and hypocrites like Chase"

"Chase'll make a good mayor," Amos suggested. "He's a fine public-spirited man. Always sacrificing himself for the town—sacrificing his own interests—an' all that. So he says, anyhow. Said so to me to-night."

Kite waved his clenched fists above his head. He fought for words. Amos seemed not to notice this.

"He's a good man, a churchly man," he mused.

Kite exploded. "Damn hypocrite!"

Amos looked across at the other in surprise. "Hypocrite? How's that?"

Kite became fluent. "Take the liquor question. He preaches dry—talks dry—and drinks like a fish. And his son is a common toper."

Amos shook his head. "We-ell, a man's private life ain't nothing to do with his political principles. Lots of cases like that. If a man thinks right and performs his office I reckon that's all you can ask. Out of office hours—he's allowed to do what he wants."

"He'll ruin Hardiston," Kite declared. "Ruin it!" He whirled toward the other. "Your fault too, Amos! If you'd put up a man against him, instead of a fish like Jim Hollow ——"

"I figured Jim would do. He always tries to do the right thing," Amos protested; and Kite dismissed the protest with a grunt.

"The town don't want Chase," he declared vehemently, "but they can't take Hollow."

"We-ell," said Amos thoughtfully, "what's going to be done about it?"

Kite threw up his hands. "Nothing. Too late. But I ——"

The congressman interrupted drawlingly: "Now if it was young Wint that was going to be mayor—you wouldn't have to worry."

Kite laughed shortly. "I guess not. But—he's not."

"He wouldn't be likely to make the town so awful dry."

"Not unless he drank it dry."

"We-ell, he couldn't do that."

Kite grinned. "I'd chance it."

They were silent for a moment; then Amos said slowly: "Funny—what a difference one letter makes. 'J-r.' instead of 'S-r.' Eh?"

Kite nodded slowly; and Amos was silent again, and so for a time the two men sat, thinking. Kite stared at the fire, his face working. Amos watched the fire, but most of all he watched Kite. He studied the little man, his head tilted on one side, his eyes narrowed. And Kite remained oblivious of this scrutiny. In the end Amos spoke.

"Kite—how many votes you figure will be cast at this election?"

Kite looked up, considered. "A thousand or twelve hundred, I suppose."

Amos bestirred his great bulk and drew from a pocket a handful of letters. He chose one, replaced the others. From another pocket he routed a stubby pencil, moistened the lead and set down Kite's figures on the envelope.

"I think that's too many," he commented.

"Maybe," Kite agreed. "What does it matter?"

"How many wet votes can you swing against Chase as it stands?"

Kite frowned. "I can't do much with Hollow to work with. Maybe four hundred."

"Suppose you had a good man to work with?"

"He ought to get close to five hundred out of twelve."

"Everybody so much in love with Chase as that?"

Kite shook his head. "They don't like him. Nobody does. He thinks he owns the town."

"Does he own it?"

"A good part. Three or four hundred votes anyhow."

Amos tapped his envelope with his pencil, figuring thoughtfully. "I was thinking some of playing a little joke on Chase," he said at last. "Think they'd enjoy a joke on him?"

Kite looked across at the congressman with hope in his eye for the first time that evening. "Any joke on Chase will find lots to laugh at it," he declared.

Amos nodded. "That's what Gergue said."

"He's right." Kite's face fell. "But shucks! What chance is there?"

"There's a chance," said Amos.

"What is it?"

"Listen, Kite," said the congressman soberly. "Listen and I'll tell you."

He began to speak; he talked for a long time, and as he explained, Kite's countenance passed from doubt to hope, and then to exultant confidence.

VIII

THE home-coming of Congressman Caretall created a momentary stir in Hardiston; but that was all. Everyone knew he had come home to take a hand in the mayoralty election; but everyone also knew that the elder Chase was going to be elected mayor in spite of all Caretall could do, and so the first stir of interest soon lagged. There was no sport to be had in an election that was a foregone conclusion.

Caretall did not seem to be worrying about the situation. He walked uptown every morning, waited at the post office while the morning mail was distributed, talked with the men that gathered there, went to the barber shop for his shave, to the Smoke House for his plug of black tobacco, to the hotel or the Journal office or some other rallying spot for men otherwise unattached.

A lull settled over Hardiston. Chase carried on his campaign regularly but without heat. He talked with individuals on street corners and with groups wherever he found them; he spoke most graciously to all who met him on the street; and as the last week before election dawned he announced two meetings, to which all voters were invited. They would be held in the Rink; otherwise the Crescent Opera House; and at these meetings numerous speakers would expound the justice of the Chase cause. Chase himself, of course, would be the principal speaker.

The first of these meetings was to be held on Tuesday night, a week before the election; the second was set for the following Saturday. On Tuesday afternoon Amos Caretall and Chase came face to face in the post office; and half a dozen people saw them greet each other, pleasantly and without heat. Chase spoke as though he could afford to be generous; Amos like a man willing to accept generosity.

"I hope you'll come to my meeting to-night, Amos," Chase invited with grave condescension; and he laughed and added: "You might learn something that would be of value—about municipal affairs."

"I was figuring on coming," said Amos, surprisingly enough. It was surprising even to Chase; but he hid this feeling.

"Fine, fine!" he declared. "Amos, I'm glad to hear it. Partisanship has no place in city affairs."

"That's right," Amos agreed.

Chase laughed. "If you don't look out I'll call on you to speak to-night," he threatened.

Amos grinned at that. "I reckon I wouldn't be scared," he declared. "I've spoken before."

They parted with no further word save laughing jests; but when Chase turned toward his office his eyes were thoughtful, and Amos watched his departing figure with a faint smile. While Chase was still in sight Gergue came along; and he spoke to Amos in his habitual low drawl, and received a word from Amos in reply.

Gergue nodded. "That little bee will keep a-buzzing till he does it," he promised; and Amos chuckled.

He chuckled all that day; but his countenance was sober enough when he presented himself at the entrance to the Rink that night. He was alone; and he walked boldly down the aisle, responding to greetings on every hand, and took a conspicuous seat near the front.

The curtain had been raised; and the stage was set with a stock scene representing a farmyard or something of the kind. There was an impracticable well at the right, in the rear; and at the left the kitchen door of the farmhouse stood open beneath an arbor way of cardboard grapevines. In the center of the stage a table had been set; upon it a white pitcher of water and a glass; and in a semicircle about the table were half a dozen chairs. The stage setting was not strikingly appropriate, but no one save Amos gave it so much as a chuckle.

When he had studied the stage Amos turned to look about at the audience. The Rink was half filled; but half of the people in it were either women or boys too young to vote. The women in Hardiston were all immensely interested in politics; and as for the boys—well, a boy loves a meeting.

While Amos was still studying the audience Ed Skinner, editor of the Weekly Sun, appeared on the stage, walked to the table, rapped on it with a wooden mallet which had obviously been designed for the uses of carpentry, and called the house to order. Amos settled in his seat and the meeting began.

There were four speakers. Skinner talked first; he was followed by Davy Morgan, a foreman in Chase's furnace; and he in turn gave way to Will Murchie, from up the creek, who had been elected attorney-general the year before, and so won the honor of breaking the air-tight Republican grip on state offices. The testimony of these men was unanimously to the effect that Winthrop Chase, Senior, had the makings of the best mayor any city in the state ever saw.

After which Chase himself appeared, to prove the case indisputably.

Chase read his speech. He always read his speeches. Murchie had written this one for him; and it was well done, flowery, measured, resounding. It was real oratory, even as Chase rendered it. And Amos, in a front seat, was the loudest of all the audience in his applause.

Abruptly Chase finished his speech. He finished it and folded it and put it in his pocket; and everyone applauded, either from appreciation or relief. They applauded until they saw by the fact that Chase still held the stage without starting to withdraw—that he had something further to say. Then they fell sulkily silent.

"My friends," said Chase then, beaming on them, "my friends—I thank you. I thank you all; and particularly I wish to thank Congressman Caretall, down in front here, who has been loud in his applause. That's a good sign. I'm glad he appreciates the fact that it is no use to fight longer. He told me this morning that he was coming here to-night; and in effect he dared me to invite him to speak to you to-night. My friends, I have nothing to hide. He cannot frighten me. Congressman Caretall—you have the floor!"

The listeners had been apathetic, bored; but they were so no longer. Most of them rose, some climbed on seats and craned their necks the better to see the discomfiture of the congressman. They yelled at him: "Speech! Spee-ee-eech!" They jeered at him, confident he would accept their jeers in silence; and so they were the more delighted when he rose lumberingly in his place.

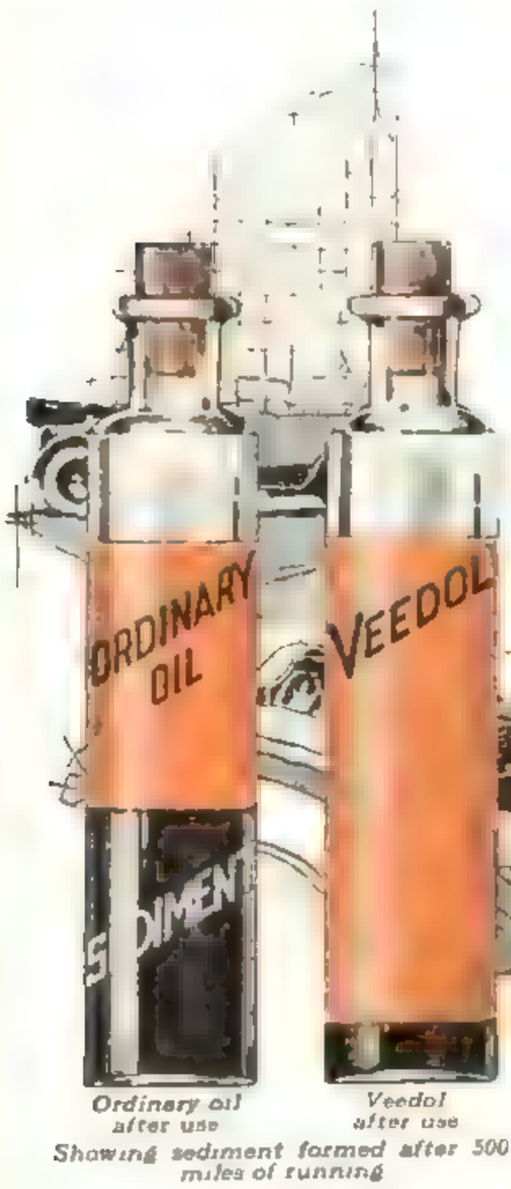
Everyone yelled to everybody else to sit down and be quiet. Chase invited Amos up on the stage. Amos shook his head. "I can talk from here," he roared. "If these gentlemen will be seated so I can look at them." He spread his hands like one invoking a blessing. "Sit down! Sit down!"

They sat, rustling in their seats, grinning, whispering, gazing; and Amos waited benevolently, head on one side, until they were quiet. Then he spoke.

"My friends!" he drawled, "I am honored. It is an honor to any man to be asked to address a Hardiston audience. And especially on such an occasion—and in such a cause.

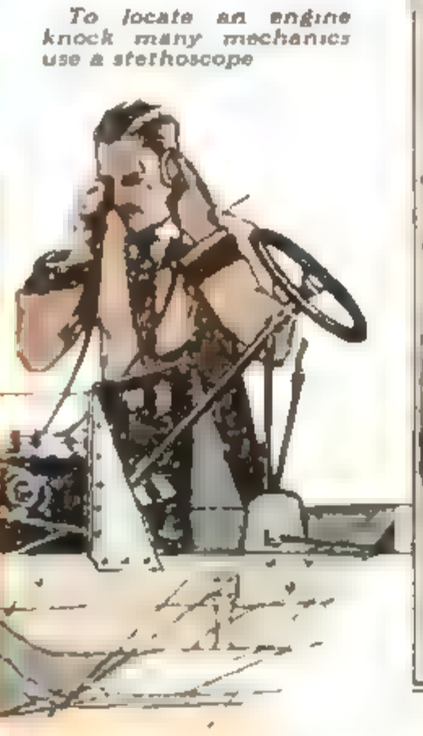
"My friends, the name of Chase is an old one in Hardiston. A Chase was one of the first to settle at the salt licks here; a Chase fought the Indians during those first hot years; a Chase dug salt wells when the salt riffles no longer proved profitable. And when the salt industry died a Chase was the first to dig coal in this county, and a Chase was the first to establish an iron-smelting furnace here in Hardiston.

Continued on Page 116

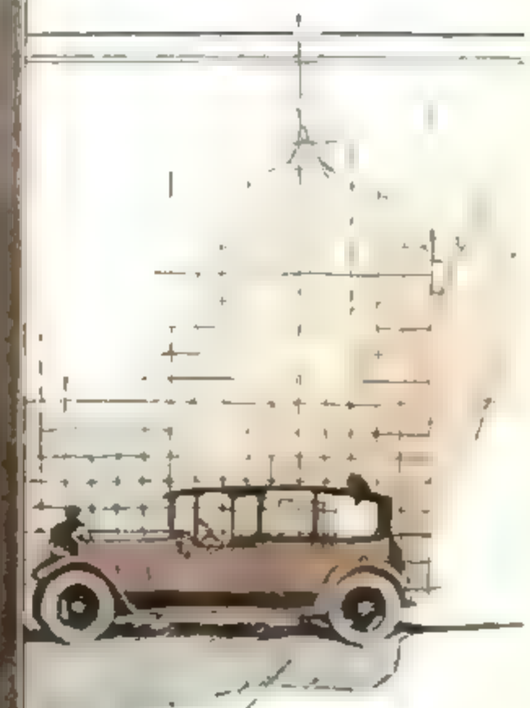


Ordinary oil after use — Veedol after use

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running



To locate an engine knock many mechanics use a stethoscope



The causes of engine knocks

and how to prevent them

The breaking of the "oil seal" in the cylinders causes great loss of power. Only an oil which can resist heat is capable of maintaining this seal

THE expert motor car mechanic can sit at the wheel and tell you what all the sounds in the engine mean. He knows the good sounds from the bad; the low steady hum that denotes the even flow of power, from the knocks in the crankcase and the "slaps" of the piston that are sure indications of trouble.

Learn to know the meaning of the strange noises of your engine. It will pay you by lowering your cost of upkeep and reducing your consumption of fuel and oil.

Damage caused by inferior oil

A fundamental fact of engine mechanics is that all noise and knocks in the engine mean loss of power and rapid wear, which is almost invariably caused by the use of inferior oil.

Inferior oil causes a great increase in friction and wear, allows an excess of oil to be carried into the firing chamber to form carbon, and permits the escape of power past the flying pistons.

Ordinary oil breaks down when it is subjected to the intense heat of the engine. Temperatures of from 200°F. to 1000°F. in operation reduce a great part of its bulk to sediment which has no lubricating value. Sediment crowds out the lubricating oil from the fast moving parts and breaks the oil film which must always prevent metal to metal contact.

The final result of the use of ordinary oil is a noisy knocking motor which could have been prevented by the use of an oil that resists heat.

Solving the sediment problem

After years of research by Veedol engineers and chemists a new method of refining lubricating oil was discovered—the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively by this company. By this process is produced the scientific lubricant—Veedol. Veedol possesses characteristics different from those of ordinary oil, which enable it to resist heat.

How Veedol resists heat is shown vividly by the two bottles at the left which illustrate the famous Sediment Test. The left hand bottle contains a sample of ordinary oil drawn from the crankcase of an engine after several hours running. A large part of the oil has been reduced to sediment.

The right hand bottle contains a sample of Veedol taken after an identical test. Sediment is reduced 86%.

Make this simple test

Remove oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine very slowly on its own power for thirty seconds. Then drain all kerosene and refill with one quart Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times with self starter or crank to remove kerosene left in connecting rod troughs. Drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

A test run on familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills on high that formerly required pulling in intermediate. Watch for several days and you will find that oil and gasoline consumption have been decreased.

Buy Veedol to-day

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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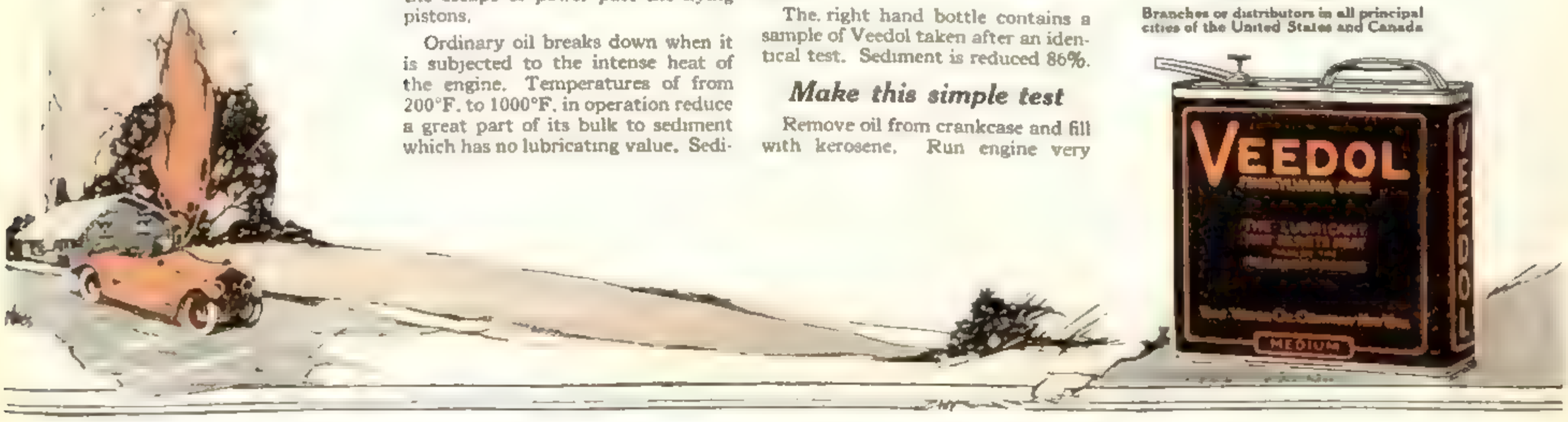

(Continued from Page 114)

"The Chases have deserved well of Hardiston. They have been honored in the past; they will be honored in the future. But they should also be honored in the present.

"My friends, I came home to cast my vote in the city election. I came home in some doubt as to how I should cast that vote. But I am in doubt no longer, my friends.

"I shall go to the polls next Tuesday, and I shall ask for a ballot, and I shall go into a booth; and there, my friends, I shall cast my vote for mayor. And the man I vote for, my friends, I tell you frankly; the man I vote for will be—a Chase!"

The storm broke; and Amos bowed to it and sat down. But that would not do. Chase climbed down from the stage to shake him by the hand and thank him; and others crowded round to do the same thing.

Then the crowd dispersed; the Rink emptied; and in the end Chase and Amos walked up the street as far as the hotel together, separating there to go to their respective homes.

Next morning Hardiston buzzed with the news. Strangely enough, Amos did not show himself in town. He hid at home, said his enemies—those who had been his friends. He hid at home to escape the storm. That was what they said; but it was observed in the course of the day that those who went to Amos' home to accuse him came away apparently reconciled to the congressman's course of action. They made no more complaint.

One of these was Jack Routt. Routt was an attorney, picking up the beginnings of a practice. He had ambitions. Other men had been prosecuting attorney, and there was no reason why a man named Routt should not hold that office. To this end he had hitched his wagon to Amos' star; and he was one of the congressman's first lieutenants.

Routt had not attended the meeting at the Rink. He and Wint Chase spent the evening together. But when he heard what had happened he uttered one red-hot ejaculation, then clamped tight his lips and marched off to find Amos and demand an explanation.

He got it. It silenced him. It was observed that he came away from the Caretall home with a puzzled frown twisting his brow above the smile on his lips. But he spoke not; neither could word be enticed from him. Instead he seemed to put politics off his shoulders, and attached himself, like a guardian angel, to Wint.

That was Wednesday. Wednesday evening Wint and Routt and Agnes Caretall spent at Joan Arnold's home, playing cards. Thursday the four were again together, but this time at the Caretall home. Friday evening Routt and Wint played pool at the hotel. Saturday evening they went together to the Chase rally at the Rink. It was a jubilant gathering; the speakers were exultant; and the elder Chase, again the speaker of the evening, was calm and paternally promising.

Sunday the four went picnicking in Agnes Caretall's car. And it was not until Monday evening that Wint broke away from Routt's chaperonage. He spent that evening—it was the eve of election day—with Joan.

They were very happy together.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SIGNAL TIPPER

(Concluded from Page 42

fifth floor and walked down the hall toward an apartment facing south.

"The operative is able to report that the man Hart occupies that apartment with his wife. An investigation of the outside of the building showed that Hart had entered the apartment from which the signals had been waved to the ball grounds during the game.

"A further investigation developed the fact that Hart was formerly a political and dramatic writer on the News. For some reason, which nobody can or will explain, he suddenly left his former work and began to write articles on baseball. He began this work on the Hilltop Grounds a few days before the first charge of signal tipping was made by the Tigers in the spring. It is common information that Al Hart, the man in question, is acquainted with every race-track better in the city; that for years he has known and dined with prominent gamblers. The ins and outs of the city are well known to him. There is nothing to indicate that he has a great deal of money. His deposits in the bank are no larger than they were previous to his becoming a baseball writer. This does not mean that he has not made more money. Our operatives, however, so far have been unable to locate any new banks in which he may have deposited surplus funds, but will do so.

"All of which is respectfully submitted."

As I looked up from the paper Bob Hanley was looking at me triumphantly. Old Sam Dryden was looking at him.

"And that is why you barred him?" asked Sam.

"Yep. The president of the league was here and after a talk with him and the president of the club it was decided that I should bar Hart and await developments. The league president has instructed me to make nothing public until I hear from him. If players are in the plot we want to nail them sure.

"Hart was given ample opportunity to know why he was barred," Hanley assured us, "but when the gateman informed him that he could see me at my office he sent word for me to go to hell and turned on his heel."

"Look here, Bob," said Dryden, "don't you know why Al Hart was taken off his other job and assigned to write baseball?"

"Not unless it had something to do with this thing."

"Well, I'm going to tell you. Al Hart is a lunger, though he wouldn't admit it to save his life. His wife, Mary, knows it, and to save his health she secretly persuaded the managing editor to assign him to baseball so that he could live in the sunshine. Hart doesn't know this and is getting well in spite of himself.

"Now," went on Sam, "this looks mighty strong, but something tells me there's a kink in the evidence somewhere. The main thing" and he looked at Hanley intently "is to get Al Hart back in these grounds immediately, if there is any possibility of his innocence. To keep him out will set him back in his recovery and will almost kill Mary. I am mainly interested in that little girl. But, mind you, Bob, he wouldn't ask you to admit him and he would not come to your office in a case like that if he knew his life depended upon it. He is one stubborn fellow."

Then a sudden thought came to him.

"Just wait here about ten minutes," the old fellow said. "I'm going to the telephone."

In less than ten minutes Mary Hart came rushing into the office, face aflush. She had but a block to come.

"'What's it all about?" she asked of Dryden after being presented to the manager. "Al is the angriest I've seen him in years. And by the way," she said with a smile, "he says for you to see that nothing of a sensational nature is printed about this until you are sure of your ground."

"I see he has learned something," Dryden started to say, when the general laugh interrupted him.

"But why is Al barred?" Mary asked Hanley, her eyes convincing the Kiltie manager that they would brook no evasion.

He handed her the report of the detective agency, all of us remaining silent and watching her intently as she read. Toward the end the corners of her mouth started a mischievous smile at several paragraphs and then became serious.

At the finish she laid down the paper and broke into a peal of genuine girlish laughter. We all laughed with her, not knowing why.

"Will you let us in on the joke?" finally stammered Hanley.

Mary did not answer directly.

"Oh, if Al ever knew this," she said between cross currents of amusement and irritation, "his newspaper instinct would get quite a shock. Promise me though, Mr. Hanley, that you will never tell him."

The Kiltie manager was noncommittal. There was a pause.

"I am the signal tipper!" declared Mary Hart.

We all straightened up with astonishment. The blankness of our faces must have amused her.

"Think of it, Mr. Dryden!" she added, a mischievous look in her eyes. "I, just a plain little woman, and responsible for the whole baseball league being upset with talk of crookedness!"

"I think that statement demands a little more explanation," suggested Bob Hanley in an attempt at severity.

"It does," she agreed. "And I will make it on one understanding. If you will do just one thing for me, Mr. Hanley—and I'm sure you will—I will promise to stop this talk of scandal for good, will clear the name of your ball club and will make the investigators admit that the whole thing is a myth."

"And that is?"

"That you promise faithfully never to let Al Hart know, and that you will permit me to give you a practical demonstration of signal tipping, as you call it."

"Certainly sounds fair enough," observed Sam Dryden, completely mystified. "I don't know what it is all about, but, Hanley, I will back up any guaranty that Mary makes."

"Just what is the proposition, Mrs. Hart?" Bob asked.

"Mr. Hanley," she replied, "I feel that you are kind-hearted and I know that you understand why my husband is writing baseball. Al is getting well and it is unthinkable that he be barred from the ball park. You understand what that means to me? I assure you that Al Hart is innocent of any wrongdoing. Now, to satisfy your mind and give you positive proof that a mistake has been made it is first necessary that you write a note of apology, explaining that some clerical error has been made, and invite my husband back to the park tomorrow. That is the only way that you will ever get him back. If you do that I will guarantee to convince you personally, and anybody else that you see fit to bring with you, that the whole scandal is a soap bubble."

"You could do that, Bob," Dryden suggested, "without surrendering any rights or anybody being the wiser. If Mary fails you can still go on with your plans."

"I could prove what I say by words," added Mary, "but it would not be so convincing. I want to give you a practical demonstration of how the detectives have made fools of themselves."

Hanley hemmed, hawed and hesitated.

"Every word in that report about the white handkerchief waving from the window is true," Mary declared, "and I want to show you why. Now, if you write the note of apology to Al my plan is to have you send someone to my apartment during the game to-morrow and I will furnish all the proof you need. It is necessary, though, that my husband be in the press box at the time."

"By George!" suddenly decided Hanley. "I'll go myself!"

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" exclaimed Mary. "And would it be possible for the president of the league to send his secretary?"

"Secretary nothing!" said Dryden. "In a case like this—— Well, at that it would be a funny thing for the president of a league to do. He's a busy man right now—busy on this particular case."

"If I'm willing to gamble on Mrs. Hart's proposition," said Hanley, "I don't see why he shouldn't give up an hour's time. Nobody would know anything about it and, come to think of it, he's the one to be convinced—not me."

"Oh, if he only would!" exclaimed Mary, brightening. "Why don't you three see him? At any rate I will count on you, Mr. Hanley. But, remember!"—and she put up a warning finger—"never a word to Al Hart—or to the newspapers yet."

We rose to go and Mary walked out chatting with Bob Hanley about the prospects of the team and things in general. The little interview had lifted Hanley out of his grouch.

"And, say!" Mary confided to Sam and me as we were saying good-by. "This would make the funniest newspaper story in the world. Some day I am going to write it myself. But poor Al!" she muttered, her mood changing. "He is really suffering over this and we simply must fool him."

I never knew exactly how he worked it, but Bob Hanley must have caught the president in a gay mood. At ten o'clock that night Al Hart telephoned Dryden that a mistake had been made by somebody and that Bob Hanley had apologized and invited him to be on hand the next day—it would not be necessary for Sam to cover the game for him.

I've always regretted that I was not present in the Hart apartment that afternoon. With Mary entertaining the president of the league and the manager of the Kilties, it must have been an interesting party. My, what a sporting-page story that would have been!

According to Hanley the real object of the visit was never even mentioned until the ball game on the grounds outside began. Then Mary acted promptly. She called the two of them to the window. The press box could be seen in the distance. Explaining this, she handed the president a strong pair of binoculars and asked him to pick out her husband. Al Hart was spotted almost instantly. Then Hanley was asked to take the glasses.

When convinced that they could locate her husband, she looked at the clock and told them the show would begin about the third inning. They all watched the first two innings from the window, chatting.

"Now!" announced Mary, glancing at the time and handing the president the field glasses. "Get them on my husband!"

In a moment he laughingly reported: "All's well! I've got him!"

The little woman stepped across the room, picked up a small towel and waved it out the window.

"Can you see him?" she asked.

"Sure!" the president assured her. "I can almost see the expression on his face."

"Are you watching closely?" she asked, waving the towel again.

"What's doing?" asked Hanley.

"Well, I'll be darned—beg pardon," the president cried. "He's reaching to his hip pocket and—and now he has both hands over his face!"

"And the batter has just gone out on a grounder," exclaimed Hanley, who could see that with his naked eye.

Mary pulled in the towel after shaking it vigorously in front of her face. Through the glasses the president saw Hart take his hands down and nod. "Well, Mrs. Hart?"

They both looked at her inquiringly.

"Why"—and she laughed—"he's taking his medicine!"

"Taking his medicine?"

"Yes, that is my signal. Doesn't it work perfectly? If I had told you that I am afraid you would have doubted my word. But you have seen!"

"You mean to say ——"

"I see you don't understand—yet. Al promised me that he would obey my reminders, and he has never broken a promise. The only way I discovered to remind him to take his medicine while out of the house was to locate him in the stand and wave this towel. He always obeys it—and he is getting well. He would almost die of embarrassment if he ever knew that anybody else knows that."

The whole story of Mary's novel scheme to restore her husband's health was explained to the league president, while Hanley beamed. It was a happy day for this manager, who had been harassed for two months.

"I don't give the signal again for an hour," Mary told them. "Will you wait? I want Mr. Hanley also to see."

They waited. And Mr. Hanley saw.

The president spent the intervening time reading over all the reports and other papers connected with the case. Every point of importance, he found, was based on the single incident of the towel waving from the apartment-house window. The humor of the thing finally hit him squarely.

"Hanley," he said, "I'm mighty glad you wrote that letter of apology."

Two days later the baseball world read an official announcement that the signal-tipping charges had been disproved; that investigation had shown the whole scandal to be a hoax. The Tigers, who eventually won the pennant, had wanted to admit it for some time.

But would you believe it, to this day Al Hart obstinately insists that his first exposé of the scandal did the trick?

And Mary tells him: "I believe you are right, Al."

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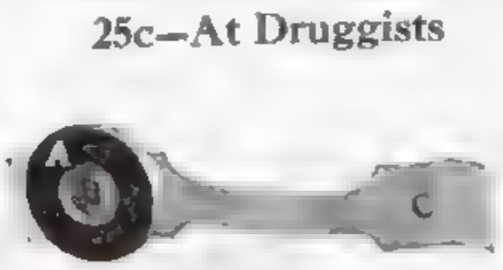
B&B

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
25c—At Druggists



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Millions of Feet

Are Kept Corn-Free in This Way

Please remember this.

Millions of people have proved that corns are needless. And you can prove it—prove it tonight—in a most convincing way.

A corn is nowadays a folly.

The pain can be instantly stopped.

The corn can be ended, completely, and usually in 48 hours.

The method is easy, painless, scientific. Simply apply a dainty Blue-jay plaster, then forget it.

The corn pain will end instantly. Nine corns in ten will disappear in two days. The other one in ten will merely need a second application.

Remember that when corns spoil joyful hours. When dainty shoes mean torture.

Remember that when you pare corns, just to ease them for a while. Or when you pad them.

Remember that when you apply some old-time treatment, harsh and mussy, uncertain, unscientific.

There is a modern way to end corns—a sure and easy way. And millions of people have found it.

Blue-jay is a scientist's invention. It is made by a surgical dressing house of world-wide reputation. It offers the intelligent way to end corns.

Apply it tonight. You will quickly know that a corn is a past-day affliction.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

1052

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WHEN New York packs the Polo Grounds, or wherever well-dressed crowds gather, Monroe Clothes, distinctive in design and fabric, are highlights of style.
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Monroe Clothes
"New York Styles America
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TOURIES

(Continued from Page 7)

without a personal pair. Ready-made pants are all right enough, but not many of the tourie ladies are ready-made for the ready-mades. In pants, as in all other garments, there must be a certain conformity to the general lines of architecture or the results of the combination are disastrous. There was that very plump Missouri tourie lady, for example, who hired a pair and went out in them, sans leggings, but with a couple of inches of stocking showing and wearing very tall-topped shoes, with the tops of a pearl gray, and the heels thereon not less than five inches high, a combination that made the cañon look like a mere hole in the ground.

These, of course, are pant wearers who come in the cars and are entirely distinct from the pant wearers who come in automobiles. Those tourie ladies scorn skirts, and rightly too. They appear in khaki pants and serviceable leggings and wear them as if to the bifurcation born. No skirts for them, nor any fol-de-lals in the way of tailored things. They stride along with a swing to them that makes it hard to tell, when a group of males and females approach, which is the male and which is the female, for the pants of the one resemble the pants of the other. Mark my words: It will not be long before the fair sex will make itself fairer by the universal adoption of pants in lieu of skirts. It's bound to come. They have the vote. They have everything else; why not pants? There is no answer, because they have them already.

The Great American Joy Ride

But there is one drawback that may work to delay this consummation, this real expression of what woman has been doing vicariously for so many centuries—wearing the pants—and that is this: There is no doubt that pants accentuate what oftentimes skirts conceal in the matter of personal architecture. A lady weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds may dissemble the evidences of forty or fifty pounds of it by skirts, but she can't camouflage an ounce of it in pants—not an ounce. I recall the two-hundred-pounder from Des Moines who really didn't look a pound over one hundred and fifty in her usual rig, but who looked about three hundred when she got into pants, and hers was a sad case too. She bartered for a mule while she was in skirts. She appeared to ride in pants. The sagacious mule took one look and hehawed a protest. The guide lifted mightily, and the procession started. A coy and burbling thing, the Des Moines lady developed a tendency to roll off the mule each time the mule stopped to breathe, and this necessitated a hoisting back that caused the guide much labor.

After the seventh descent to earth by the Des Moines lady the guide said feelingly: "For heaven's sake, madam, don't roll off that mule so much. It's too darned hard to get you back on again."

That night we learned that the lady had never been so insulted in her life. The pants did it. If she had been in skirts the guide wouldn't have thought she weighed half so much—nor anybody else.

All summer the touries have stood and exclaimed "Ain't it wonderful!" to the number of 123,862 times a day. Which is, of course, about one thousand times each. All summer the touries have felt the primary impulse, at first sight, to throw themselves in, and the immediate and secondary impulse, when the primary impulse is restrained, to throw something else in, which, it may be remarked, is the reason the benches on the rim are chained to the trees and clamped to the cement walk. All summer the touries have started off gayly on muleback, to return at night abraded at all points of contact with saddle or mule; and the gallus hikers, used, as they proclaim, to mountain climbing, scorning the assistance of the humble but reliable mule have started off ostentatiously to hike down the trail to the river and back again, full of proud boastings of how they will make the round trip all fresh and high-stepping; and all summer Bill Joynt, along about five o'clock of the afternoon, has sent down his rescue parties to tow these hikers back to level land when word comes, as it usually does, that they are stalled at Jacob's Ladder.

As Bill says: "Anybody who can climb anything can climb a mountain, for the climb comes when the climber is fresh; and any blamed fool can roll down a mountain on the way back. These boys and girls who start out to hike it to the plateau and back do not figure that mountain climbing is exactly reversed here. The easy trip is down when they are fresh and the hard trip is back at the end of the day. So we haul 'em up, and tow 'em in, and listen to them tell how they cannot understand why they played out, as such a thing never happened before."

So life goes at the Grand Cañon, which in the last analysis is "really quite pretty," as the young man from Boston said one evening when there was a tremendous storm at one end of the cañon, a tremendous sunset at the other, and all between the gigantic and varicolored panoply of precipice, peak and plateau. So also life goes at the Yosemite, at the Yellowstone, at the Glacier, at Crater Lake, and at each and every scenic point in the West, and so life has gone since early in the year. Do you realize, you dwellers in the crowded places, with your Saturday-to-Monday trips to the nearest beach or your little journeyings to adjacent hills, that for the past three months, and before, this United States of ours has been in the whirl of one vast joy ride, from coast to coast, from Lakes to Gulf, a joy ride that for numbers of riders, for evidenced prosperity thereof, for length and diversity and wideness of range and duration per individual participant is such as we have never known before, even in years like the year of the exposition at San Francisco?

It's the truth. Fancy the California Limited coming across the desert in July in two and sometimes three sections, with Needles and the adjacent territory superheated. Fancy two sections of the Overland Limited coming west jammed to the roof in the summertime, and the North Coast Limited and the St. Paul trains and all the rest—in summer, mind you, when in the old days they ran with sparse patronage. Fancy the other trains, the tourist sleepers, the locals, all the great transportation routes crowded with trains that are, in turn, crowded with tourists, and add to these thousands upon thousands of automobiles, on short trips, on long trips, on trips from Boston to San Francisco and from Philadelphia to Los Angeles and from New York to Seattle and Portland, and on journeys from one local point to another. That is what has been happening in this country this year.

There are so many automobiles in the Yosemite that the valley roads look like Market Street in San Francisco or Broadway in Los Angeles on busy days, and there is a need for traffic cops to regulate the goings and comings thereof. Try to get into a hotel in any place—any place—that is on or reasonably near a main line of travel without advance engagement and see what happens to you. Every hotel is crowded. Every resort is jammed. All June and July and August great trains came crawling west with every inch of space on them occupied, and occupied by people who were out for a good time and not especially solicitous over what the cost might be—people who had never been west before—people who gave every sign of prosperity or at least of money in hand.

What is the answer?

"Oh," say seaboard people, "it is all because they can't get to Europe, you know."

Or, if west-coast folks are talking: "They can't get to the Orient, you know."

There are two rejoinders to those remarks. The first is that every ship going out of Eastern ports is crowded just as the trains are crowded, and that reservations for travel to the Orient run for months ahead. Every person who can get across the Atlantic or the Pacific is going, and if every lane on every ocean was open the boats would still be crowded. The second is that if every ocean lane was open ninety per cent of the people who are and have been joy riding about the United States wouldn't go to Europe. They are not the Europe-going sort.

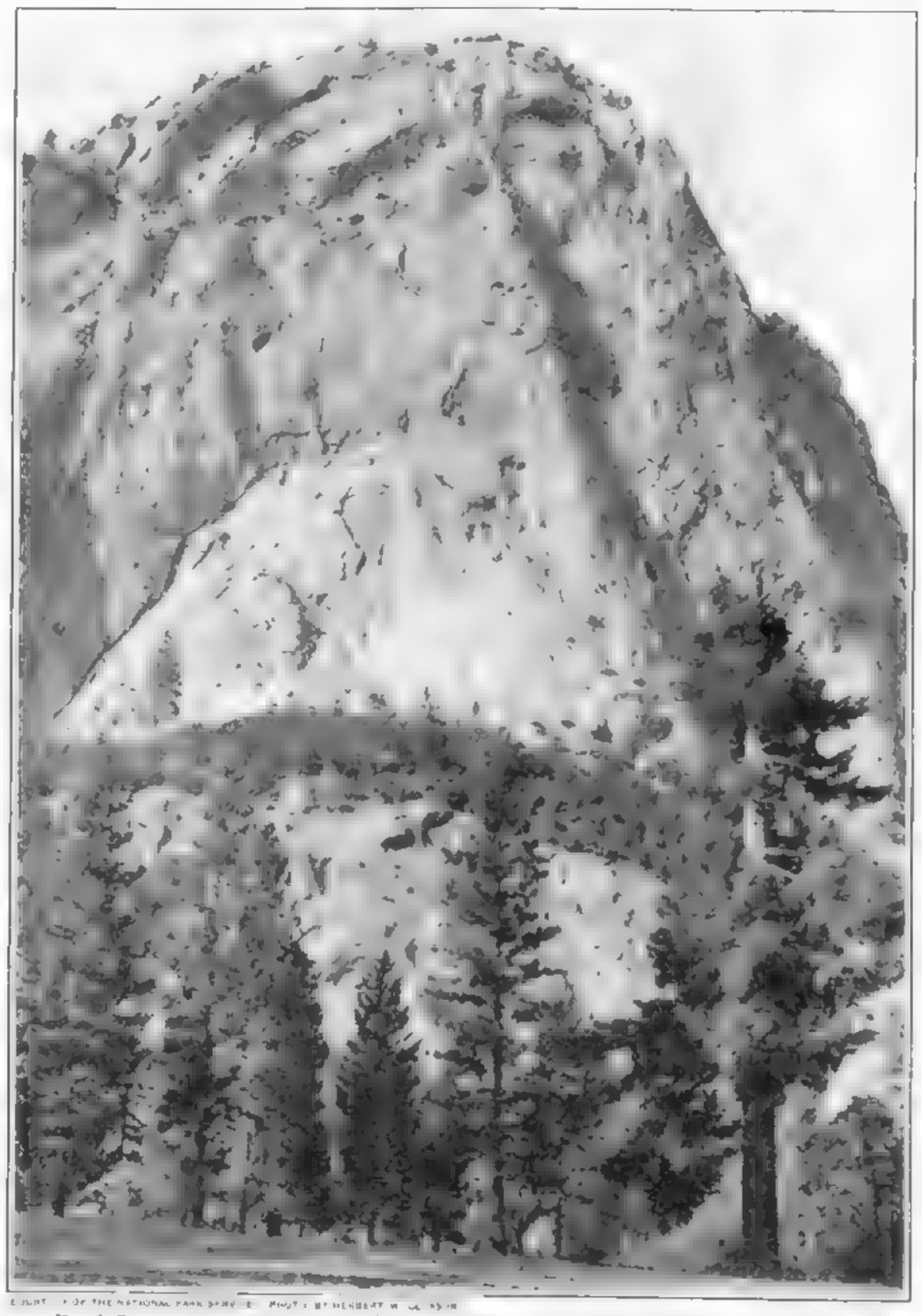
Women, Women Everywhere

The real answer is that now that the war is over, now that the strain and fever of it are past, the American people have been treating themselves to a joy ride, and what with high wages and profits they have had the money for it or have got it by selling their Liberty Bonds. I sat one day in a resort and saw a special train come in—a special train of Pullmans, mark you, not merely a special car—filled with passengers that in the old days would have arrived in tourist sleepers if they arrived at all; a special train from a far Eastern point making the round trip to California and back. You see people in compartments and in drawing-rooms who never had better than a lower before, and many of whom never took a trip on a Pullman. You find people in three and four room suites in the hotels who ordinarily take a single room without bath. It has been and is one great joy ride—one great American joy ride.

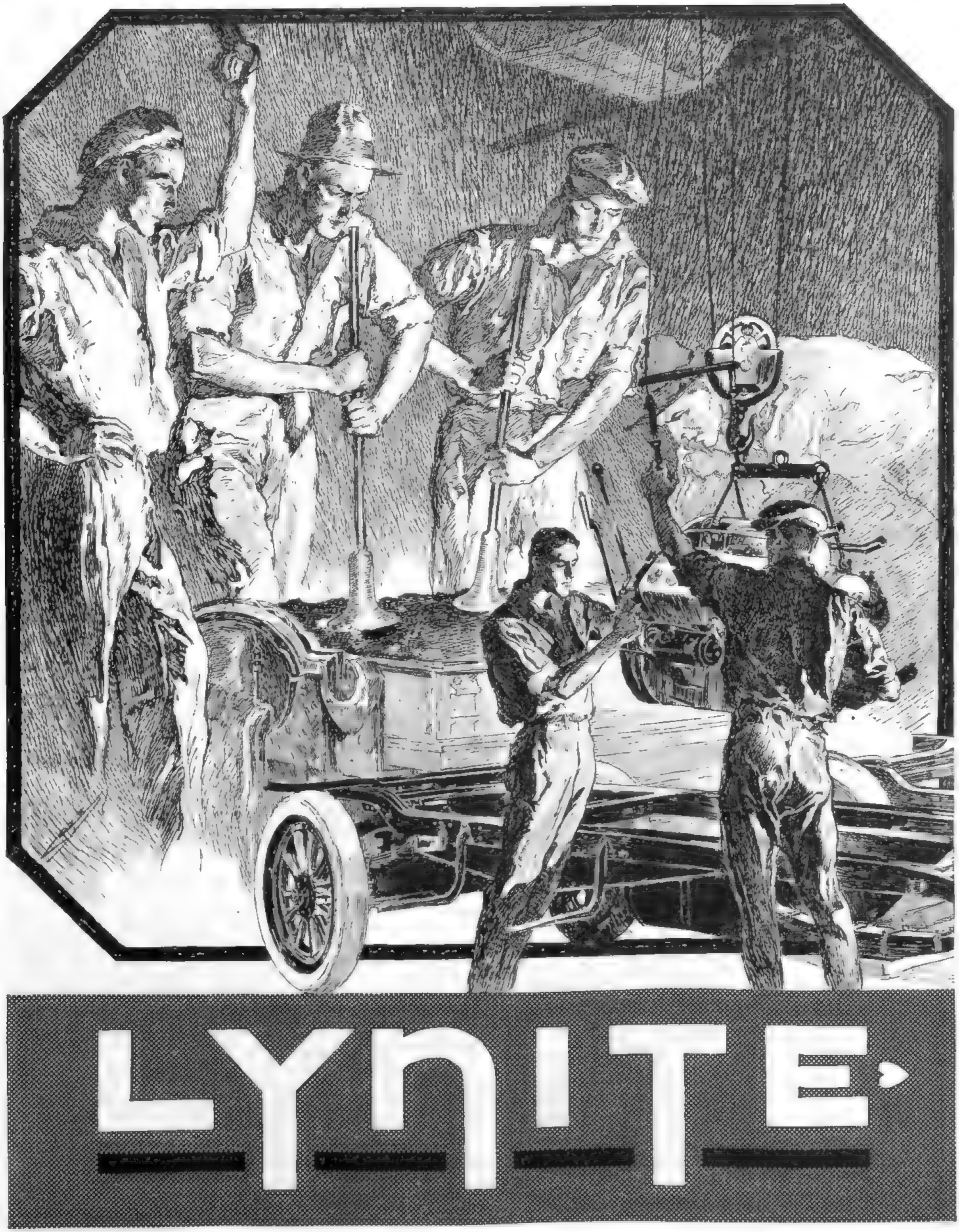
Seventy per cent of the joy riders are women. That is a conservative statement. Probably the percentage is eighty. Father apparently is sticking to business while mother and the girls are out for a lark. There are young women, old women, middle-aged women, married women and single women; women with children and women with dogs; working women and professional women; parties of school-teachers, of students, of business women and of women that are just women; girls, girlenes, girlettes and girlerinos; widows, wives, neither and both; fat, slim, tall and short; eager old women who are for the first time away from home, and eager young women who are in the same case; staid middle-aged women who have fled from housekeeping for a time and are having their sedate fling; sick women, well women, stylish women and frumpy women—women—women—women.

Loud are the yelps of the bell boys and the guides and the waiters and the waitresses and the whole of the upturned-palm contingent, for as the feminine percentage increases in resort and transcontinental travel so likewise does the tip percentage decrease. There is none of that masculine self-consciousness and cowardice in the face of servants or service when women travel. No waiter can scare a woman into giving a fifty-cent tip when a ten-cent tip is adequate. She serenely deposits the dime where a man would be cowed into the bestowal of a half dollar.

(Continued on Page 123)



North Dome From Across the Cañon, Proposed Roosevelt National Park, California


LYNITE

The Part that LYNITE Plays

What is the part that *Lynite* plays in making motor-car and motor-truck more flexible and easier to handle, more quiet-running, more economical of gasoline and tires?

Yesterday this question might have been answered by saying that in the past five years *Lynite* has directly cut more than two hundred million pounds from the products of the automotive industries—

That it has been used in seventy or more different parts, including practically the whole external structure of the engine—

That it has been widely accepted as the standard metal for pistons, where not only its lightness but its heat-conductivity is a decided advantage—

That it has made possible vast indirect weight-savings in supporting parts such as frames, springs and axles, and because of *Lynite* Pistons, effected further indirect gains in rotating and reciprocating parts, such as crankshaft and connecting-rods.

Now, however, the part *Lynite* plays can no longer be measured by the gauge of yesterday.

A new *Lynite* alloy has made it still more important and far-reaching.

For this new alloy takes *Lynite* into the field of *unsprung* weight—into that part of car and truck in which saving one pound is worth as much as saving anywhere from five to ten pounds above the springs.

Here where every bit of load is *dead* load—where there is nothing to cushion the repeated blow upon blow of heavy axles on springs, gears, bearings and other units—*Lynite* now eliminates at least half the weight in such important places as axle housings, differential carriers and other parts.

Moreover, just as above the springs it has made possible great weight economies not only directly but also indirectly, below the springs it means similar gains in axle shafts, wheels, bearings and elsewhere.

This latest *Lynite* alloy, therefore, brings new opportunities to the door of the automotive engineer and new benefits to the car and truck owner.

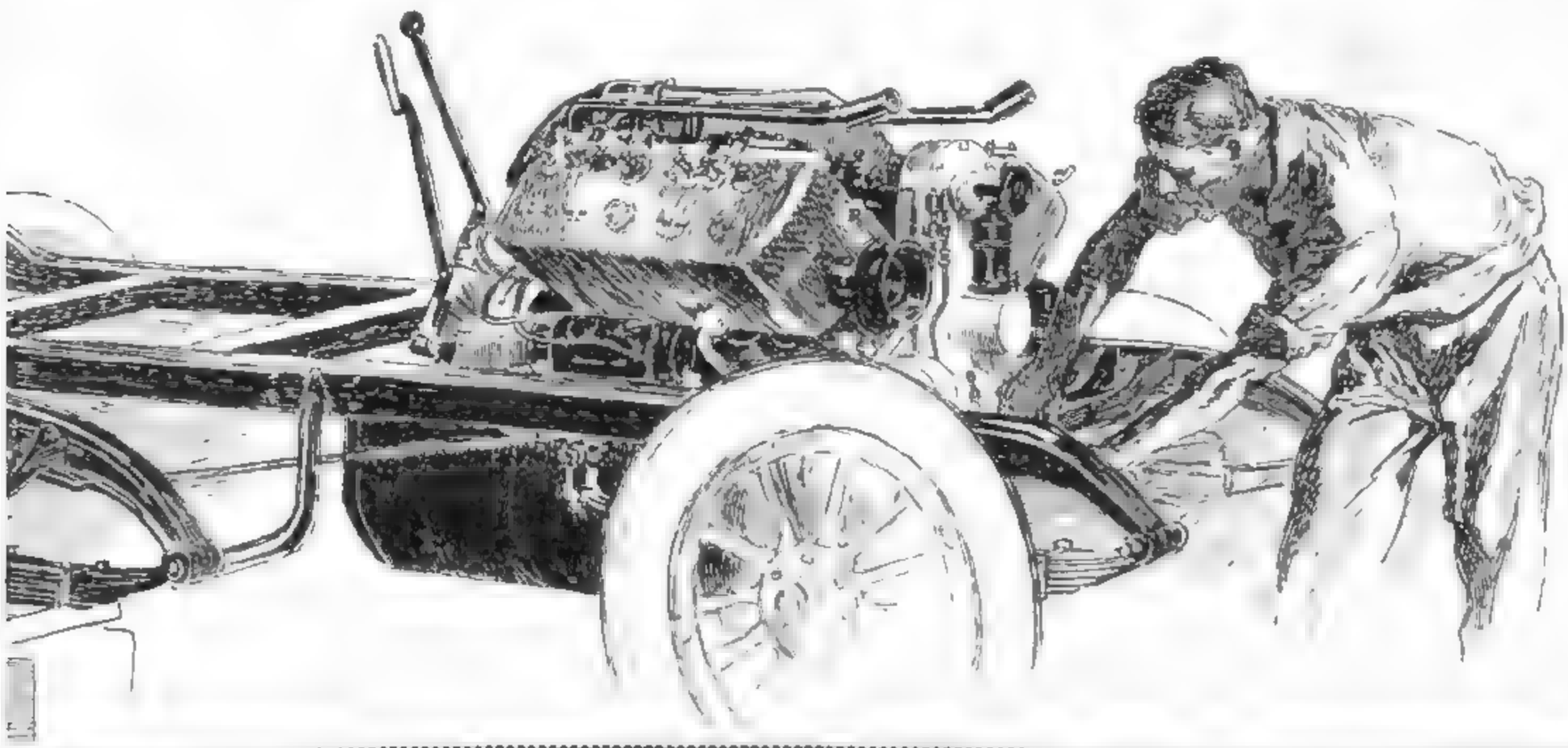
Such is the part that *Lynite* plays today, while *Lynite* Laboratories bend their energies to making it even more essential.

THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY

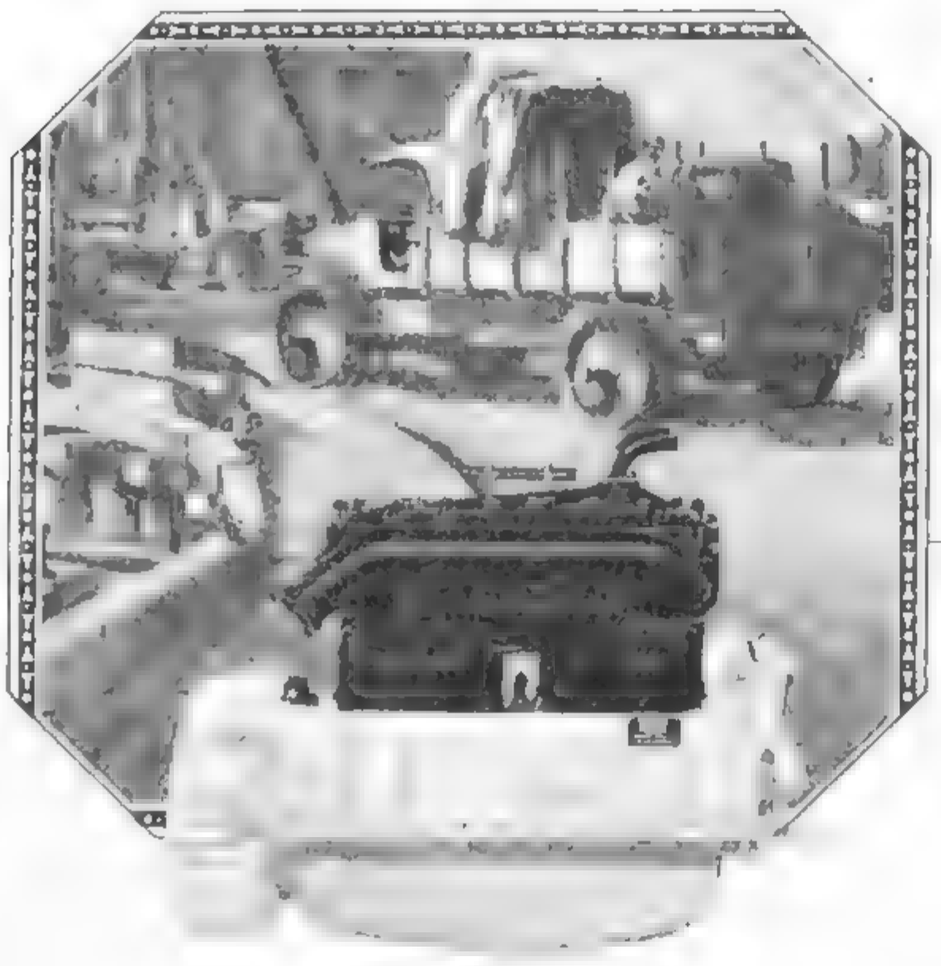
LYNITE and LYNUX Products

Plants in

Cleveland Detroit Buffalo Fairfield, Conn.



LYNITE



THE profound good will felt everywhere for Buda engines rests less upon spectacular individual performance than upon sustained competence in routine tasks.

In such diverse fields as those embraced by the truck, tractor and passenger car industries, Buda engines invariably are described as dependable by their owners.

That this freedom from mechanical trouble is a recognized characteristic of Buda construction is shown by the high character of the steadily growing list of manufacturers adopting Buda engines as standard equipment.

As built today, Buda engines are the mature and proven product of 38 years' experience in the manufacturing and engineering field.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*

ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The
ENGINE

Long's Peak and Chasm Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park

(Continued from Page 119)

And baggage! A considerable experience on European railroads has familiarized me with the traveler who brings along everything but the kitchen stove, and sometimes brings that, but not even in the old days in Germany or on the English railroads have I seen so much impedimenta as these traveling American women lug with them. Possibly they have had their experiences with checked baggage since the Government began running the railroads, or have heard of the experiences of others. I recall the epic rage of one man who checked a trunk from Buffalo to Denver. He gave the check to the hotel porter. The porter telephoned that there was an excess-baggage charge of eleven dollars. "Pay it!" ordered the man, who was in a hurry for his trunk. The porter paid the eleven dollars and delivered the trunk. It was the wrong trunk, and when the man told this tale to me he hadn't found the right one; nor had he recovered the eleven dollars. That man's ideas of the advantages and desirability of government ownership of public utilities are illuminating.

Men as Excess Baggage

They come with hand bags, suitcases, grips, valises, packages, boxes, bundles and reticules. The aisles of the train are full of big and little grips. The seats are piled with them. I watched the professor one morning, on the trip from Williams to Los Angeles. He is an old hand at the game, and he told me that he had taken the precaution to secure himself a section in our car so he might have room and breathing space while we were crossing the desert. He had Section Number One, and slept peacefully. Across the way, in Section Two, there were three women, but the professor didn't know that when he turned in, for they had gone to bed before he got into the car. In the morning those three women spread their baggage about their section, took out their best dresses and hung them up so they wouldn't wrinkle, opened all their numerous packages and disposed the contents about until that section looked like a rummage sale; and when the professor was in at breakfast they moved over to his section and shoving the professor's baggage out into the aisle preempted that. There wasn't another seat in the car, and the professor sat moodily on the bench in the men's washroom all the way to San Bernardino, speaking, ever and anon, in a quite nonprofessorial manner about that extra half fare he paid so he might enjoy the comfort of a section to himself.

When there are any men along, those men are subdued and submerged. They count for little save as baggage carriers and fund providers. The women know their rights and privileges as the superior sex and, knowing, dare maintain. The man occupies the position of excess baggage, and rarely gets any further, for the vote is not the only thing the woman has achieved lately. Another prerogative is going about the country quite independently and unhampered by male appendages. If the male is of the party he is tolerated. He isn't essential or even requisite. He is simply there, and most of the time he looks as if he wished he were elsewhere.

Making Father Useful

However, when the children are along he is useful for minding them. And they make him address all the post cards, which keeps him busy several hours a day. Also, he has to take the photographs. Next winter hundreds of thousands of snapshots will be exhibited in American homes, showing touries snapped with various scenic backgrounds, and there won't be men in one-tenth of one per cent of them.

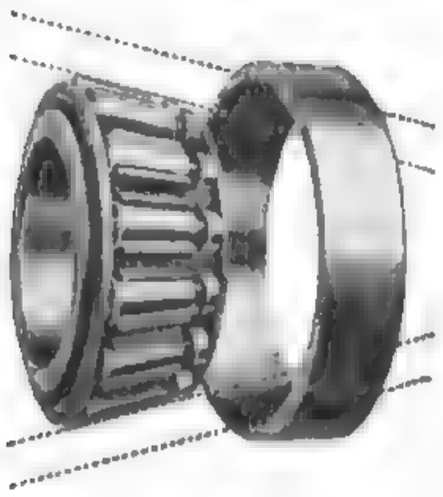
"We saw literally hundreds, probably thousands of automobile tourists," says a veracious chronicler of a trip that included several of the national parks, "and there were five times as many women as there were men in the parties, and most of the women wore pants."

That concisely describes another phase of the national joy ride, the automobile

(Concluded on Page 126)

Narada Falls, Mount Rainier National Park

TIMKEN



Remember the *tapered* shape of the Timken Bearing. That tapered design has brought about the superiority of performance, which in turn has led to the adoption of Timken bearings by the best motor car, truck and tractor builders of America.

TAPER

330 miles of furrow—110 miles of tractor travel through heavy clay soil—880 right angle turns—all in a 160-acre field.

That's the job the tractor has when it's in the field.

Timken Bearings are designed for just such extreme service as this. They withstand side pressure as easily as direct load. They show almost no wear after years of use. They're *adjustable*. A simple, easy "take-up" each season keeps them good as new.

It is not surprising that every year shows an increase in the number of Timken equipped tractors.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 123)

phase of it. Touring by automobile in the East is an incident, but in the West it is an occupation. Scattered all the way from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast there have been this summer, and are now, thousands upon thousands of automobile touring parties; not persons who take the machine for a trip of a day or two or for a few hundred miles, but persons who take the machine for trips of a thousand miles, and stay out weeks or months, some with objectives and some without. For example, up to July first this year, with the season some months to go, there were more automobile touring parties by some thousands in the Yosemite Valley than came during the entire duration of the San Francisco Exposition, which was open nearly a year, and which was the high-water mark previously, as it was the high-water mark, until this year, of visitors to the Coast.

Now the Yosemite Valley is but one point of interest for automobilists. There are dozens more—the Yellowstone, Glacier, Rainier, Crater Lake, and various groves of big trees, Southern California, the beauties of the Columbia River and the Puget Sound countries, Lake Tahoe, the mountains of Estes Park—scores and scores of places that are objectives; and all of these had their automobile visitors by hundreds and thousands. In addition there are many automobile tourists who simply drive for the fun of being out of doors, going from place to place as their whim may direct; and there is still another class, the automobile hoboes, who are gasoline tramps.

Gasoline Tramps

Automobile tourists, apart from the hobo type, who shall be considered separately, fall into two classes: Dude tourists and dungaree tourists. The dude tourists go in big cars mostly, often with chauffeurs, and figure to stop at hotels along the route each night, hotels with baths and other luxuries. Unless he has bad luck and bad roads the dude automobile tourist can start at Boston and go to Los Angeles, if he likes, or to San Francisco or to Portland or to Seattle, or to any city between, and hive himself up each night in a good hotel. All it takes is a little calculation as to distances. Of course the dude tourist may meet with mud or washouts or breakdown or something like that, but if he has any luck he can get a bath and a bed every night, if he wants either or both, and hot food and garage attention and all that.

The dungaree tourist doesn't give a hoot whether he gets a bath or a bed or not. He doesn't figure on any of those effete appendages to his tour. He goes prepared to camp out, and he does camp out, wherever night hits him; and the womenfolk along, who usually are in the majority, do not give a hoot either. If they come to a camping place, all well and good. If not, all well and good also. They simply stop where there is water, if they are lucky to hit such a place, and spend the night. Usually they have small light cars, and the amount of camping material they have concealed within and tied without one of those small cars is a constant marvel to the inexperienced in such matters.

When a real automobile tourist begins to extract camping materials and essentials from one of those flivvers it looks as if the circus had come to town. They make a few passes and out come tents, tables, beds, chairs, stoves, cooking utensils, food, dishes, bedding and toilet articles. In half an hour they are all set for the night, with the tent up over the car, beds fixed on the seats, fire going and dinner cooking. Hotels and baths mean nothing in their tourie lives. They carry their own hotels and they get their baths when they come to a pond or a stream. The National Park Bureau, the Forest Service, and the state and local authorities, at attractive spots, have established many camping grounds, where water is plentiful and good, and adjacent to either resorts or communities. Western business men know the value of maintaining good camping grounds near their cities and towns, for the tourists buy food and gasoline and other supplies, and encourage visits by advertising the excellences of their local camp conveniences. Often, when the tourists get to a good camping place, they remain there a few days, and camps of five to fifty touring parties are frequently seen along the highways and trails.

Half Dome, Yosemite Valley

The men invariably wear khaki, and the great majority of the women are garbed in khaki blouses and knee pants, with leggings and serviceable shoes. Neither dust nor mud nor washouts nor storms have any terrors for them. If the car is stuck in a washout the women help with the shovels and the stones to put under the wheels. If they run into a dust storm or a rain they put on the side curtains and skip along. If they hit the desert during the summer heat they stay in the shade in the daytime and run at night. They go as they please and stop when they desire. They come closer to being thoroughly independent of everything but the mechanical restrictions of their cars than any other persons whatsoever, for they are dependent on nothing but a supply of food and gasoline and serviceable tires for progress—the whole West is theirs to visit, to explore, to enjoy at will. They make their own schedules, pick their own objectives, regulate their own goings and comings subject to no orders save their own. They are out in the open air all day and all night. They have good times.

No person can begin to estimate how many of these automobile tourists motored back and forth across the West this year. There were thousands of them, tens of thousands—some out for a fortnight, some out for a month, two months, three months, for the season. Among them were numerous specimens of the automobile hoboes that this sort of travel has developed—tourists with rattly old cars, scanty camp equipment, who manage to get enough money to buy gasoline and who drive aimlessly about, camping here, camping there, staying a week in a place, bumping along to another place—dusty, dirty, but happy automobile tramps.

I talked one day to a man and his wife who had a car that was tied together with fence wire, had tires stuffed with rags, and had strapped to it a ragged tent and a few camp necessities. They had been out for thirteen months, they told me, journeying back and forth, following the good weather, going nowhere in particular and not caring whether they got anywhere or not. They had a little money, enough for gasoline and for bacon and flour, and they were happy and sunburned and husky, and neither the income tax nor anything else bothered them a whit. Their home was in their car, their place of residence wherever they happened to quit for the night.

They liked the life, they said; and it looked like a pretty fair sort of a life, at that. No rent profiteers bothered them, nor was there any call for fashionable clothes or the contact with objectionable neighbors or any of the inconveniences and restrictions of urban life. The woman wore khaki and so did the man. So long as they could coax the car to go they were just about free moral agents, ordering their lives as they wished, and living those lives out in the open.

This outfit was typical of the automobile hobo. Sometimes the car contains a brood of children, browned, barelegged, shy little ones who have no other home than the old automobile. Sometimes the tramps are men and women looking for a new location, and hoping they won't find it. Sometimes the man is an itinerant workman of some sort—a painter or a carpenter or a farm hand—who stops here and there and works for a space until he gets some money ahead. Usually, however, they are sort of superior tramps, and they joggle along in their old cars instead of walking. Almost always there is a woman in every car. You rarely see two men together, and only occasionally a womanless car driven by men. The ordinary outfit is a man and his wife, and children if it so happens—the family on a tour that may have begun somewhere, but has no apparent ending so long as they can keep the car from falling apart.

Seeing America

This vast joy-riding is what has been going on this summer out in the West, and is still going on as the autumn approaches. Possibly it has been so in the East, but my observations have been in the West, where the distances are greater, and the opportunities greater also. No one seems able to explain it save on the basis of a general prosperity, and a general desire to spend the money in hand. Certainly, travel has been far heavier on the long trips than ever before, and on the short trips also. All trains are jammed. All automobile roads are processions. The resort hotel men are jubilant. The city hotel men are turning them away.

I suppose there is an economic phase of it that the economists are viewing with a grouchy alarm, but there is another side to it also. Thousands of people who never before have had the opportunity, or the money probably, have this year seen something of their own country, something of the greatness and the glory and the wonder of the West. They have learned of the Western cities, of the Western people, of the Western spirit. They have looked at the Grand Cañon and have seen the Yosemite. They have visited that remarkable structure that the genius of Reamer and the enterprise and vision of Harry Child built at the side of the cañon of the Yellowstone, which is the pocket edition of the Grand Cañon. They have seen the work Louis Hill has done in Glacier Park, have marveled at the wonders of Crater Lake, have visited the mountains, the lakes, traversed the plains, and observed at first hand the enterprise and the beauties of cities that were only names to them: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Salt Lake, Denver, and all that great array of prosperous, beautiful and progressive cities that their countrymen have built in the West.

It may have been a joy ride, but it also has been an education, and worth what it has cost, whatever grousing the economists may do about it.

And at that it has not been too prodigal. These female touries don't throw money away, which may well be demonstrated by quoting a sign that appears in every room of one of the largest hotels in Los Angeles:

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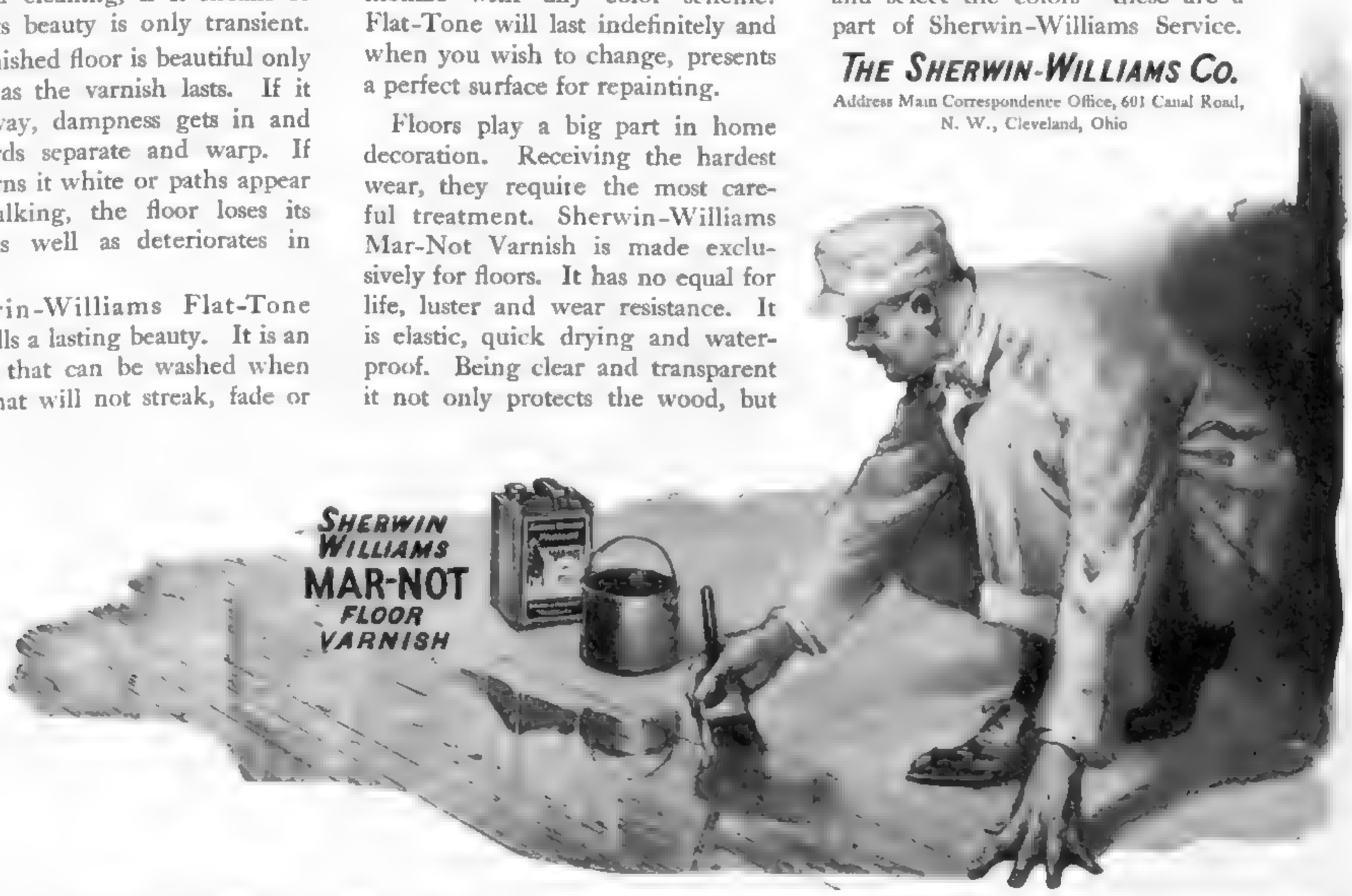

COLORS, PIGMENTS, CHEMICALS, PRESERVATIVES, DISINFECTANTS.

THE AVENGER

(Continued from Page 9

She went with him, Ben—with that friend of yours. They went to Cincinnati."

Wye stiffened his legs.

"Yes, sir; you mean Amy?"

The old man's voice cracked and faded down to a whisper. "I mean her."

"Gone?"

"Yes; gone."

"I think I'll go get her," said Ben.

"No—too late now," old Devern said. "They're married, Ben. They're on their way to Europe."

Wye looked at the razor in his hand; the mirror of its thin blade danced with the reflections of the fires in his eyes. He must have got his notion then—while he was standing there at the washbasin with the cold-water faucet in the grip of his other hand.

Old Devern misunderstood.

"You take it cool," said he. "But after all what can be done now?"

"Not now," said Ben slowly and precisely. "Only sometime ——"

He stopped with the word "sometime," and "sometime" became a little tune that ever sang inside his head.

"Look what you've done!" exclaimed Amy's father.

The water was spouting up and falling in a scattered slobbering stream upon the floor; the faucet had been twisted off under the grip of Wye's hand. There was nothing to show the effort in Ben's expressionless face. The muscles in his forearm were all knots and welts, layered, entwined, tense in a gorgeous display of power; nowhere else was there anything but calm and relaxation. Even his voice was relaxed as, without regard for the faucet, which he tossed carelessly into the corner, he repeated softly the word, "Sometime."

When a man of one idea sees that idea grow into rotundity, turn iridescent, become a universe poised and swaying like a soap bubble and then disappear almost without a trace of its being it is conceivable that for the moment all vision is obliterated in a chaos of daze. I offer this as the explanation of Ben's conduct. He said nothing, complained of nothing. He merely wandered away.

When he turned to look he saw that the new idea—the notion—was at his heels. In exchange for the idea that he had followed there had come an idea that followed him. The worst of it was its content. Most death devils that possess men are restless and impatient. This one twirled its thumbs, dreamed idly as it turned its face up to the sky. Time meant nothing to it. It was a patient devil.

No doubt it came up into Blatchford's office and sat beside Ben at his desk. It drove Ben out. It haunted the streets of Winchester, and Ben, irritated, drifted out of Kentucky. In Baltimore, where he began to do clerical work, there was the smell of the salt sea beyond which Walker and Amy had gone. The devil came closer and drummed its rhythm. Wye felt a panic and this time fled from the docks and the ships and the sea. He went West, where he found a temporary comfort in great spaces and great solitudes. He entered the forestry service and for six months was a watchman on a lonely peak. One night the death devil came and sat beside his fire. It was like the thing tied to the tail of an animal. It came along. It was Ben's notion, and where Ben went there it went also. It counseled no haste; on the contrary it suggested delay. It spoke Ben's own word, "Sometime." And it laughed with a pleasant content. Years were nothing in its calculations. The time would come.

"Let's not hurry," it said to Ben. "Let's wait. It requires no effort on your part, and when the time comes I will give you the sign."

When Ben remembered the day his father made him take oath never to grip a gun in his hands the notion threw back its head and laughed and laughed. For that was a joke, indeed! After all, the notion knew that Ben was a man of one idea, and of the two of them the notion was the master. Wye could try to build a life of his own; the notion knew what a fool he was to go on trying, for it was the notion which held life's tuning fork and struck the key.

This was the man who kept the light on Amarynth Reef.

He was the man with the kindly eyes, the quiet ways, the love of books and neatness and clean linen and sharp razors. He it was who kept the concrete floors of the rooms in the base of the tower speck clean. He it was who leaned on the rail of the high circular balcony and saw the white sails and the camouflaged tramp steamers and the bobbing craft of the fishermen from Key West and the dirty Guatemalan green turtle catchers with their rotting rigging and called them all "my girls."

The days he spent in those years on Amarynth were blessed by a merciful monotony, which like an ogre transformed became at last a world of variety—the eternal change in sky and sea; the infinite variations of the tune of the little waves upon the sand which at first had been one sound of unceasing sameness; the infinite diversity in the living things which the tropic sea lifted onto the high-water line with the hands of every tide; the changing forms of the spits of white-coral sand with which the wind and water played like tireless children in the sun and under the great round moon; the tide streaks on the water; the beryl green of the shallows; the deep purple of the Gulf colored like the bloom on Concord grapes; the whispers of a coming norther; the hawklike fury of the autumn cyclone.

There was always an assistant, but none who ever climbed the wall of Ben's personality. Wye was sociable enough; the helpers who came and went said that Amarynth was too lonesome, that a man might as well be without companionship of any kind at all as to be on the reef. None could ever give a bill of particulars.

"Don't Mr. Wye talk?" asked the inspector.

"Well, yes, sir he does."

"Is he a broody man?"

"No, sir. I wouldn't say so."

"Good-natured?"

"Yes, sir. I haven't a word to say against that. And he doesn't ask what is unreasonable."

"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"Well, sir, I don't know. It just seemed as if I was alone there—that's all. I might say it seemed as if Wye was two men instead of one, and that them two were together and off by themselves all the time."

Other men who followed said almost the same thing. None quarreled with Ben. There never was a cross word spoken on Amarynth, and no one had reported any. To be sure, a man named Gosling, who came from the revenue service, almost caused trouble. He would come down for several successive mornings without shaving.

"Why don't you take that stubble off your face?" Ben asked with half a growl.

"Well, it's this way, Mr. Wye," Gosling had said. "You see, I've been all my life shaved by a barber until I came here. I hack and scratch myself, sir, and why not let it go? There's nobody here who minds."

"I do," said Ben. "If you can't shave yourself I'll try my hand. I'll shave you. I'm forty years and more, and I never did it yet for anybody but myself, but I'll try my hand."

Sunlight or storm, at six o'clock every morning for the seven months of his stay, Gosling sat in the wooden chair in front of the steaming tin washbasin and Wye drew the hair edge of the blade across Gosling's broad countenance and held his nose tilted up between thumb and forefinger while he skimmed down his upper lip. On one occasion Gosling glanced up out of the corners of his eyes at Ben's forearms.

"By jumping Joshua," said Gosling, "you certainly have got some rawhide in them arms of yours! I'll bet you could grab an elephant by the throat and squeeze till his head come off."

There was no answer.

"I guess, by jings, a woman would be scared of you," the foolish man went on. "If she did you any wrong you'd put them fingers on her white throat till her tongue come out a yard or more."

"Be still," said Ben.

It may have appeared that life eternally made jests at his expense. I have sometimes felt that it did for years and years—the big jest, and a lot of little ones. Certainly the last was cruel.

Ben went every three months to Dalny. There is not much of a place there, but the lighthouse regulation provided that the keeper on Amarynth should make the journey, weather permitting. A physical examination and one or two errands, a meeting with the inspector, who only every other time came out to Amarynth in the cutter, and contact with the world of living beings were the objects of the provision. It was in September that he made his thirtieth trip and tied his launch up to the Cuba and West Indies Steamship Company's landing.

The sun beat down on the yellow, blue and pink houses which sheltered the whites and blacks, the Spanish, the American, the Carib and the Negro, as Wye went up the narrow main street, where yellow bananas hung in clusters in front of the ship-supply houses, parrots squawked from cages hung in barred windows with open shutters, and the flies rose from the staring white-coral sand that was splotched by food thrown out to the stray dogs and pigs.

"Wye!" said a voice from the doorway of a lawyer's office.

"Hello, Spooner," Ben answered, crossing toward the shack before he even looked up. "What's the news?"

"Ain't any," said the lawyer, judge, insurance agent, justice of the peace and mayor of Dalny. "None except I don't know what to do about this here boy."

"What boy?"

Spooner pushed a youngster of eight or nine out from the shadow into the staring sun. He was a clear-eyed boy, badly clad but healthy, brown of legs and cheeks; and he looked straight into Ben's eyes.

"What's he been doing?"

"Nothing," said Spooner, biting the cigar-tinted ends of his mustache. "It's his folks. They died on him. The blame trouble of it is that when they died it was over in Ferris County. Here in Dalny County we claim that there in Ferris was their residence. They'd lived here certain, but took sick and went over to the Springs. Ferris sends the boy to us. We sends him to Ferris. The court ain't in session and "

"Boy belongs to nobody," finished Ben.

"I reckon that's who he belongs to."

"I'll take him," said Ben. "Give the boy to me. I'll take him to the light till he's big enough to send to an academy."

Spooner said: "You ain't in earnest?"

"Yes, I am," said Ben. "What's to be done to make it legal?"

"By cracky! Nothin'," replied Spooner. "There ain't any legal question where none is let come up. And the mayor of Dalny and judge of the district court won't let any come up. That's me."

"What's your name, son?" asked Ben.

"Name's Roddy Pike," Spooner answered.

"Want to go with me?"

The boy put a moist warm hand into Wye's; it was his answer. He belonged to Ben. Indeed he said so when Ben's launch started back on its thirty-mile dance on the Gulf. The warm spray was coming up over the bows and Roddy sat staring at Ben leaning against the cockpit with his hand on the wheel.

"We're going home now—aren't we?" said the boy.

Something in that suggestion of a sharing of life broke a dam in Ben Wye. Out of the old confines poured forth a flood of love; out of the reservoir closed tightly since the last time, nearly twenty years before, that he had stood in the hotel room in Winchester with a wet shaving brush in his hand thinking of the lovely Amy, now gushed forth a torrent from the heart. The boy did not belong to Ben; it was the man who belonged to the boy. He would love him, serve him, build him. He was in Roddy Pike's service.

His imagination etched the pictures of the future—of the hours when he, the light keeper, would perform those ceremonies of going to bed as his mother performed them for him so many years ago; when he, the weather-beaten, life-beaten man, could find a fierce joy in suffering the anxieties of an illness; when he, the tired worn-out spirit, could live again, come again to strong youth and to the ascents of manhood through Roddy's eyes, through Roddy's mind and through Roddy's heart. This was to be his path out from slavery; this was to free him at last from the notion, from the death devil that had been so patient and so sure of the end.

I ask this question: Was it not a merciless thing that at the moment of this opening door there came the message?

Ben always knew that it would come. Some confidence of granite inflexibility had assured him throughout these years that the message would come. He knew that he would answer that call. He was certain that the delay made the inevitable all the more certain.

For more than twenty years he had never mentioned the names of Walker Sayres and Amy; he had made no inquiry, he had looked nowhere. He never saw a man and woman in the distance wondering if these two might be the two who had wished him good luck at the railway station when they knew they were going across the world together. No—a message would come at last, a summons would come. He would know then. He believed in this. It was a perfect faith. It did not fail him.

After he and Roddy had landed at the long spindle-legged pier at Amarynth Reef and had stood, like specks on the white beach, looking up at the flashes of the light projected into the dusk—two white, one red—two white, one red—they climbed up into the living quarters.

The assistant keeper was up in the tower. Ben broke open the bundle of new clothes he had bought for Roddy at a store in Dalny, kept by the meanest man in the state. The inside wrapping was of newspaper; when the string parted and the bundle flew open there upon the printed page was the face!

Ben sat down in one of the blue wooden chairs and stared at the little square of portrait. His father's blood pounded up out of his wild heart and filled his ears with the drums of the notion. The message had come!

Walker Sayres lives in a house just off the avenue that is not only luxurious but has the ostentation of affluence both inside and out. He is able to afford all this because the money his father made as a coal operator has been doubled and tripled by its owner's association with one of the large coal and oil companies. The Sayres have a country place with great white pillars and wide lawns and much begardened acres; they have a schooner yacht, and no children.

When there are formal entertainments at the city home a wide flight of steps leading to the front door spreads out toward the sidewalk in the shape of the mouth of a fish trap, and symbolic perhaps of the Sayres' desire for social prestige, as it is called. What they wanted of it or what they were going to do with it are questions I do not pretend to answer.

If one watched the Sayres' house with some patience there could be seen each day a slick-haired dapper man come down the steps and walk with rather mincing gait toward the avenue and round the corner. Later on the limousine came for Sayres, and sometimes later still it came back for someone else. Callers came in, left cards and went. It was a cold and uneventful entrance, and there was only one inexplicable thing which a watcher might find a cause for speculation. This was the dapper man with the little black handbag and the pale-blue and white face.

Of course he might have been a doctor, but this was not the fact. The fact always seems to me rather extraordinary, as if Fate works with a wonderful pattern, planning every detail and foreseeing for years ahead every contingency, working toward one day and toward one moment. What could be more ingenious of design? The man came from the shop located under the apartment called The Richen, on Park Avenue. His name was Mori; he was a barber.

A watcher outside the Sayres' house need not have remained long in ignorance of Mori's identity and profession; it required only a short walk behind his heels to discover where he came from every morning at nine and where he returned every morning at nine-thirty.

On the twenty-fifth day of October, upon a morning when the air was brisk and smelled of burning leaves in the country and of roasting chestnuts in the city, the telephone operator at The Richen called down to the barber shop and said that

(Concluded on Page 132)

THE POSITIVE POWER STREAM

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(Concluded from Page 130)

someone at the Sayres' residence had telephoned a message for Mori. It was said that Mr. Sayres would not require Mori's customary service on this morning.

"Did he want me to-morrow?" asked the barber, fearing that his affluent patron, who provided him with a tidy little sum every month, might have decided to make a change.

"Well, perhaps I didn't hear just right," said the girl, "but I thought something was said about Mr. Sayres' never needing your services again."

At exactly nine o'clock a tall man with a black bag climbed the steps of Mr. Sayres' residence. "I am the barber," said he to the houseman who opend the door. "Mr. Mori is not coming this morning. I am here in his place—to attend to the gentleman."

The words were spoken slowly and a strange emphasis was given to the last slow sentence.

Wye had come back, as the death devil had promised, into the life of Sayres.

"I don't know what Mr. Sayres will say," the houseman announced, looking at the brown close-shaven weathered skin of the visitor, and into his deep-set glowing eyes. "He's a very irritable gentleman and a great sufferer from dyspepsia. The least thing upsets him."

"If I shave him he will not utter a single complaint," replied the visitor. "I think he will give satisfaction."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the servant, cracking his cold and sour face. "That was a lapsus linki—a slip of the tongue, eh? You said as how he would give satisfaction. Ha, ha, ha."

The visitor put his coat and hat on the hall stand and sighed. He was here at last—the journey's end! So destiny had willed for Ben Wye's notion.

"Just follow me," said the houseman.

He crossed the wide square hall upon its noiseless thick rug and ascended the upholstered tread of the wide mahogany stairs.

The house had a chill—not the brisk chill of the October morning but the chill of death and of slow decay. There was a faint antiseptic odor and everything was arranged as if by some jinni whose hands rather than the hands of an owner had squared this little Oriental lacquer table to the wall, whose hands rather than the hands of any reader had put these luxuriously bound books upon the stand beneath an Italian lamp which never burned.

"This is their nest!" whispered Wye to himself.

"In here," the servant said, opening a door into a man's dressing room. "He'll be up from breakfast in three or four minutes now."

So short a time—after all these years of waiting!

Ben, having drawn off his coat, rolled up his immaculate shirt sleeves just as they had been rolled up that morning when old Devern told him that Amy had gone. He began to lay out the shaving instruments upon the towel on the bureau.

"Lord save us, you're the strongest barber I have ever seen," said the houseman, pointing to Ben's forearms, which were still without a perceptible growth of hair but were strung with rippling knots and welts of long sinews, intertwining as his fingers moved.

"I've got the hands for a strangler," said Ben quickly and cheerfully.

The lean houseman made a wry face; he concluded that he did not like the new barber. He brought the hot water in a porcelain pitcher from the next room, and with a superior and aloof air he put it down, rubbed his finger tips together as if removing imaginary pollution and closed the door softly behind him.

Wye looked round the room, which some interior decorator had prepared for the master of the house. It was a pleasant and cheerful chamber with a door into the hall, one at the right, which led into Sayres' bedroom; and a third at the left. Perhaps this one led into her chamber.

The owner had impressed his own personality upon the room too. Above the dressing case was a picture of some actress who had inscribed her flourished signature upon its glossy surface nearly a quarter of a century ago. She was pretty in a soft and squeezy way. There were other pictures on the wall. Venus at her bath, a nymph twiddling her feet in a spring, and a copy of a nude from a salon. A little clock held up by a grinning satyr scolded the lot with vehement ticking. Its face showed that it was now eight minutes after nine. It was at ten minutes after nine that the train had taken Ben away from Winchester toward Frankfort, standing on the steps looking back for the last time at lovely Amy and with the warmth of Walker's handclasp still clinging to his palm—some twenty years ago.

The door opened suddenly, but Ben had trained himself for this moment; he did not look up. His powerful fingers moved round in the crooks of his own hands, feeling their own strength and waiting for the door to close.

"My man says you came in Mori's place," said a tired voice as the latch snapped in the closed door. They were alone!

There was something in Sayres' voice so suggestive of lifelessness, of sickness with living that Ben, who had been forced to speculate as to whether Walker would know him or not and to plan what he would do in either case, looked up, half forgetting his purposes in a sudden surge of curiosity.

Sayres had grown old. His hair was gray where it still clung round an area of baldness. Upon his face there was a constant shifting of expression. It was like a loose stocking; it fell in folds of weariness and was jerked up again by an effort that might once have been conscious but was now habitual. This gave it a strange restlessness of expression, a peculiar coming and going of vitality that was unpleasant indeed.

Ben looked squarely for a moment into Sayres' eyes. There was no flicker of recognition in their dullness. Perhaps there might have been if Sayres had not lost, as Ben's quick instinct told him, all interest in human beings. Wye in Sayres' eyes was a barber—just as a waiter was a waiter; a policeman, a policeman; a clerk, a clerk; a stenographer, a stenographer. He had lost the human inquiry; he cared nothing more whether those of his species were married or single, sick or well, or preferred cold days to August heat or florist blooms to wild flowers, or dry cigars to moist. The world for him had become peopled by lay figures as catalogued and impersonal as machine parts and circular letters.

He looked at Ben only to be sure that a barber had come to shave his precious face. Nothing else flowed from him but this one cold short stream of inquiring vision. He did not expect a reckoning. And Ben to him was only a barber. The day had come; in that room was the creep of the soft feet of death, but to Sayres the time and place were only a part of that commonplace routine which is all that is left of life when the bare essence of some men's lives has failed them and the enfeebled body no longer can be fed diminishing pleasures because of the higher costs in pain.

The clock on the dresser said that it was now nine minutes after nine. It had a calm little face and probably would not stop, no matter what it saw; it would go on ticking in its frantic pettiness, thought Ben, though the spectacle before it might be enough to start from their sockets the eyes of a human being. Perhaps these eyes would be Amy's eyes. He could hear someone moving behind the third door, occasionally clearing the throat in an unpleasant asthmatic manner. Well he remembered Amy's throat; it was white and velvety like the top of warm rich milk.

Sayres' throat, however, which once had been a little too thin, had now covered the Adam's apple in front of the jugular vein with its distentions and layers and folds of fat. Ben had thought of Walker as being tall; now his increased weight carried in the wrong places, in the places wherever it could find pouchy retention, had made him a dumpy man, appearing shorter than in fact he was.

"Come! Let's get at it," he said with his impatient whine, and sitting down in the chair he threw back his head so that the folds in his neck would stretch out and a towel could be tucked round his collar. A gurgle sounded somewhere within him, under the spread-out barber's napkin.

"Damn that breakfast," he muttered, and stared up at the ceiling. He went on as if addressing the makers of his destinies beyond many ceilings and beyond the roof, and to that vague gathering he said petulantly, "Once I could eat anything."

Ben Wye lifting a razor from its leather case put it down upon the napkin spread out upon the little stand. As if he did not quite like its position he touched its hard shiny black-rubber handle so that it moved slightly into a central position, a place of prestige among the rest of the barber's paraphernalia. Then he mixed up a thick creamy lather and with painstaking attention to his task he applied it carefully to Sayres' face, and as he rubbed it in he stood away at arm's length as if he were caressing the skin of a snake.

A telephone bell sounded from far away behind doors and hallways. There was a chance, Ben knew, that a message might come that would upset his plans. In that case he knew what to do. He was calm; he went about fulfilling the task for which his notion and the woven fabric of twenty years had fitted him, without a tremor. A precision and a scrupulous care showing in every movement made his manner unlike that of a barber; it was more the manner of a surgeon.

Even the knock and the entrance of the houseman did not cause him to pause.

"It's Mr. Venner, sir," said the servant.

"An awful rotter!" Sayres asserted. "What's he want?"

"It's about the Virginia properties, sir. He wants to see you."

Sayres without opening his eyes, the dark lids of which covered his eyeballs, said: "Say to him that it would give me great pleasure to have him dine with me at the club. If I can get a contract out of him I can stand it. I won't have to eat here anyway."

The houseman gave a sneering glance at his belathered employer and closed the door. Ben looked back at the razor in the palm of his hand. He opened it, he examined its shiny blade; he tried the edge on his thumbnail. It gave forth a little ting. Good steel, hollow ground. The surface of the blade reflected the glints of light in Ben's eyes. He smiled and tried the edge upon the thick skin on the ball of his thumb. It took out a little smooth nick and left a tiny glistening concave. Not sharp enough!

Ben held the strop tight and stroked it with the fine-tempered blade. Sping-sping! Sping-sping! Sping-sping!—the tune of paper-thin metal with little microscopic irresistible teeth. Sping-sping-swish! An edge to split a hair—an edge to leave nice clean work.

Ben began at one of the temples, drawing with little quick dabs down the flabby cheek. He would begin at the top and work to the bottom—he would leave the throat till the last, provided nothing happened to upset the plan. When he had come down the cheek to the corner of the mouth with its thick red lips he sighed and wiped the razor clean again. He was thinking now; he was thinking of the day this man first walked into Blatchford's office. How hot it was that day!

Ben had begun on the other cheek when the third door opened.

"Damn it, Amy, keep out!" said Sayres, and his breath blew little bubbles of the lather into the air.

Ben held the razor poised and stared at the woman. She, of course, would know him when her glance had turned toward him. And yet he would not have known her. She was not fat, but she was puffy. She had the appearance of being stuffed into her smart tailored clothes. The eyes, once like shadowed trout pools, had grown shallow and glassy. She had surrounded them with dainty artificial blackening of the lashes to give them emphasis. Her hair was waved. No longer did it have that color of the autumn meadows, with its lights and variations; it was now a shade or two darker and flat toned. Her shoulders had rounded. Hands once graceful were now stiff, overcushioned and heavy with rings.

"I'm going out," she announced with the voice of one who is ever in need of clearing air passages. "I want some money. I haven't time to stop at the bank."

"You wait till I'm through here," said Sayres. "It's a wonder you're up this early. You got up for breakfast this morning to give me a bad time. Why didn't you have a headache, eh?"

"You flatter yourself," she replied. "I got up to play bridge."

"Well, you'll wait now if you want your money," said Sayres, turning back with his face to the ceiling and closing his eyes.

The woman gazed at him a moment with disgust and hate. She tucked a tiny handkerchief into her sleeve, but not before the room had been filled with a heavy perfume. And then, as if Ben might be worth looking at, she raised her insolent glance and eyed him critically. She smiled at him—the smile of a woman who can afford to smile at any healthy man, knowing all the while that the bars of class will keep everything in its place. It was not much like the old smile of Amy Devern. She turned about with an absurd queenliness and went out. She had not recognized Ben.

Wye sighed once more and returned to his task. He came down to the upper lip and made a delicate job of it. These were the lips that had lied to him; these were the lips that had stolen kisses which were his. Who would believe it now?

He raised the razor again, wiped the blade and stropped its edge once more. He was coming down to the prominent chin and soon he would be over that rise and then there was the descent to the throat, where one stroke from side to side under pressure of his giant's forearms would be noiseless and not resisted by anything hard. He held the razor up, staring at the dance of lights on its blade. He was thinking.

"What's the matter?" complained the man in the chair.

Ben did not answer. He glanced at the frantic little clock, which recorded fifteen minutes after nine, and returned to his labors. The chin required more than one lathering. Ben worked patiently. He detested the feel of this man's fat jowls under his fingers as he drew the skin tight this way and that. But after all he would never have to do this again.

And now there was left only a white line of lather at the throat. It ran from side to side, below the ears. It was like a tailor's chalk mark which shows where the goods are to be accurately severed.

Ben wiped his hands on a towel and picked up the razor again. He drew its cool steel blade across the palm of his hand as he gazed down at Sayres' countenance, upon which the sunlight fell.

"What's the matter? Why don't you go on?" whined the helpless man.

In answer the razor blade came in contact with the flesh of the throat. It moved softly this way an that. It slid quietly down to the thin white line of lather and cut into the stubble hidden beneath. It moved on—its cool flat surface upon the warm skin. The thin white line of lather had disappeared. The razor edge touched a last drop under the ear and was gone. The job was done.

Sayres tried to sit up, but finding it an effort he turned his head.

"Judas priest, it's twenty after nine!" he said. "I've got to start down to the office. I'll wash my face myself."

He got out of the chair and roared, "Amy! Damn it! Amy! Amy!"

"Oh, here," he said suddenly, "I forgot you. Tell Mori I gave you this. Tell him he'd have had it if he'd come. It will teach that dirty little dog a lesson. I'll give that much to make him sick."

Into the hand of Ben Wye he thrust a ten-dollar gold piece.

The sunlight made Amarynth Reef and its white tower shine like a metal cap twisted into the middle of the flat blue cover of the world. Ben's launch went toward it over the saucy little waves as if it were in a hurry to get back after fretting at a strange pier for thirty weary days. The man at the wheel could see the washing flapping in the wind. There were the assistant keeper's flannel shirts and there were the white nightgowns that Ben had bought for Roddy. The terns and the gulls were wheeling and skimming over the tide pools, round which dark pelicans sat in a talkative assemblage of absurd gravity.

As Ben came nearer he could see that the boy had come down to meet him; he was sitting on the end of the pier with his brown legs swinging over the edge.

"Hello! I was waiting for you," he called.

Ben threw the painter round a post and climbed out of the launch. The boy put his arm round one of the man's thighs and clung to it.

"You glad to get back?" asked Roddy.

"Yep," Ben answered, and put his arm round one of the boy's shoulders. "I brought you something in that bag, son. But here's something else."

"A gold piece!"

"Yep; a gold piece."

Then suddenly, as if he had thought of the possibility that Roddy might be taken from him, Ben threw his great forearms round the boy and held him close. He thought of the twenty years.

"Want to tell you something, Roddy. Don't ever try to pay anybody back. There's something that will make a joke of it all. And a waste that's horrible to think about, Roddy. There's only one avenger, Roddy—only one! It's not death, Roddy—it's life!"

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"Give the Children Cracker Jack. It's Good for Them."

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CHICAGO and BROOKLYN
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 34)

for a luncheon and bridge party in a distant neighborhood, Sadie had permitted young Mr. Slawson to invite himself to come and cheer her solitude during the noonday meal. For scarcely accountable weeks he had lingered about Lewisburg, making weak excuses to both the business and social side of his conscience. Now and then he would take the trouble to fool himself with an illusion to the effect that Mr. Warrington had become interested in him and would, if properly approached, finance a Middle-Western agency with young Slawson at its head. In bitter moments of sanity he realized that he had become an empty shell, and that Nature, who abhors a vacuum, would revenge herself forthwith. Twice a week he wrote to the red-headed girl in the Bronx, and twice a week the Bronx responded. He had thought her perfect before the day when, coming into Lewisburg, he had met the widow with the modest platinum and diamonds which seemed to sparkle across the secret grief she bore so bravely.

They were sitting on the veranda this afternoon in sentimental spring. She was swinging gently in a couch hammock, her delicate head resting languidly against pillows of soft shade and texture. The ex-lieutenant gazed down the sloping lawn with a little brook below chuckling under a transparency of infant leafage. He had found his romance here. The girl in the Bronx was only partially romantic; she took it out in all-night dances and raptures over cowboy heroes seen in motion-picture theaters. She was very young, thought Mr. Slawson.

When he looked up Sadie was regarding him through half-closed eyes. Being no scholar, young Mr. Slawson was unable to remember just what Walter Pater had said about Mona Lisa, but he was under the impression that Walter, in a moment of enthusiasm, had declared that Mona had no age—that she went right on indefinitely at the period of life most suitable to her good looks. A lady's age didn't matter so much after all, he concluded, so long as she got more beautiful every year. His Uncle Emlin, as he remembered it, had married a girl five years older than himself, and everybody had declared it a great romance. True, Uncle Emlin had died six weeks after the ceremony, but the principle remained the same.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the sorceress, thrusting a dainty foot forward in order to balance herself in the swaying seat.

"Oh." He blushed, then came to himself to explain clumsily: "I was thinking about my chances here."

Her next question fully convinced him of her supernatural gifts.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"I'll be twenty-four next November." He sat uneasily, fearful that, since she was a mind reader, she had heard him asking the same question with regard to her.

"You'll have no trouble here, I should think, if you're really in earnest about it," she said vaguely. "But what has Lewisburg to offer you?"

"A lot," he answered after swallowing hard. "I mean to say, a lot of hopes."

"If I were a man," she told him, a half-amused smile coming to her lips, "I should go straight to New York. Everything's there. Lewisburg's a poky old place, when you look at it. But New York ——"

She sighed. Whereupon Eddie Slawson committed his supreme bravery.

"There's one thing that isn't in New York," he informed her, swinging clumsily round on his footstool.

"What's that?" she asked innocently.

"You." He said the word thickly, almost losing it in the fog of his emotions.

She laughed, and as the hammock swung forward her little shoe touched him lightly on the sleeve.

"Of course I could move, if that would improve your business chances."

"I wasn't thinking—of that. You've driven business chances and everything else out of my head. But I seem to have gone completely wild. I can't think about anything but you—I know I oughtn't to be talking this way ——"

Suddenly she leaned forward and caught him by both his shoulders, scrutinizing him with her fine eyes.

"If you only knew how I like it—being made love to like this!" was her peculiar comment.

"Oh, Mrs. Annister—you don't ——"

"No, my boy. You mustn't go on spoiling your life with a lot of false hopes. My heart's—occupied—already. And even if it weren't—I'm nearly ten years older than you."

"Mona Lisa didn't have any age," he informed her, but almost as soon as he had made the comment he was sure he hadn't said it right.

"I suppose not," she agreed quite dreamily. "How about the red-headed girl in the Bronx?"

Suddenly young Slawson covered his face with his hands, and when he looked up he groaned:

"She's the finest, sweetest girl in all the world."

"Of course," said she soothingly. "But, after all, that's no serious obstacle to your getting married."

"You're cynical!" he roared, coming to his feet and grinding his teeth.

"You mustn't have too much to do with cynical people," she cautioned him, smiling. "It's contaminating. It would be dreadful if the simple villagers of Manhattan should find you'd come to Lewisburg and got cynical." Then in a kindly, maternal tone: "My dear boy, you don't know how sorry I am. But I do think you'd better go home and be sensible."

He reseated himself on the footstool and sat awhile glaring down toward the river bed. After all, she was right. Despite the honey of her tone that laugh she had just given him stung like a box over the ear. He turned to see that she was still regarding him with kind, dreamy eyes; and she had just opened her mouth to speak again when a parlor maid came to the veranda and, being well broken to her profession, spoke when she was spoken to.

"Mista Ranger calling, Miss Sadie."

"Show him out here," commanded Miss Sadie; but as soon as the maid had departed the cause of poor Slawson's young despair came over and laid her hand—the hand with the wedding ring—lightly against his hot cheek.

"Go back to New York," she whispered, and then in a peculiarly wistful tone: "You don't know how much obliged I am to you for feeling as you do."

As soon as Eddie Slawson had taken leave of his hostess with bows of awful politeness Jerry Ranger faced her with more seriousness than he generally showed in her presence. The acrimonious hints which had come to him from the lips of his naturally humane sister were ringing in his ears and had the effect of sharpening his tone as he asked:

"Sadie, what have you done to that poor Slawson boy? You seem to have knocked him flat."

"Well, if I have," said she, showing not the least contrition as she leaned against a pillar and smiled her mysterious smile, "I've just put him on his feet again and sent him back to New York."

"Can this be Sadie Whitten?" he marveled as he sprawled in a cane chair.

"I've changed my name, if you've noticed it," she suggested.

She took a seat beside him and folded her ringed hand over the one on her knee. Her cheeks had flushed brightly and her eyes were snapping with curiosity as she looked at him.

"I suppose Lewisburg thinks that I am Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and Isolde rolled into one poison pellet," she took up the delicate subject of herself.

"Add Madame Récamier and Carrie Nation and you've about got it," he admitted.

"You're a nice sort of friend, to sit round and let them say such things!"

"I can't go round challenging old women to duels," he pointed out, having justice on his side.

"And yet I've not done a thing," she murmured, as if to herself.

"Not a thing," he agreed, rather caustically. "And yet see what you have done!"

"How? Where?" She opened her eyes wide.

"To me," said the famous cynic rather huskily.

"Jerry Ranger, you don't mean to say you're ——"

"Falling in love? Ha! Do I look it?"

However he might have looked, the chronic bachelor was at that instant experiencing the sinking sensation which the wily stag must feel when, but now boasting his superiority to all hunters' wiles, he feels his legs go from under him in the cunningly hidden pitfall.

"Because, Jerry," she was saying in a tone of genuine concern, "I should hate to have you do that."

"Why this concern about me?" he asked, scrambling, as he thought, to solid ground.

"We've been such splendid friends," she said softly.

"Meaning, I suppose, that when people get married they become splendid enemies?"

"I didn't say that," she replied, but she was looking away with that disturbed look which he still saw in her face.

Silence.

"I'll tell you one thing, Sadie," the cynic at last resumed.

"Yes?" It was as far away as the Pleiades.

"I never look at those things but what it stirs me up horribly."

"What things?"

She must have known, for her glance followed his and rested on the plain platinum band and solitaire diamond which gleamed from her third finger.

"When you came home wearing—those—a crazy feeling got hold of me. I wanted to meet that other man. I wanted to tell him that he didn't know you well enough to have any claims on you. Sadie, dear, I've known you ever since black Jennie rolled you round the park in a baby buggy. What right has that man got to put rings on your fingers ——"

"Jerry!" Her voice was still and solemn.

"I'm sorry, Sadie," he grunted. Then he came over and leaned down until his eyes were on a level with hers.

Truth came rushing to him in a mortal panic, informing poor Jerry that it was all over but the struggle. The trap was sprung. No more would the noble stag roam free among his native wilds.

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and began pacing the veranda like an animal already caged and on exhibition.

"I'm not going to!" he groaned. "No, sir, I'm not going to!"

"What did you say?" she asked, herself aroused from a dream.

"Oh, nothing. Old age, Sadie—talking to myself. Well, I just dropped in ——"

Again the yellow housemaid had interrupted, this time to present a card.

"Miss Hester Cole." Sarah read this aloud, then again, as though repeating it to herself, "Miss Hester Cole."

"Dulcie told me she was back," he said, and was puzzled by the expression she wore—annoyance and, so he thought, a little fear.

"I wonder what she wants of me?" Sadie was asking. "I scarcely know her."

"You were working together in the same canteen, weren't you?"

"Yes. You know how people are thrown together."

This last remark was, perhaps, a bit of small-town snobbery, quite understandable in a community like Lewisburg, where the castes are as numerous as among the Hindus. Before her plunge into war work Miss Cole had been forelady in the Emporium.

Miss Cole was presently shown in, a buxom young woman, still clinging to her horizon-blue uniform—or more strictly speaking the horizon-blue uniform clung to Miss Cole, for it fitted her as snugly as the skin fits a sausage.

"You dar-ling!" she shrilled, and flung herself into Sadie's unready arms. "I'm Hessie Cole. There, I do believe you've forgotten I was alive. Billy Keegan was coming out this way with a late delivery and I begged him to drop me off so that I could say how-dee-do—and congratulations."

"It was awfully nice of you," said Sadie. "Sit down, won't you? I've often wondered how you were getting along." The last was a lie on the face of it. "Have you met Mr. Ranger?"

"I've often heard Sadie—that is, Mrs. Anson——"

"Mrs. Annister," corrected Sadie.

"Mrs. Annister—I've often heard her speak of you," Miss Cole dimpled. "Mrs. Annister! I simply can't get used to that name. When I got back and-folks told me you had changed your signature I just fell all in a heap—actually, that's what I did."

The monstrous vision of Miss Cole falling all in a heap was not the thing that caused Jerry's ears to turn forward in a very passion of curiosity. He wanted to hear more from the lips of this girl who had followed Sadie's every step in Paris. But ill winds blew and Jerry was destined to hear no more. Sadie's married sister, always an unwelcome interruption, came home at that instant and proceeded to monopolize Jerry. Madge Pawley was a haggard, smaller and somewhat overpainted replica of Sadie; to Jerry's thinking she was a hen-minded, parochial type who, under a surface of gushing cordiality, always seemed to be concealing the deeps of hatred against her more attractive, too long unmarried sister.

"Jerry, dear!" she rippled, after directing a miserly nod toward the astonishing Cole girl, "you're just the man I'm looking for. Come and see the horrid chintz that Winterbotham has had the effrontery to send for the sun room. He never gets anything right any more. The war seems to have demoralized every tradesperson in town. I think you ought to say something in the paper about it."

"We might warm it over into an attack on the Administration. Anything goes nowadays," suggested Jerry, knowing in advance that his sarcasm would be wasted on her.

"Yes. Isn't it dreadful the way everything is mismanaged!"

With dragging steps Jerry followed her into the sun room, suppressing a cave-born instinct to slay her at once and be done with it. Had she told him in so many words she could not have better conveyed the impression that she was taking him away from Sadie merely because he preferred to be with Sadie.

Once in the sun room Madge found that Winterbotham, relenting of his crime, had taken the samples away. This discovery required the cross-examination of every servant in the establishment. Jerry stood on one foot and then on the other, aching to fly back to the veranda and hearken to the chatty Miss Cole's remarks upon canteen life in Paris. But Madge had no sooner denounced the perfidious Winterbotham than she must unburden herself of other matters.

For half an hour poor Jerry wasted his sarcasm upon a leaden wall, then sank back in fatigue, permitting her the floor and the right of way. Finally she released him, or relented sufficiently to lead him back to the veranda.

Miss Cole, evidently having finished what she had come to say, had risen to go.

"It isn't far to the trolley," she was protesting in the half-convinced voice of one who expects a favor. "Oh, no; you mustn't think about me. I'm used to taking care of myself—I wouldn't trouble Mr. Ranger for the world."

"Jerry," suggested the beautiful Mrs. Annister, regarding him with the melting glance she had acquired with widowhood, "Miss Cole is going back to town ——"

"Let me give you a lift. Mighty glad to!" volunteered Jerry, in time to save himself from conscription.

"Oh, you're so kind! Only as far as the Melton House. I hope that's not out of your way."

"Mighty glad to," Jerry repeated his formula. And a moment later he was bidding Sadie good afternoon, shaking hands with Fate.

He had taken his plump passenger down the grade and well into the park before he could detach his mind from his new gears sufficiently to begin with the obsessing topic:

"You and Mrs. Annister were together a great deal in Paris, weren't you?"

"In the same canteen, my dear," said Miss Cole, and went on with a garrulity which seemed to increase with the speed of Jerry's car. "We were inseparable. Just like that. Close together as Silly and Cherubis. Ain't it all amazing?"

"Amazing?" asked he, taking his eyes off the wheel to see the pointed look she gave him.

"This marriage. Where in the world did she get time to meet that man?"

III

THEY were married in June; married romantically and expensively on the lawn of the old Whitten place, a rose canopy

(Concluded on Page 139)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

"Next Time Look for That Trade-Mark"

"Your battery has not 'gone to pieces,' it has just naturally reached the point where any battery containing wood insulation in any form must be opened up and reinsulated.

"Don't blame the dealer or maker. You can't be sure of long life from ordinary insulation any more than you can get *cord-tire* service from an ordinary *fabric* tire.

"But next time get a battery with that circle trade-mark—a Willard with *Threaded Rubber* Insulation does not contain wood insulation in any form. It costs a little more, but it more than repays you in freedom from worry.

"With reasonable care these batteries simply go on giving perfect service until the plates are entirely worn out—and even we never realized what tough, long-lived plates a Willard has, till Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation gave them a real chance to show what they could do."

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Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

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FROM "dead ahead" to "abeam" is a matter of seconds with the big guns. It takes less than half a minute to turn a turret over a 45-degree arc. Support this tonnage on steel balls, poised ready to "spin" at the first touch, and one compact motor swings guns and turret like a toy.

Here again is friction defeated—time and power saved where seconds count. And the same ball-bearing principle applies in the bearings of all revolving mechanisms, from your automobile to the looms which weave your clothes.

The discovery by science that the ball bearing is the most practical solution of frictional waste stands as one of its greatest achievements.

Fafnir Bearing Company
Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co.
U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Mfg. Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

Ball Bearings

(Concluded from Page 135)

sheltering them from nothing more annoying than the whir of angels' wings. A vested choir and an imported string orchestra aided and abetted the ecclesiastical blessing while bride and bridegroom furnished a satisfactory picture of human happiness on public exhibition. "She didn't look a day over twenty," pronounced Lewisburg, weeping into its bridal champagne. "We always knew she was crazy about Jerry—and how could she have cared for that other man?"

So bride and bridegroom disappeared, presumably for some Elysian neck of the Maine woods. As a matter of fact they motored as far as Cincinnati and took the first train for New York. Where to go and how had been a case in point between Jerry and Sadie during their brief, ecstatic engagement. Jerry had been for the Maine forests; he knew a place where the lakes were always mirrors for a face as lovely as the morning sun. Sarah had held out firmly for New York. Eden was all right, she insisted, but she hated ants and mosquitoes; moreover, the Northern woods were never decently heated before the Fourth of July. New York, on the other hand, would be in the full tide of its silly season which would be gone forever after the dry First; and they could be lost completely there, because nobody ever watched anybody else in New York. Even to Jerry's joy-fuddled mind it seemed that Sadie protested too much. He had no objection to New York.

Then, more deeply, there came between them the question of poor Annister's rings. These had been lost to sight as soon as Jerry's larger and more fashionably mounted diamond appeared on Sadie's finger.

"Do you mind them now?" she asked him in a constrained voice the very afternoon before their wedding.

"His rings?" he inquired. It was the first time they had mentioned them since that revealing moment in early spring when he had confessed his jealousy for those pretty symbols. Sarah nodded.

"Dear girl," said he, "let's not think about them. Just do what you like with them. I'll understand. Really, Sadie, I wouldn't love you half as much if I thought you hadn't cared for the man you married."

All this had taken an effort on Jerry's part, but he had tried to mean what he said. And so next day they were married. Shortly after they had taken the train East he leaned over to close her silk handbag which she had left carelessly open on a seat. In the shadowy depths he caught the gleam of a diamond and of a silvery circlet—Annister's rings! So, after all, she wasn't going to forget.

For the benefit of their honeymoon the tyrant Summer withheld his sunstrokes during their first week in New York; heat-prostration cases fell off appreciably on the lower East Side and happy children played by late twilight in Central Park. Altogether the combined bliss of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Ranger was a boon to the six million who would doubtless have risen up and called them blessed had it not been for a growing tendency on the part of the proletariat to give the prosperous classes credit for nothing at all.

One balmy noon Jerry Ranger, slippered, comfortable, a light Havana between his teeth, the paper before his eyes, sprawled in the sitting room of their suite at the Merlinbilt. Above the news ran the lazy overtone of his thoughts, mentioning various names dear to him in old newspaper days. Sadie came in, dressed for the street, which was a surprise. She wore a gown of airy dark blue and a wide, cool white hat.

"I'm going to get my hair washed," said she.

"What do you expect me to do? Sit in the washbowl and play with the soap?"

"Foolish!" she smiled, and rumpled his grizzled locks. "You must have a townful of friends ——"

"It won't be hard to lose me," he grinned back. "Old Pat Kerrigan sort of half made a date with me to meet him for lunch at the Lawyers' Club. Suppose I pick you up at Florio's, say, at five o'clock. Suitable to you, little old joy bird?"

Little old joy bird! The day before his wedding he had overheard a hardened veteran of the Pioneer staff predicting that matrimony would turn the boss into a complete mush. Probably he was right. Before Sadie hurried away, leaving him to his leisurely dressing, he had pressed her bright new rings to his lips—his rings, bought and paid for—and the action brought to his heart a faint jealousy for those other rings which should have been buried with the man who drew his sword and died for a cause which it had not been Jerry's privilege to defend.

Out in the upper reaches of Manhattan, in that zone which the less progressive newspaper wit still dares to call South Albany, but which is actually not so very far north, its latitude being about Two Hundredth Street, there stands the most commonplace and romantic of all created things, an apartment house. It has a name, I suppose, and a number, and it has been builded on the basic New York idea, which is that one should look and act just a little richer than one is. This house, which is of brick with an ornamental Tudor front, is in a way more sensible than its multitude of sisters, for it has an airy vacant lot both to right and to left and its height is an insignificant matter of four stories. In the outside lobby, under the ornate door-arch, there is a long row of brass-framed cards, honestly displayed like a table of contents, naming in full the author of every human tragedy or comedy contained within. Above each name appears an attendant push-button whereby the inhabitant, lurking above, may be warned of approaching friend or foe. Some of the names are adorned with professional titles. For instance, there is Miss Myrtle Feeze, Embroidery, in the professional class; and in the residential class Mr. Milton Ossvitz, Mr. Selby W. Consadine, and others to the number of twenty or thirty. Under the third button, reading from left to right, there is the name Mrs. Lincoln MacArthur, and directly below this has been scribbled in an angular hand the word "Stenography."

It was a little after one o'clock of a mild June day when that row of young mothers, who habitually sit for hours in the little strip of park across the way, had finished the delicatessen luncheons and were back upon their bench. They usually got round to the sorry case of Rosie MacArthur before the row of perambulators raised its jungle call and it became again necessary to scurry across the gasoline-drenched asphalt to renew baby's bottle. To-day the topic was approached diagonally by Mrs. Selby W. Consadine when she said:

"I'm awful afraid one of little Selby's eyes is going to be squinty."

The Selby referred to was asleep at that moment, so Mrs. Milton Ossvitz, who arose to peer, was thwarted in her attempt at diagnosis.

"They usually straighten out by themselves," she remarked easily, it not being her baby.

"Poor Rosie MacArthur's boy seems to get worse in that bad eye all the time," persisted Mrs. Consadine, determined to worry. Then, "It's a wonder she don't have it fixed."

"If it ain't one thing it's another with poor Rosie," agreed Mrs. Ossvitz. "Don't you think Link'll ever behave?"

"Clarence says he's getting a divorce," upspake the janitor's wife, hitherto busy with a safety pin.

"No!" This in chorus.

"Uh-huh. And I'd do the same if I had plenty of grounds, even in New York State, like Rosie has."

"What happened to her?" inquired a chinless little woman who, having recently taken a sublease, was years behind in the gossip of the Gothic apartment house.

"Dey vasn't a more chummy married couple ever come to us," declared the janitor's wife with a trace of what, since the armistice, people were beginning to suspect of being other than a Swedish accent.

"Pshaw!" declared Mrs. Ossvitz. "Link always ballyhooed and ragged about everything. He was selfish, that's what he was. He was that tight with his money Rosie never got a pair of imitation turquoise earrings but what he grudged the price."

"They say she was a turrible spender when they lived in that swell house on the Drive," argued Mrs. Consadine. "Cabaray roofs and clothes and swell dinners. My sakes! No wonder Link blew up."

"Didn't she make amends?" asked Mrs. Ossvitz; then, revealing her own sumptuary tastes, she added, "by moving to this cheap dump? And all by herself while Link was on the road. Just came in and sublet all on her own. I guess she told me. 'To economize,' says she, 'and when Link came home in January he was tickled blue. Said I'd turned over a new leaf.' Poor Rosie!"

"He had a mean dissizition," proclaimed the janitor's wife.

"But when he came home in January," went on Mrs. Ossvitz, "they were just like two turtle doves. For a week. Then blooie! What happened, do you suppose?"

"Dey say she got flirty mit a fella from Boston," suggested the janitor's wife.

"Tell that to the marines!" sniffed Mrs. Ossvitz. "There wasn't a flirty bone in Rosie's body. It was something else, whatever happened. But do you remember the way he went downstairs that morning? Hollering, 'I don't come back till then!' like a house afire."

"And he never did," declared the janitor's wife.

The stream of conversation was abruptly diverted by the arrival of a taxicab at the Gothic entrance across the way. Out of its shining door there came a slender, handsome lady in an airy blue gown and a cool wide-brimmed white hat.

Mrs. Ossvitz deigned to wonder what she wanted while the top of the cool white hat was seen bobbing above the row of push-buttons in the lobby. Presently she disappeared into the depths, an unseen hand from above having turned on the electric clicker, releasing the latch of the big front door.

A moment before this incident Rosie MacArthur had been tick-tocking busily away in a rear apartment, third floor. She had learned to go quite rapidly and with few mistakes on an antiquated typewriter; and she was now revising a catalogue which her cousin, who was advertising manager for a One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street department store, had graciously given her to do. The room in which she worked had been a contented middle-class dining room, just as Rosie herself, up to a year ago, had been a contented middle-class wife. Freddie, her naughty, active eight-year-old boy, had soiled the white enameled woodwork with his hands, which were usually dirty. Rosie, who, if still a rose, was a crushed and wilted one, was too busy at that moment to see what the impish boy with the pathetic cast in his eye was then doing. He was carving his initials on a door panel. Straining her sight over the copy, but still conscious that Freddie needed watching, she asked, scarcely pausing in her work:

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, mamma."

"Well, stop it."

"Why can't I go to the ball game in the lot?"

He had whined this several hundred times since breakfast. She didn't want him to be playing with strange boys. She blamed Link's unsatisfactory behavior to association with boys in early days. She was about to tell him to light the gas range and put on a kettle of water when the bell rang.

"Go to the clicker, Freddie," she commanded nervously.

Who could it be? Resolutely she set her naturally irresolute mouth as Freddie scurried into the parlor to open the door for the approaching guest. Rosie fell to typing savagely, spoiled a page and tore it in two. She felt sure the call must have something to do with Link.

"It's a lady!" announced Freddie in a stage whisper. Whereupon Rosie MacArthur tidied her hair and went into the parlor to face a celestial being in a gown of airy blue and a cool white hat.

"Is there a family named MacArthur living here?" asked the newcomer, in that smooth tone of superiority which is often more insulting than an outright curse.

"I am Mrs. MacArthur," said Rosie. She didn't mean to make her voice uncordial, but her nerves were on edge and she hated the great lady's glance round the untidy interior.

"I see. Do you claim to have lost a wedding ring and a solitaire diamond sometime last January?" the smoothly insolent cross-examination went on.

"Claim to?" Rosie MacArthur was stunned at first, then she found breath to ask in her thin little voice: "Have you found my rings?"

"I have found some rings," the caller corrected her. "Would you mind describing the ones you lost?"

"Well"—Rosie was all a-tremble, and her caller's evident impatience to be off confused her for a while—"the engagement ring was set with a large steel-blue diamond—it was almost a carat and a half, and very pure. It had four little chip diamonds on either side, set in a platinum filigree. There was a scratch-mark shaped like an arrow inside the band. The diamond was set in a crown. The wedding ring was just a plain band of platinum. There weren't any initials, because—because—well, Link insisted on platinum—it was very stylish that year ——"

"Are these yours?" asked the lady, bringing two rings out of her silk bag and dropping them into Rosie's rather characterless palm.

"Yes, they're the ones," admitted Rosie, regarding the restored treasures without a trace of enthusiasm.

"I'm so glad," said White Hat, smiling the smile of duty well done. She turned and half opened the door when her retreat was arrested by a voice which was not angry, but only quaveringly tired:

"How did you know I'd lost these rings?"

"I saw your advertisement in a New York paper which was forwarded to me at my home in the South."

"Oh, that was in the papers last January. When did you find them?"

"At about that time—January, I believe. I was passing through New York and I picked them up on a dressing table at Victor's Restaurant."

"So I did leave them at Victor's!" said Rosie MacArthur, as if to herself. Then, a sudden terrible accusation in her voice "Do you mean to say you found them in January and read my ad in the papers and knew that they were my wedding and engagement rings—and didn't do a thing about it?"

"My dear woman," quoth the superior being, "I fully intended to return them all along. But circumstances were such that it was quite impossible—I'm ever so sorry."

"You're not so sorry as I am," declared Rosie MacArthur, raising her voice to a pitch it had never attained before in all her crushed and gentle life. "You can take them away with you—I'll pay no reward for them—now."

"I had no intention of claiming a reward," said White Hat with ever so soothing a smile. "But if I have inconvenienced you ——"

Poor Rosie's laugh crackled through lips which had become perfectly colorless.

"Inconvenienced me! You lost me my husband—made him quit me—at just the time when we'd made up and everything! I was trying to be careful, trying to save and be everything he wanted—and I was trying so hard—and then when he found I'd lost the rings—good night!"

What tragedy was this in which Sadie Whitten Ranger, at the last graceful curtain of her own self-made comedy, now found herself involved. The little woman, as colorless and wilted as a pink rose that had been stepped on, sank down beside the center table and began to cry.

"If I just hadn't lost the rings—it was the one thing he wouldn't forgive—if I just hadn't ——"

"Poor thing!" It was with a cry of genuine human sympathy that Sarah came over and put her slender arms round the heaving shoulders. But Rosie cringed away.

"Please go away," she said, "and let me get back to work."

"But you must keep these," insisted Sadie, having reached down and with her own fashionably bediamonded fingers picked Rosie's rings from the floor.

"No! No!"

The broken woman never lifted her face.

"But you could sell them," was Sarah's last weak inspiration. "They might bring in quite a bit of money."

The bowed head with its disheveled hank of colorless hair shook negation inside the crook of a skinny arm. And when at last Rosie looked up with swollen eyes she managed to say:

"Finders keepers ——"

Another gust of crying prevented her finishing the childish proverb.

In the doorway Sarah turned once more to Rosie MacArthur. For the first time in her clever life she was beaten, baffled.

"Please," she said humbly with real feeling, as she tried to give back the rings the woman had strewn upon the floor. But Rosie only shoved her gently into the hall and closed the door.

Outside, put out, Mrs. Jeremiah Ranger paused, listening to the sobs which came to her through the door. They stopped at the sound of a child's voice.

At last Jerry's bride dropped the rings into her bag and descended to the street. Uppermost in her mind was a resolve to find one Lincoln MacArthur and tell him a few things.

But she didn't. She never will. Women like Sarah don't.

The Source of Quality Lumber

More than a quarter of a century ago The Long-Bell Lumber Company began to acquire its immense timber holdings in the famous Calcasieu Southern Pine districts. Pioneering in virgin timber, this company's experts had no difficulty in picking the best—the very cream of the forests. Therefore, *quality from the source* is another reason why The Long-Bell Lumber Company's lumber products are worthy of this trade-mark brand:

LONG-BELL

THE MARK ON QUALITY LUMBER

Today those mechanical wonders, known to the trade as "skidders," are clearing wide lanes through these virgin tracts of pine, each sending to the mills a thousand trees a day—trees from fifty to a hundred feet tall—straight, smooth and unblemished. Nature made them, pioneering woodsmen marked them as the best and 13 modern LONG-BELL mills are turning them into quality lumber—lumber so nearly perfect that we are proud to brand it with our name. It is our mark of *accomplishment*. It is the consumer's mark of *assurance*.

Ask your dealer for LONG-BELL Brand.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Manufacturer of Southern Pine, Oak, Oak Flooring, Gum; California White Pine; Creosoted Lumber, Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling and Wood Blocks.

THE PEDDLER

(Continued from Page 25)

in his quality of parent ranking two votes, and the twins but one.

The old gentleman's heavy artillery began first to rumble while the twins put down their barrage.

"There is some excuse for a man's making a fool of himself when he's drunk," said he, "or, if he doesn't drink, once in a great while when he's sober; but the trouble with William is he always makes a fool of himself when he's drunk and at most times when he's sober."

"He's never sober long enough to do much harm," said Donald.

"Nor drunk enough to help any," said David. "If he'd only get good and drunk he'd be harmless. Instead of that, he gets half-shot and makes a mess of things that he wouldn't be allowed to manage if he were just a little drunker."

"What do you expect of a man that lives with a family of nuts?" growled William. "Besides, I needed the money."

"We all need the money," growled the squire. "What with the taxes we have to pay and the handsome presents we're expected to make to that squabbling European outfit, one dreads to strike a balance. Now they're going to cut off the booze so that we can deal them a bigger handout of grub. We're all going to have our tongues hanging out pretty soon. When I took stock last night my hair stood on end."

"Which hair, dad?" Diana asked flippantly.

"All that saved me from collapse was the thought of the consignment William told us he had bought, and now he's up and sold it," continued Mr. Kirkland.

"Glad of it," said James. "You'll all be a lot better off, just as I am. It's all nonsense though. We stop beer brewing and distilling and go bone dry to feed hungry Europe while those beggars over there keep right on with their own. Why don't we make them go dry before starting in to feed them? Make them save their own blooming wheat and corn and barley?"

"Because they wouldn't do it," said William. "They'd rather have their beer and wine than our grub, and they're right."

"I like your nerve," said Donald. "You say they're right and then you go and sell—on the very eve of the dry spell—ten thousand dollars' worth of perfectly good firewater, that we're counting on for home consumption during the drought, just because you're offered a fifty per cent profit on it."

"We've had a good many lushers in the family," said David, "but never a beastly miser."

Diana was watching William's face and she noted that its expression was less angry than ashamed, also that it wore a curious look as though dreading to be asked a leading question, not as yet advanced. His transaction puzzled and worried her because she knew that William was anything but avaricious, and felt that he must have been hard pressed financially to risk their running a dry house. None of the Kirklands were bargainers in a money sense and neither were they spendthrifts. Their individual incomes were ample and they had always managed to live well within them. Here, she felt, was something which needed clearing up.

"What have you been up to, William?" she asked. "Are you cleaned out or have you got some sense at last?"

It was as if one of the pack had picked up a baffling scent and voiced the discovery when the rest immediately gave noisy tongue. They flung themselves upon William as might their Airedales upon a fox betrayed by the telltale squawk of a chicken.

"Have you been gambling, sir?" roared the squire. "Or is it a girl?"

"Let's see the money," yelled the twins.

"Having Been Instrumental in Saving Your Life, I am, According to Chinese Philosophy, in a Measure Responsible for its Welfare"

James looked anxiously at his brother, whose act he had on the whole approved, first because he had stopped drinking himself, and second because he disliked the idea of turning the place into a charitable institution for the dispensing of alcoholic beverages to improvident friends and acquaintances. Besides, after the first fortnight of gnawing distress, which he had successfully combated by means of vigorous physical exercise, tea, candy and buttermilk, he was forced to admit that he felt better than he had for months and was quite ready to submit his brothers to the same Spartan discipline. It was different in the case of his father, for he really doubted that the old gentleman would long survive the absolute deprivation of the indulgence of a lifetime.

To his way of thinking it was no bad thing for William to sell the consignment, mostly spirits, for the sake of enforcing temperance. But for him to sell it because he was hard pushed for money was quite another matter, and now at sight of his brother's swarthy flush and hangdog manner he felt a stab of anxiety.

"Look here, William," said he, "let's have the right of it."

"'Fess up, William," urged Diana with a note of pleading.

"What have you done with the money?" Donald demanded.

"It's none of your business," William snarled. "I bought the stuff with my own money and then something happened so that I had literally to liquidate."

"Well, then," said James, "there's nothing to do but for you boys to go on close rations until somebody with sense and courage breaks the drought. Dad of course has *carte blanche*. Alcohol is an essential component of his blood plasma."

"Rot!" growled Mr. Kirkland. "I can stop any time I want to."

"That may be, dad," said Diana, "but you can't want to stop any time you want to."

William rose to his feet, stared at them for a moment with a sullen scowl, then started for the door. Nobody offering to impede him he stopped halfway there of his own accord, turned and stared at them with an expression of remorse.

"I'm damned sorry, family," said he. "I have made a fool of myself. I had to settle a debt of honor."

"Cards!" boomed Mr. Kirkland.

"Yes, sir."

The old gentleman sighed.

"That happened to me once," said he. "Well, I suppose there's no help for it."

William hesitated for an instant, then stalked out of the room. Diana heard the rattle of his stick as he drew it from the rack. The meal was finished, so she got up, went out into the entrance hall and stood for a moment irresolute. William was, if not her favorite, for the sister played no favorites, at any rate her most companionable brother, and though they squabbled a good deal it grieved her to think that he was in distress. The mere fact of his going for a walk, as indicated by his taking his stick, showed that there was something serious which he desired to think over. Like many rich Americans, none of the Kirkland family liked to walk. They preferred to take their exercise in some more concentrated or amusing form—riding, tennis, golf, swimming; or more passively in tearing about the country in a car.

Diana now felt a sisterly need of talking to William. She wished to win his confidence, persuade him to accept her aid, less spiritual in the form of advice or sympathy than material in the form of a check. But she knew his independent nature and that he would probably resent her intrusion.

Nevertheless she decided to intrude, wherefore, taking her own hat and stick, she went out in time to see his tall figure swinging round the garage and evidently heading for the lane which led across a point of woods between their own and the Metcalf estate, once a part of the Kirkland, and sold for the sake of old family friendship.

Kirkland Manor was situated at the head of a little bight, the house on an eminence a little back from the shore. The estate included a farm of two hundred acres, of which these woods were a part. The Metcalf property was adjacent—the house perhaps a mile away and directly on the shore. The woods themselves were open, rather like an English deer park or a French forest, Fontainebleau or Marly, and the lane which William had taken and which led from one place to the other paralleled the highroad, which in spots was not more than two or three hundred yards away. Formerly it had been an old right of way for fisherfolk running from one cove to that on the other side of the little promontory.

Diana guessed that William purposed to treat his low and nervous state of spirits by a walk through the shady woods, followed by the consoling companionship of Gwendolyn Metcalf, with whom he was supposed to have an understanding, though why they were not actually engaged, since there was no reason to prevent, was a little difficult to understand. Then Diana suddenly remembered that the Metcalfs were expecting a distinguished guest that day, the Marquise d'Irancy, who was to visit them for the month of July. Madame d'Irancy had already spent several week-ends with the Metcalfs, so that the Kirklands were fairly well acquainted with her. William particularly was an ardent admirer of the pretty Frenchwoman, and Diana thought it possible that she might be his objective rather than Gwendolyn Metcalf herself.

William was striding along swiftly for so hot a day. Diana might have called after him, but refrained from doing so because she was filled with a shyness about her intrusion. Like many families who may at times quarrel violently and in the heat of anger say harsh things to each other, the

(Continued on Page 145)

The Red Seal

CONTINENTAL MOTORS ★ AMERICA'S STANDARD ★ Powerful as the Nation

This Seal when shown on Continental Motor Nameplates has a Red Circle Border

How can you tell a good motor?

Upon the motor more than upon anything else depends your satisfaction with the automobile or truck you buy.

How can you tell a good motor? How can you know that it will stand up on the road under the grind of day-by-day usage?

How can you judge it for stamina, for staying power, for continuous dependable performance?

* * * * * *

You can, of course, examine the motor—you can see it demonstrated on the boulevards, on the hills, through traffic—you can ask questions about its design and its features.

But how can you be *sure?* How can you look ahead?

* * * * * *

There is only one true test of a good motor. That test is—TIME.

Know what the motor will do by asking what it has done. Know what the years have shown. Is the motor an "unknown quantity" or a *certainty*—a motor of proved worth?

* * * * * *

Consider these things—and your choice will be the Red Seal Continental Motor.

The Red Seal Continental has stood the test of time, and service—during more than fifteen years. It represents nothing untried, nothing experimental. Rather, it represents the coördinated thought of the foremost motor engineers, for more than a generation.

It is a *proved certainty*. It is America's Standard.

* * * * * *

Today 165 successful manufacturers of automobiles and trucks, by equipping their output with the Red Seal Continental Motor, vouch for its integrity.

More than 16,000 dealers base their business prosperity, their business future, upon Continental-motored cars.

Hundreds of thousands of satisfied owners are living testimonials that the judgment of these manufacturers and dealers is *right*.

* * * * * *

When you buy an automobile or truck, choose a motor that TIME has proved—and identify it by the Continental Red Seal.

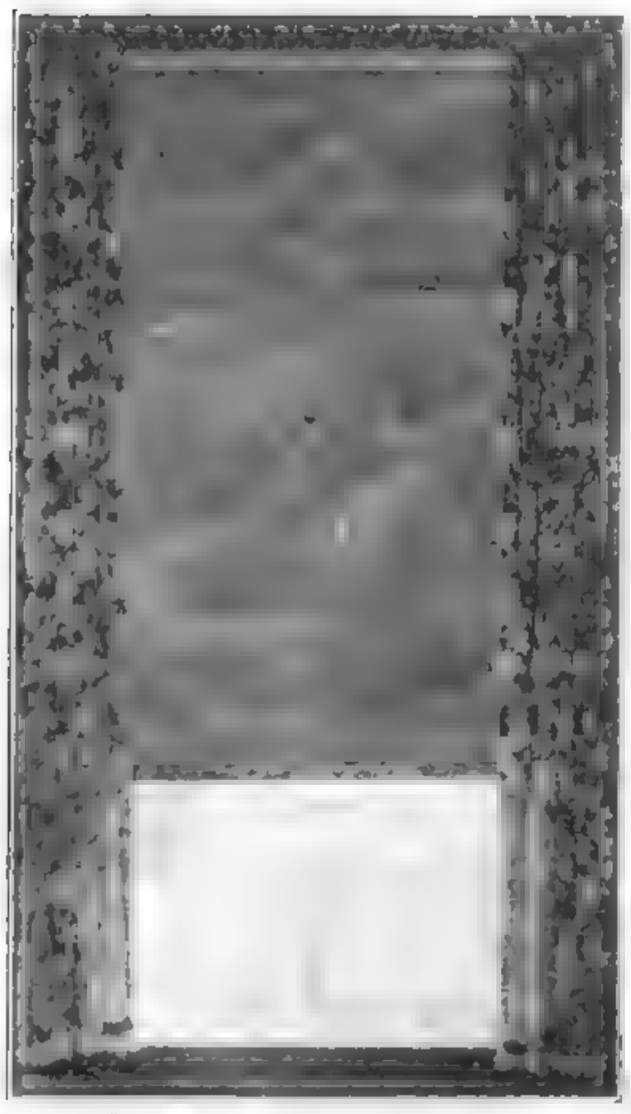
CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Michigan

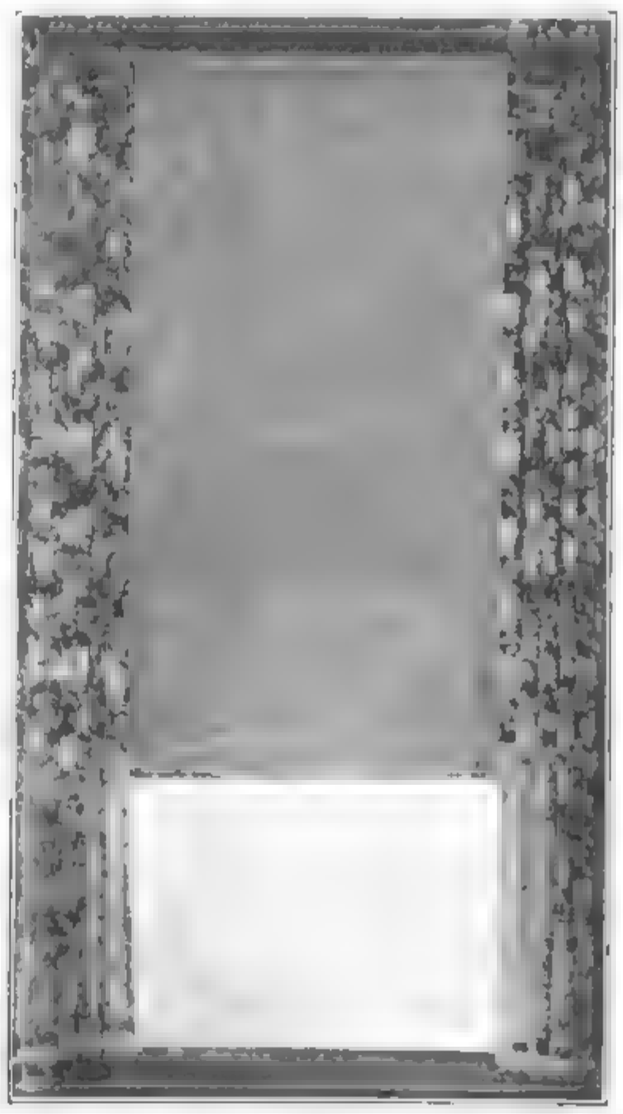
Factories: Muskegon—Detroit

Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturers in the World

Continental Motors



To the left—an ordinary window shade a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to [illegible] it weight and smoothness. [illegible] it is soon [illegible] and falls out [illegible] and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



To the right—a Brenlin window shade so heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin out-wears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

Brenlin gives twice as much wear for your money!

Learn the simple fact of window shade construction explained below, be guided by it, and you will be repaid with two to three times the service you now get from the ordinary shade

Have you had the discouraging experience of putting a considerable amount of money into window shades supposed to be of good quality, only to find, after three or four years, that they have become so cracked and full of pinholes they must be replaced?

If so, you bought window shades of the type shown to the left above.

This window shade has for its base a coarse muslin cloth. To give this cloth weight and smoothness it is coated with a filling of chalk and clay.

This filling is hard and brittle—just like a piece of school chalk. It breaks easily. When the shade is subjected to the strains and stress of every day usage—when the wind jerks it and snaps it—the filling loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags.

No filling in Brenlin

The window shade to the right above is a Brenlin—and it is made in an entirely different way. Brenlin is made of a fine, heavy, tightly-woven material.

No chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind is needed to give this cloth weight and smoothness. Instead of being brittle like the ordinary shade it is soft and supple—and yet it always hangs straight and smooth.

Strains and jerks that quickly mar the ordinary shade do not affect Brenlin.

That is why Brenlin hangs smooth and flawless long after cracks and pinholes would have ruined the ordinary filled material—that is why it will give you twice to three times the service you now get from the ordinary window shade.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in the store. Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades will give you the best value obtainable in shades made the ordinary way.

Free book on how to shade your windows beautifully

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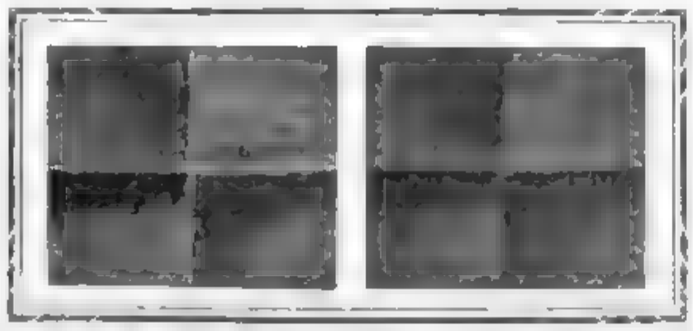


Make two right folds in a piece of ordinary window shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

(Continued from Page 142)

Kirklands had a sort of unwritten domestic code respecting the privacy of each other's minds when not actually meeting in the lists. They were temperamental and sensitive folks, especially Diana, who had always disguised her feelings under the rough exterior of a hoyden. Her friends forgave her tomboyishness because they could not very well see how a motherless girl, vigorous, athletic and high-spirited, who lived in the atmosphere of the Kirkland men, could possibly be otherwise. It is doubtful if any of them guessed at the superfineness of Diana's underlying sensibilities and how very little her artificial husk actually protected them.

Wherefore at this moment she felt considerably embarrassed, and after dogging William for half a mile and dreading every instant lest he turn and see her she decided to postpone her attempt to win his confidence and offer her sisterly aid. As her afternoon was free with nothing particularly amusing in view, Diana thought she might as well go on to the Metcalfs' herself. For there was almost always a lively gathering to be found at this hospitable house with its attractive sons and daughters. She slowed her pace a little when a turning in the lane hid William from her view, and scarcely had he disappeared when she heard through the leafy arcades the distant clash and clatter and laboring of metal, which she recognized immediately as the peddler's truck.

It was coming from the direction of the Metcalfs' and Diana came to a sudden halt, for though it was about ten days since the peddler had stopped to go over the hydroplane, which he had cunningly adjusted in a manner to encourage the twins by an occasional rise from the surface for a few hundred yards, they were far from satisfied with this, and she knew that they had been impatiently waiting for him to pass and would require his services in the effort to get an actual flight.

But at that moment when still some distance down the road the clamor suddenly ceased and Diana wondered why. She moved forward again and, rounding the bend where William had been lost to view, she caught sight of him a long way ahead, and still farther on another figure, that of a woman in a summer gown which by its unusual shade of *framboise* she immediately recognized as one worn by the Marquise d'Irancy on her last visit.

Diana drew quickly aside, stepping behind a clump of hazel bushes. She was astonished and disturbed, for the marquise was the wife of a distinguished French officer serving in some commission and at that moment on duty in New York. The pretty Frenchwoman had impressed Diana as the height of discretion, and this meeting in the woods or park had all the aspect of a rendezvous between William and her. Anything of a clandestine character was repugnant to Diana, for though thoroughly sophisticated and by no means averse to gay and noisy parties she had a hatred and contempt for sub-rosa trysts.

Angry and ashamed at having unconsciously played the spy, she struck off through the woods for the road not far away, and as she stepped out upon it discovered the unwieldy structure of the peddler's van, perhaps three hundred yards away, hauled over to the side and bulking up at a grotesque angle.

For some reason, perhaps because her discovery of an apparent rendezvous between William and the marquise had disgusted her with such, the sight of the truck brought a flush of anger to Diana's face, reminding her as it did of how not long before she had slipped off in the moonlight with precisely the same objective as that which she now censured in others. The peddler's dismissal of her on this occasion still rankled despite her admission of its sense and delicacy, and she had not yet got over the stab of shame at the recollection of her close escape from being discovered by the chauffeur and maid and becoming the target of servants' gossip. Wherefore she resolved not to return but to keep on to the Metcalfs', there to spend the afternoon.

Holding herself rather primly and in the intention of passing without pausing to speak, she kept on her way. But on reaching the van there was no sign of the peddler. Torp as usual in his absence was sitting on the seat and greeted her with whines of recognition, then so far relaxed his discipline as to come undulating down and run up to her. Diana stooped to pat his head, observing as she did so that the peddler had augmented his equipment by a high-powered tandem motorcycle, which was slung from davits over the stern of the bus a good deal as a ship might carry its dinghy.

At that moment following the direction of Torp's intent gaze, Diana caught sight of the man himself some little distance in the open woods standing at the foot of a big tree, his back to her, staring apparently at the lane, where in the same instant Diana caught a glimpse of the *framboise* summer gown as it vanished in the underbrush.

But before she had time to reflect on the peculiarity of the situation another element was introduced in the approach of a smart red touring car coming rapidly from the direction of the Metcalfs'. Diana recognized it immediately as the DeVallignacs', who in the last fortnight had become quite well acquainted with the Kirklands, with whom they had exchanged visits. Diana had a peculiar feeling about these people, was not quite sure about them despite their credentials, and didn't like them very well, while their guest, Miss Melton, was positively antipathetic to her. It flashed through her mind that they were probably en route to Kirkland Manor for an informal call, and not wishing to see them at that moment she stepped behind the motor truck. The car whizzed past and Diana, more than ever vexed with things in general, waited for a moment until they had disappeared, then proceeded to the Metcalfs', where she found a little gathering on the terrace.

"I came over to see if any of you were doing anything amusing," said she to Gwendolyn, and nodded to Patricia Melton, who had apparently been dropped there by the De Vallignacs.

"It's too hot for tennis," said Gwendolyn, "and the speed launch is hauled up for repairs and the tide is out, so we are just going to sit here and buzz. What have you been doing, Di? You look upset."

"Having a family fight, as usual. Everybody's mad."

The talk became general. Diana studied Patricia covertly. This girl puzzled her and she thought of what the peddler had said about her. There was no question of her beauty, and she was very chic, with perfect poise, her conversation smooth and witty. She was known to have been doing war work in France and Switzerland and England, Allied publicity and propaganda. She had just finished writing a book on these efforts, her own and those of other women. But the more Diana studied her the more she felt the accuracy of the peddler's diagnosis. There was something curiously repellent to Diana in her *féerique* beauty, unusual face and lithe, supple body. There seemed to be some peculiar inhuman quality about her.

While they were talking there came the distant clanging and clamor of the peddler's truck, now known throughout the neighborhood as the "tank," and its noisy progress invariably mirth-provoking where at first it had roused anathema.

"There goes the tank," said Gwendolyn. "He's on his way to your house, Di; then coming back here to lift the engine out of the launch. You know he's sort of a guest of ours."

"Oh, we all like Clamp," said one of the men, a Mr. White. "Di certainly has reason to, though I'm not so sure about James. He got hauled out of his car only to be sat on top the water wagon."

Diana frowned. Her mind had been milling over an intensely disagreeable question. Why was the peddler spying on William and the Marquise d'Irancy?

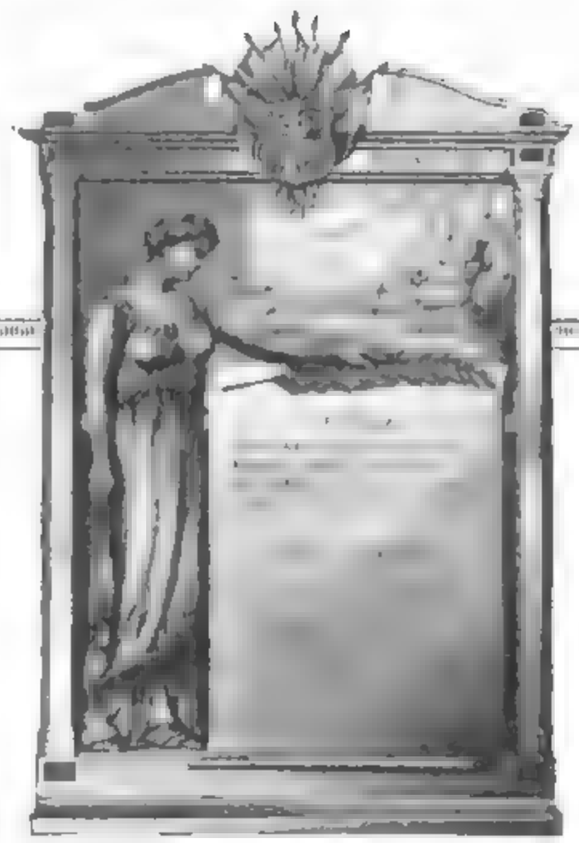
"Is James going to stick on his aqueous perch?" asked Gerald Metcalf.

"Oh, yes! It's a lucky thing for William," Diana answered. "All the rest were walking over him to-day because he went and sold ten thousand dollars' worth of bottled trouble and they only found it out last night."

"Good Lord!" said White. "And this the thirtieth of June, and John Barleycorn hanged at midnight. Whatever struck William to do a thing like that?"

"Said he was hard up," Diana answered indifferently. "Been gambling, I imagine. Somebody came along and offered him a fifty per cent profit and he fell for it. I'm glad of it. This thing of running a roadhouse has its drawbacks."

"Well," said Gerald, "you just tell him he needn't expect to come over here and cadge drinks. Any sport that sells booze at this moment is not entitled to the slightest sympathy."



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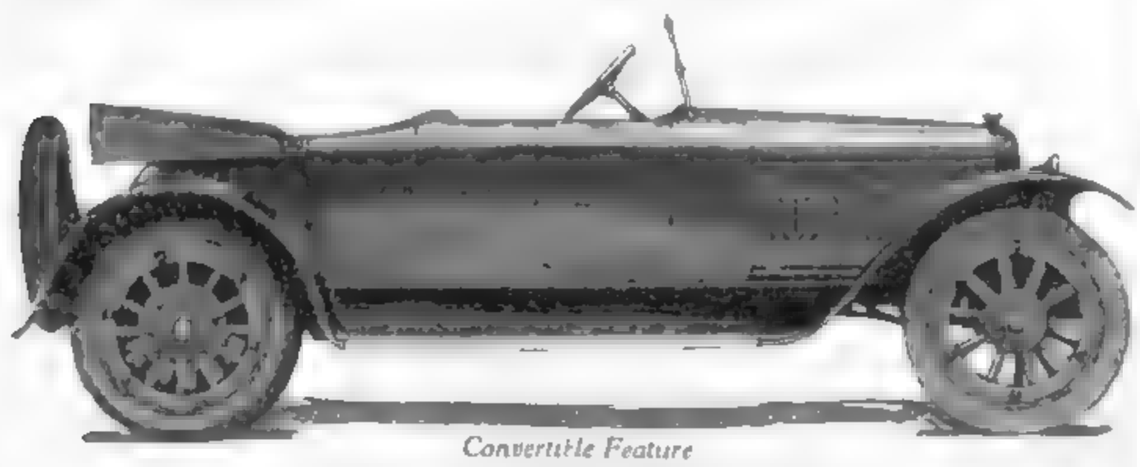
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"What sort of a man is this peddler?" Patricia asked in her limpid voice. "He stopped at our house a couple of weeks ago and sold Stephan an anchor for the launch. It struck me that he was a gentleman rather than a peddler."

"Well," said Metcalf, "I suppose it is possible to be both. On my destroyer there were two gobs and a machinist's mate whose ancestors were signers and senators and founders of exclusive clubs. Any one of the three might have bought the boat for a toy."

"I knew a mule skinner of like descent and circumstance," said White.

"But that's war," Patricia protested. "It is different in civil life."

"Not always. The owner of one of our biggest New York hotels, which bears the family name, served an apprenticeship in the engine room of that hostelry. But 'peddler' is scarcely the word for Clamp. He's a perambulating Admirable Crichton. Besides selling things he's a master mechanic, landscape gardener, tree expert, vet and philosopher withal. He'll do anything from moving your house to mending your watch, and spout Plato and Epictetus and Rochefoucauld while doing it."

William came walking across the lawn at this moment and joined the group on the terrace. Diana, watching him closely, could see that he was disturbed, though hiding it under his usual cynical manner.

"Hot!" said he. "Might I have a gin bath, Gwen?"

"Yes, William," said Gerald kindly. "Your last on these premises. Any man who sells booze in his possession on the eve of such a crisis in our national history steps outside the pale of hospitality. You may have all that you can hold to-day, and then taboo."

William shot an angry look at his sister.

"Go to the devil, Gerry. I'm planning to leave the country; or if I do have to stick on I'll turn smuggler or moonshiner or a sort of booze Raffles, and ease some of you misers of your hoard."

"Then Brother James hasn't converted you?" said White.

"James makes me sick. You'd think he was a yogi or some other smug beast. It's a good thing for James though. When a man gets so he can't keep his car out of the treetops it is time he quit."

They baited William for a while, then somebody asked: "Where's the marquise, Gwen?"

"She's over in the woods sketching," William answered. "I met her on my way across. She said she'd had a touch of sun this morning while playing tennis with you salamanders. Looked pretty bad, I thought. I told her she ought to go back and lie down, but she said that it was cooler in the woods and it rested her to paint."

Patricia rose.

"I think I'll go join her if you'll put me on the path," said she to William.

He rose and they went down the steps together.

"William looks bad," said Gerald. "Not surprising though. Almost any chap can tune up from peace to war without breaking his G string, but it takes an iron constitution to make the jump from war to peace."

"What's the marquise done with her big rock—the Sultana?" White asked. "Hope she doesn't carry it about with her? And why all that heavy barbaric jewelry?"

"I don't know," Gwendolyn answered. "She seems to have a passion for the stuff. Frenchwomen are always so exquisite about their jewels, and the settings and workmanship are usually so dainty. One day she'll wear that great heavy Russian-enamel chain and pendant; and the next a bracelet with a huge watch or an anklet, or a ball-and-chain effect with some sort of a hideous big knob studded with brilliants."

"That belt she wore playing tennis would have made a good collar for a prize mastiff," said Gerald. "William's lost his job. Here he comes back."

VII

LOOKING decidedly haggard William came up the terrace steps, eased himself into a wicker chair as though afraid his knees might suddenly buckle and let him down on the run, then reached for the potent John Collins, a first cousin of Barleycorn, and gulped it avidly.

"Little shaky, old man?" asked Gerald sympathetically.

"Brittle as spun glass. Don't know whether it's the heat or rum or getting hammered by all the family. One of the Airedale pups bit me the other day."

"Did it poison him?"

"He's weathered it so far. Perhaps I'm getting hydrophobia."

"You always had that, William. Let's call it shell shock."

"That's possible. I assisted at services for the peace of John Barleycorn's soul last night and we fired a few volleys of champagne corks over the grave."

"Little premature, weren't you? That function comes off to-night. Nice country this. All the sports go over to fight for it and while we're absent they slip this over on us."

"I'm going back to France," said William. "It's only a question of time before I get jugged over here. They make their laws so fast I can't keep hep to them. Besides, I haven't got the kale to run round with you spenders."

"I fear, William," said White, "that you have been loitering about the street called Wall. Better get back on the Omar platform."

"Yes," said William bitterly. "A loaf of bread, a jug of root beer, and thou beside me knitting in the wilderness. *Merci, monsieur.*"

The desultory talk went on in the lazy, purposeless way peculiar to such coteries on a hot midsummer afternoon, the girls who had formed the war habit actually accomplishing something with needlework or knitting, the men making listless efforts to be amusing, smoking innumerable cigarettes, but only in the case of William drinking to any extent, if at all. An hour passed. From where they sat on the terrace the road was visible across a splendid sweep of lawn and in the middle of the afternoon the De Vallignacs' red car passed but did not stop, as Patricia, a friend of the Marquise d'Irancy, had been asked to spend the night, when there was to be an informal dance.

Several minutes after the passing of the De Vallignacs' car there came the staccato reports of a motorcycle which whizzed past, and even at that distance they had no difficulty in identifying its blue-clad rider as the peddler.

"There goes Clamp," said Gerald. "He's got another and equally silent means of locomotion. I wonder where he's off to. He's due to come here this afternoon and lift out the motor of the launch."

"The twins have got him at work on their new toy," said William. "He's probably running in to town after some tool he hasn't got."

"Can't imagine such a thing. I'll take you on for tennis, William. Try out some of your fusel oil."

William agreed to this, and a little later, while the others were at tea, the peddler returned again. The set was finished and the afternoon well gone when they heard the clamor of the van, which turned into its customary parking place, and shortly afterward there came from a path hidden by the shrubbery the lilt of a song with which they were all by this time familiar:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre
Mironton-ton-ton, Mirontaine.

"There he goes now," said Gerald. "I want to speak to him."

"Call him over," said Gwendolyn. "I like to hear him talk."

Gerald raised his voice. "I say, Clamp!"

"Here, sir," came the cheerful answer, and the peddler pushed through the foliage.

He was in his usual immaculate blue denim, the béret set, as worn by the Breton fishermen, and with his singular characteristic assurance, which carried no hint of familiarity, walked to the foot of the steps, came to attention and saluted. Diana thought she saw a twinkle of amusement in his eyes as they rested for an instant on her rigid face, and her anger rose. Could it be possible that after all the man was a sneak and a spy? He had told her that in his quality of peddler he retailed the gossip of the neighborhood, but she would never have suspected him capable of collecting it in any such contemptible manner as she had witnessed not long before. He stood now, a striking figure, principally remarkable for its great breadth of shoulders.

"You're not going to have time to get that motor out before dark, Clamp," said Gerald.

The peddler glanced over his shoulder at the sun, which was already low, then turned to Gerald.

"Sir," said he, "I have been unavoidably delayed. The Messieurs Kirkland's hydroplane taxed my talents close to their frontier. As Lowell aptly says: 'No science,

(Continued on Page 149

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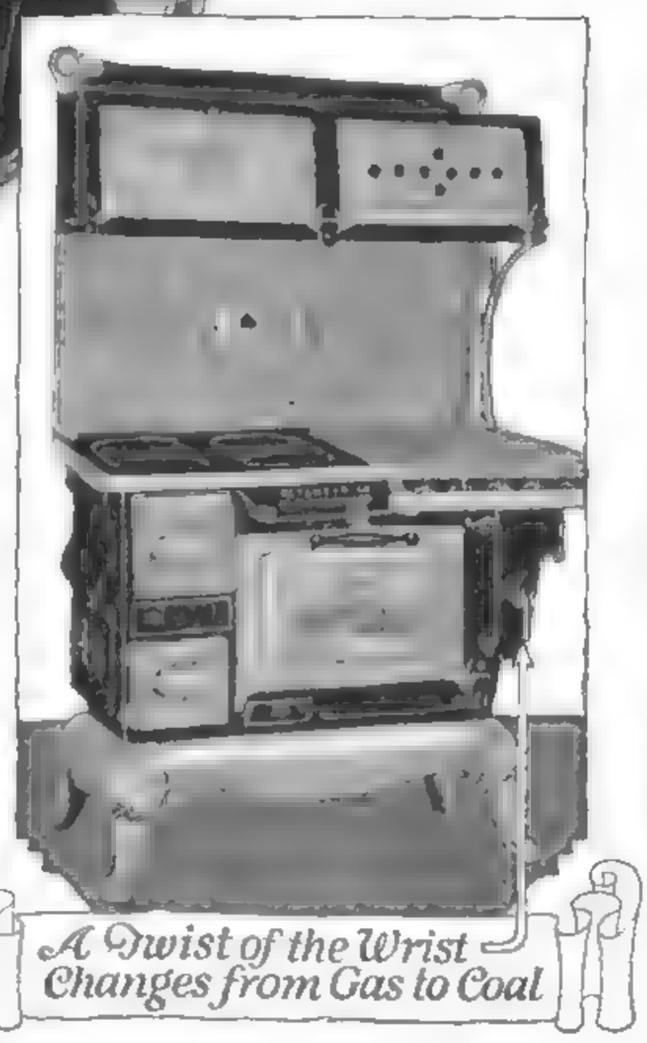

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(Continued from Page 146)

peddling with the names of things, can lift our life with wings, far from life's idle gulf.' Nevertheless, sir, that engine will be out and on the staging before yon declining orb kisses the lip of the distant hills."

"I'd like to make you a bet that it's not," said Metcalf.

"Honor forbids me to bet on a certainty, sir, otherwise I would suggest that if I fail I would present you with the excellent newly patented device which I have bought for the purpose and which no motor boatman should be without, while if I succeed you should purchase it from me at ten per cent less than the catalogue price."

"You're on," said Metcalf. "We will waive the ethical question, as I admit to having bet on pretty sure things myself."

"What's the stunt?" William asked languidly.

"The Baby-Atlas Extension Shears, sir; and it can be set up in any boat. It bears the same relation to the usual clumsy shears as the Samson Stump Puller which I sold to Mr. James might bear to the ordinary windlass. With a specially geared purchase one could lift bed plates, keel and all, if absent-mindedly overlooking to free the bolts."

"I see where you are stung, Gerry," said William.

"Call it, rather, 'tickled,' sir," said the peddler, "which you are sure to be on seeing the Atlas Baby Shears in operation." He glanced significantly at the sun. "This terrace may then be considered as the judge's stand for my race with the King of Day against the law of gravity."

"Right-o," said Gerry. "Didn't mean to crimp off a minute or two. We'll be down pretty soon to watch the running."

The peddler saluted, turned on his heel and made for the path, humming his little tune, and as he strode away toward the boathouse the group on the terrace took it up. In that neighborhood the ancient nursery ditty threatened to become a popular song.

The sporadic conversation was resumed, and when half an hour had passed Gerald suggested that they all go down to the boathouse to watch the peddler's operations. But at this moment a smart runabout car whisked up the drive and stopped under the shade of a tree directly opposite, when an immaculately dressed young man got down and mounted the steps in the bustling important way of a small personality overdistended with momentous news. This was one Mr. Parker, who was the accredited Mercury of the community, the messenger of these Olympians.

"Well, buddy, what's the news?" asked William lazily. "Better ease it out before you bust."

Mr. Parker mounted deliberately and made his salutations.

"Cough it up, ducky," said Gerald. "Get it out of your system before you have a stroke."

"Rather than be forced to listen to your labored witticisms," said Mr. Parker, "I may as well tell you that there are burglars in the park."

"Whose park?"

"The Stackpoles' safe has been looted. Money, jewels, gold after-dinner coffee set, and that sort of stuff."

"Well," said William, "I suppose an honest thief must live. When was the job pulled off?"

"They don't know, William. The safe hadn't been opened for a week, until old Steve went to get something this morning. But" –he winked at the others—"they are inclined to think that it was the night that you stopped there."

"William just admitted being hard up," said Gerald pensively.

"Let's see," said William; "that was the night of the thunderstorm."

"Another suspicious circumstance," said White judicially. "The women would have their heads buried under the pillows, and while Jupiter Tonans was banging off his Archie guns nobody could hear the gentleman cracksman at his work. What did the clean-up amount to, buddy?"

"About fifty thousand, they think."

"A tidy little sum to keep in the family *bas de laine*," said Gerald. "Have they issued any warrants yet for William's arrest?"

"I say," said Parker, "it's not so funny as you witty humorists seem to think. You can have scads of money and get more where it came from, but you can't replace old family jewels."

Gwendolyn turned to Diana.

"Listen and take heed, Di," said she. "You had better put your mother's beautiful things in safe deposit instead of leaving them in that antiquated tin box of yours."

"No fear of a burglar's sticking his head in our madhouse," said Diana. "The boys are prowling round at every hour and the dogs are loose at night, the whole pack of them. They are real police dogs too. The twins have taught them not to touch anything that might be poisonous."

"Too bad they can't teach William that," said Gerald. "How do you go about it? For the kennel pups, I mean."

"Dose some pieces of meat with a strong emetic and leave them lying round."

"I did that once for one of the club boys," said William. "Then I forgot and drank it myself."

"Well," said Gerald, "that's different. Dogs are intelligent animals and once is usually enough. A dog will try anything once, like a toad or a skunk; but not twice."

"I've heard," said White, "that a thief dislikes to enter a house where there are children or a sick person or inmates of irregular habits, so William is really sort of a burglar-proof device. He was at our house the other night during a thunderstorm too. So was Miss Melton. I think I had better go back and overhaul the safe."

William rose with a bored expression.

"As Parker truthfully remarks, your wit is wearisome," said he. "Come on, Di, let's be getting back."

"Di is to stay for dinner and the dance," said Gwendolyn, "and you're to tell Katie to send over her party clothes."

"Never mind," said Diana. "I'll telephone."

"Run me over to the house, Parker, there's a good chap," said William.

"Always cadging a ride or a drink or something," grumbled Parker. "Why don't you burn some gas of your own once in a way?"

"I'm forced to economize. What's the use, anyway, when there are so many idle people going over the road. Come on, I'll make you a real drink."

"Thanks, but I'm like the country and my dairy farm—going dry. All right, get aboard, Mister Raffles."

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MISS WHITELY'S SITUATION

(Continued from Page 13

"That is what I have been trying to convey to you for the past five minutes."

In five minutes more he had induced her to commit herself irrevocably to doing something that she had never for one instant honestly contemplated doing. Such are the advantages of a sound legal training.

Brewer stood up and bade the ladies good night. To Mr. Whitely he said: "Might I have just a word with you before I go?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Mr. Whitely. "I wanted to speak to you about those contracts."

But when they reached Mr. Whitely's study it appeared that it was not about contracts that his young lawyer wanted to speak, but to plant a few seeds in his mind about the correct way of bringing up daughters.

"We're not a bit fair to women—the way we bring them up," he said thoughtfully. "We never make them stick to what they say. They don't bet—we don't encourage our girls to bet. We don't even make them suffer when they crawl out of a promise. I'm sure you'll do everything to let your daughter down easy when it appears that she never meant to go out as a servant at all."

"I shan't—no, indeed," said Mr. Whitely automatically.

"It would be much kinder to her in the end if you didn't. It's so dangerous to let girls assume that their bluffs are never going to be called. But I'm afraid you won't when it comes to the point. I know fathers too well."

"You don't know me," said Mr. Whitely a little boastfully. "I'm tired of hearing Dorothy talk about being thwarted and misunderstood. This time I'm going to give her a good fright. The idea of annoying her mother by talk like that—going out as a servant indeed! Who'd take her? That's what I'd like to know."

A few minutes later the Brewers left the house—Jim with a feeling of elation which he described to himself as pure amusement, but of course satisfied revenge was a larger element in it. For, it must be remembered, this was not the first time that Dorothy Whitely had been insolent, though he thought comfortably it would probably be the last. He thought that she was delivered into his hands. She had boasted and would not make good. He thought how he would dine there very soon again and how he would express surprise on seeing her at home.

"What, Miss Whitely? I had supposed you would be following your chosen career by this time." And later if she expressed any wish he would say: "You wish to? As much as you wished to become a servant?"

Revenge is particularly sweet when tempered with a neat and appropriate justice.

After a few blocks he remembered his brother was with him and said rather patronizingly: "I was glad to see you seemed to be enjoying yourself with that little black-eyed schoolgirl. The Whitelys are good solid people and you may feel sure ——"

"Oh, she was amusing enough!" answered Phil Brewer. "But it was the sister who really interested me—that beautiful tragic mask. What is it? Do you know? I felt it like a weight on my chest all evening so that I couldn't even speak to her. It would have been like interrupting someone mourning for the dead. Has she lost a lover in the war or something? What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing that I know of except her disposition," answered the elder Brewer.

But this did not seem an adequate explanation to Phil, still under the charm of that blonde head and slim sad figure in its straight medieval blue dress. He speculated a good deal about what her sorrow could be and finally decided that it was the cruelty of her family—an explanation more satisfactory to him than either a dead or living lover.

"Of course they're horrid to her," he thought, "or she wouldn't even talk of going out as a servant." And he remembered how his brother had encouraged the idea.

A few days later he was in Jim's private office when Mr. Whitely was shown in in a state of some excitement.

"What do you think has happened?" he asked.

Both Brewers' hearts sank—Phil's because he thought she must have committed suicide; Jim's because he feared the wretched girl might have escaped justice by falling ill. Why hadn't he thought of such an easy method of flight and prevented it. Doubtless she would have a nervous breakdown.

"I hope your daughter is well," he said more truthfully than the phrase is often uttered.

"I don't know whether she is or not," answered Mr. Whitely hotly. "Look here, Brewer, damn your theories! She's really gone out as a servant. I drove her too far and she's gone—taken a place."

"What makes you think she has?"

"She left a note for her mother saying she had—an old lady in the country. She said that since we all approved so cordially—since it seemed that she wasn't suited to anything else —— She must have started looking for a job the day after you dined at the house. Upon my word, Brewer, I don't want to evade my own responsibility in the matter, but I must say this is a great deal your doing with your confounded theories about making girls live up to their own words. I kept taunting her and saying: 'No, my love, I don't oppose you. I think it would be a first-rate thi..g for you—to do a little real work for once in your life.' Well, the consequence is she's gone. Her mother's almost out of her head. I think you owe it to us, Brewer, to go and find her and bring her home."

"Really, Mr. Whitely," said Jim, who had never yet been known to feel himself in the wrong, "you forget that it was your wife who recommended domestic service so highly and said the servant was a queen. No wonder your daughter wished to assume these royal functions. However, I will of course do everything in my power to find Miss Whitely, only I am just off to court now to argue a case and my brother Phil is starting to-day on his vacation."

"Oh, never mind about my vacation!" said Phil. "I'll spend it looking for Miss Whitely."

If he had admired her before he adored her now for having called his brother's bluff and lived up to her word: Of course she had spirit. Anyone with half an eye could see that.

When Mr. Whitely had gone Jim explained to his brother that there was no doubt the girl was hiding with some comfortable friend.

"Just look up which of her intimates has a nice place in the country and that's where you'll find her," he said.

Phil did not answer, but he wasted no time following the suggestion. He examined the files of the Whitelys' favorite morning paper on the day after he had dined there—the Help-Wanted columns.

There was the self-confessed plain family who wanted an elderly woman to assist in light housework, rendered lighter, Phil could not help supposing, by the plainness of those to be waited upon. There were frenzied calls for "chambermaid-waitresses, white, small family," but whether the chambermaid or her small family were to be white there was nothing to indicate. Magnificent working conditions were offered in beauty parlors and happy homes to colored couples. But nothing that really suggested Dorothy. In the meantime the family had another letter from her, posted noncommittally at the general post office in New York. It reported her well, happy, and earning forty dollars a month. She hoped the family were not worried and promised to visit them soon on one of her Sundays out.

This letter sounded so obviously honest that Brewer was spurred to new efforts; and now it occurred to him to ask what paper the servants in the Whitely house took. Success immediately followed this move. The first advertisement his eye lit upon was:

"Cook-waitress, $40, lady living alone an hour away from city."

As soon as he read this he exclaimed: "That's Dorothy, as sure as shooting!" And putting his hat upon his head, he made his way rapidly toward the Hudson tube.

It was noon when he read the advertisement and after three o'clock when he reached the little New Jersey town that the paper designated. It is an almost incredibly respectable town, where great capitalists in Georgian houses manage to snatch a few hours of repose between investigations and directors' meetings, where retired admirals live in quiet maple-shaded streets and where traditions of Washington's visit meet you at every turn.

He went to the post office and asked where Mrs. Jackson lived. Did he mean Mrs. Alma Depew Jackson, the authoress? He took a chance and said he did. He was directed round the corner, and discovered a little farmhouse of the eighteenth century which had somehow survived and was standing on the corner of an asphalted street. It was painted white, with green shutters, and there was nothing above the first floor but a sloping roof and a few dormer windows.

He rang the bell. He was so sure that Dorothy would answer it that his whole being was absorbed in the problem of whether she would remember him or not when the door actually opened and he saw a brisk alert lady with hair obviously too white for her years brushed back so straight from her forehead as to give her the look of a surprised but friendly white cat.

"Can I speak to Mrs. Jackson?"

This was Mrs. Jackson. She stood back to let him pass.

"But do be careful where you step," she said. "My new maid has been painting the floor and she does not like it stepped on until it is dry. Keep to the newspapers, will you?" And in spite of her short stature she strode from newspaper to newspaper in the direction of the parlor.

"It is about this new maid that I have come," said Phil. "My name is Brewer and I am sent by a firm of attorneys ——"

Mrs. Jackson sank with a groan into a chair.

"I knew it!" she said. "At least I didn't know it at all, but my sister said so—my sister said the girl was too perfect to be true."

For the first time Phil's confidence in his own intuition began to fail. His admiration for Dorothy did not go so far as to expect her to be a good servant.

"You like her?" he asked.

"Like her!" cried Mrs. Jackson almost angrily. "She's perfect! She's a supermaid! You know, Mr. Brewer, I write. And literary women, I believe, have never had very good reputations as housekeepers. Well, I'm afraid that my house has been rather neglected, but if I give the first burst of my morning energy to my house I can't give it to my writing. But you ought to see what she has done to it in the ten days she has been here—and all without troubling me! That's what I value so much. She goes ahead without asking questions. She's cleaned the house—mopped it all over—and made new curtains and painted the floors; and as for the kitchen, she's made it more like a boudoir than a kitchen. It's much prettier than this room," Mrs. Jackson added, looking about her with a touch of dissatisfaction. "Before you go you must see the kitchen."

"I'm afraid this is not the girl I'm looking for," said Phil sorrowfully. "Does she get up early?"

"I myself am not an early riser," answered Mrs. Jackson, "but she is singing at her work before seven every day."

Phil took up his hat.

"I don't believe I need trouble you any more," he said.

"But you must see the kitchen," said his hostess. "I won't go in myself, because she doesn't like to be interrupted when she's painting, but you can just go through—just glance about, you know, and see how pretty it looks."

And having led him to the door to the back of the house, she disappeared.

The kitchen was larger—much larger than the parlor. Check blue-and-white cotton curtains waved in the windows and between them window-boxes of scarlet geraniums and translucent white daisies showed bright in the sunshine. All the shelves were edged with blue-and-white paper and on them were ranged old copper pots and dishes. A figure which he knew at once to be Dorothy's was bending over the fresh enamel paint of the kitchen dresser. She was trying to trace a straight blue line along the panel. Phil knew this was fatal.

"Don't try to do that!" he said quickly. "You'll spoil it. You never can draw a line like that."

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 150)

"They do it," said Dorothy, and selecting a clean spot on the back of her left wrist, she pushed back a stray piece of hair from her left eye. Her vision thus improved, she added, "Oh, you're Mr. Brewer's brother, aren't you? Why do you think I can't draw a line? I painted all this."

"But," he answered, passing over the fact that he did not like being defined as Jim's brother, "lining has to be done by painters with a special knack for it—liners they're called. If I were you I'd just do a little design in the four corners of the panel—a trefoil or something like this." And taking a pencil out of his pocket he sketched a little ornament.

Dorothy's eyes fell upon him with the most flattering admiration.

"How beautifully you draw!" she said.

Now Phil really did not draw well, but like everyone else he enjoyed more being praised for something he couldn't do than for something he could. He smiled with pleasure and looked at Dorothy and saw to his surprise that he was looking not at a tragic mask at all but at the face of a lovely human being with a smear of blue paint over one eye—for the spot on her wrist, though carefully selected, had not been absolutely clean after all.

"That's a lovely shade of blue you have!" he said, referring not to her eyebrow but to the panel of the dresser.

"I'm so glad you think so," replied Dorothy as if a weight had been taken off her mind. "I hesitated a long time between this and a brighter one. Isn't it too bad about the oilcloth? Mrs. Jackson says she can't afford to buy a new one because this horrible green-and-brown one is perfectly good—so it is. I do wish it weren't."

"I could destroy it in about five minutes," said Phil.

Dorothy smiled full into his eyes, shaking her head as she did so. She was evidently tempted, and he found it most agreeable to tempt her.

"Well," he said, "how about making her a present of a new one?"

Dorothy made a leap to the drawer of the dresser and produced a roll of bills, which turned out to be fifteen dollars in all.

"My wages," she said, "just to the first of the month! She pays that way. You don't know what it means to me to think I earned that, not as a favor or a bribe but because I was worth it to her."

"I should say you were—you ought to hear her talk about you!" answered Phil, and he hastily told her what Mrs. Jackson had said. Dorothy had been praised for a good many things in the course of her life—for her beauty principally—but no flattery had ever been so satisfying to a thirsty human egotism as this, to be praised as a good servant. She showed herself to be fundamentally a nice person by changing the subject herself. She would have liked to go over and over those words of praise, but instead she came back to the second most interesting subject—the oilcloth.

"Are they very expensive?"

Phil was sorry to confess he did not know the current price of linoleum.

"But won't we have to consult the old lady about it?"

"Oh, she'll never even notice it unless I tell her!" said Dorothy with a flavor of contempt in her tone. "Doesn't it seem strange to you, Mr. Brewer, to own a dear little house like this and not to take any interest in it at all?"

It seemed awfully strange to Phil, who already took such a profound interest in it, and neither of them thought how extraordinarily strange Dorothy's speech would have sounded to Dorothy's family.

A shadow fell over Dorothy's manner as she described the kind of floor covering she wanted and the position of the shop on the Green where it could be bought. She of course could not go out in working hours. Then as he opened the kitchen door he turned back to say: "Of course you understand that I am going to bring you a sample first."

"Oh, you're the nicest person I ever knew!" cried Dorothy. "I did not like to suggest your making two trips. I thought of course you were going to buy it."

"Without you?"

Phil was really shocked that conduct like that could be attributed to him. Dorothy expended some time and attention on him before he was entirely soothed.

Not until he had been gone some time did it occur to her to wonder why he had come—or what chain of accidents had led Mrs. Jackson to usher him in through the kitchen door. But the question was driven out of her head, when he did return, by the news that the salesman had not been willing to give samples of linoleums.

"But," said Phil, "I find they are open in the evening, and so I thought we could go together. She lets you go out in the evening, doesn't she?"

Dorothy hesitated.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "she lets me—she lets me do anything, but I don't exactly like to leave her all alone in the house. I feel a certain responsibility, you know," she added seriously. "However, if her sister comes in it will be all right."

About the time they had finished the decorations on the second panel of the dresser, and Phil—with his coat off and his necktie twisted under one ear—was sitting on the despised brown-and-green linoleum thinning the blue paint with a drop or two more of turpentine, Dorothy again remembered the problem of why he had come though by this time his presence seemed as natural as daylight.

"Oh, yes," he said, as if it were a trifle he had meant to mention himself, "they sent me from the office to look you up. Your family want you to go home."

"I'm not going home," said Dorothy, and that was all the attention they gave the subject at the time.

Mrs. Jackson, it appeared, was an ideal employer, not only because she took no interest in household matters but even more because her doctor had put her on a milk diet and she required almost no cooking—and cooking, Dorothy confided to Phil as the clock got round to six o'clock, was not her strong point.

"Well, we've got to eat pretty soon," said Phil, laying down the better of the two paint brushes, which Dorothy had been polite enough to let him have but which she now quickly grabbed with an eagerness that spoke of long self-repression; and while she added some fine touches to the panels he began cooking supper in an obviously businesslike way.

"Dear me," said she, looking up once, "and so one bakes bacon! I've been frying it. Can you lay a brick path?"

"Anyone can lay a brick path," he answered. "Would you mind if I took off my coat?"

"You see," she said, "we really need a brick path from the door to the bleach yard, with tulips on each side of it."

"Get after it to-morrow," said Phil.

This was the first intimation that he had made to Dorothy—or indeed to himself—that he would still be there on the next day.

It was during supper that he remembered his professional training enough to inquire if she really meant what she said about not going home.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I really can't go. Mrs. Jackson couldn't get on without me—and she's just in the midst of a most important article about housekeeping. Oh, you don't know how wonderful it sounds to me to say that someone can't get on without me! I believe I was born just to work like this with my hands. I am so happy doing it, and at home I was so wretched. I used to wake up and wonder how I could possibly struggle through the day with nothing to do. Nothing to do!"

She looked at him and laughed an absurd frank laugh.

"This is the first time I've been really busy since I left school. I love it."

"Well, you do seem different," he said.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it's only since I've been here that I've taken in how perfectly poisonous I was at home! You see, here I enjoy everything, even the silliest little things—like the butcher boy's conversation and the way the cat chases the birds about, and the spring and the early morning. And everybody is so friendly. You can't imagine, Mr. Brewer, if everyone has always hated you—oh, your own fault of course. But still it is just as wonderful when suddenly you find that the whole world is really friendly after all. You see, if I went home I'm afraid I should go back to being just the same kind of person I used to be. That's why I'm so determined to stay here."

He was completely of her opinion—that she had better stay.

What those two young people in the course of the next week did to Mrs. Jackson's perfectly good house it would take too long to tell. They laid the brick walk, they planted bulbs on each side of it. They painted the clothes poles red and they put

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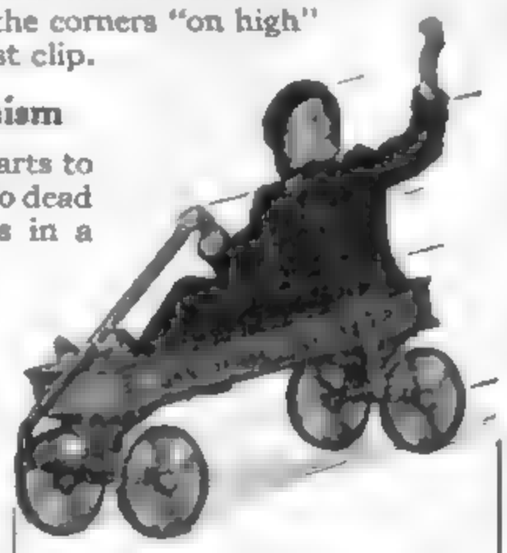

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large gold balls on the tops of them. They even contemplated placing a macaw in a gilded cage in the center, but fortunately the town did not afford a macaw, and neither Phil nor Dorothy was willing that he should go away to find one.

When Mrs. Jackson went out, which she did not do often as she was very busy finishing her article on The Home As Self-Expression, they went in to the front of the house and moved everything about in the sitting room and lined a beautiful old mahogany corner cupboard with a bright wall paper. But as they took care to leave the writing desk where Mrs. Jackson was accustomed to find it she never noticed the changes. She did notice when they took away the board walk from the front of the house and substituted large stones sunk in the grass while she was at church Sunday morning. Fortunately, however, she considered this a great improvement.

Phil, who had found a room in town, used to arrive in time to cook breakfast. He brought his marketing with him, feeling, he said, that he could not eat at Mrs. Jackson's expense, and of course anything particularly nice he insisted on sharing with Dorothy. Mrs. Jackson's bills must have been exceedingly low that week—except perhaps for paints. Indeed she had completely solved the servant problem if she had known it, but not at all along the lines she was advocating in The Home As Self-Expression.

And then in the evening, when they were not too tired, they put on clean clothes and went to the movies. In short they led an ideal life for two young people who had suddenly fallen in love with each other.

Not that they said to themselves so easily that they were in love. It took a long time—almost a week. It was on Tuesday that Phil arrived at Mrs. Jackson's and the gayety and glamour of his arrival lasted through that afternoon and the next day.

But Thursday afternoon while they were down on their knees together planting the tulip bulbs he suddenly looked at her and a realization of her beauty and rarity and charm came over him so forcibly that he saw that all her previous life must have been crowded with adorers and he remembered how he had felt sure there was an emotional tragedy in her leaving home. He saw in a flash, quite like one of Dorothy's own—a man, great but still young; rich, powerful, able to give her all she so clearly deserved—who was waiting distractedly until she returned and told him that she had been testing her feeling and that she found she really loved him and that they would be married at once. Phil imagined how she would tell the story to him, this handy man about the house, and heighten the comedy of her disappearance. He bade her good night very coldly that evening and did not ask her to go to the movies.

The reason of this sudden change in his manner was perfectly clear to Dorothy, who was not lacking either in imagination. She saw that for a day or so he had been able to overcome the prejudice he must have formed against her on the occasion of their first meeting—the terrible, cold-hearted, bad-tempered, lifeless girl she must have seemed. But of course he was clever and evidently understood people wonderfully and of course he could not really forget a thing like that. He couldn't honestly like her. She cried a little over it—not so much at having lost forever what would have been a most happy friendship but at her sense of her own hopeless inferiority.

But the next day—which was the day they painted the clothes poles—everything became joy and gayety again and it was just as clear to Phil that she was not profoundly interested in another man as the day before it had been clear that she was; and by the afternoon, when they repapered the cupboard, a great deal of contiguous coöperation was necessary, even at times the placing of four hands on exactly the same spot where the paper would not stick but where the hands would.

Phil woke up an hour earlier each morning than the morning before, and on Saturday he arrived at the house at half past five—not, he told himself, expecting that anyone would be up for another hour. But there was Dorothy, dressed and looking down the road as if she were waiting for him. She said she had not slept very well, and though she said it casually the supreme significance of the fact was not lost on either of them.

Saturday would have been a perfect day, except for their realization of the horrid truth—that this sort of thing could not go on forever. However, they were both very brave about it and never mentioned it to each other.

On Sunday Dorothy had the afternoon and evening off, and so they gave themselves a very agreeable picnic in the woods and walked home just as the moon, a shade past full, was rising. All the afternoon they had been telling each other everything they could remember about themselves and they could remember a great deal—but as they walked home they became silent; and something—Dorothy was never able to define just what—but something gave her the idea that he was considering the possibility of kissing her.

Now, not being able to define any objective cause for this thought, Dorothy made up her mind it had arisen in her own mind and it seemed to her that the most important thing in the world at that time was not to allow him to suppose that she was the kind of girl who liked to be kissed. Therefore she walked fast, talked a good deal, bade him a quick cheerful good night, passing him on like a President at a New Year's reception, said to herself as she locked the front door behind him, "Well, he can't think that I am the kind of girl that wants to be kissed." And then realized that unfortunately, whatever he thought, that was just precisely the kind of girl that she was.

Phil meantime, walking home slowly, faced the ultimate fact that even if she liked him pretty well he never could command the skill, the determination and the delicacy to break down the barrier that a girl of Dorothy's sort instinctively built up between them. That was the worst night of all.

But the next evening, which was Monday, the barrier dissolved of its own volition, and as he bade her good night on the porch he took her in his arms and kissed her quite as if he knew she were the kind of girl who wanted to be kissed, and indeed nothing in her conduct would have led him to the opposite conclusion.

And after he had gone she went into the house very quickly and was surprised to find that the light was burning in the sitting room; and going in to turn it out she found Jim Brewer with his upper lip longer than ever waiting for her.

He had been waiting alone for an hour, Mrs. Jackson having very wisely decided to go to bed on the plea of a writer's need for sleep, but really because he made her feel rigid and empty, and anyhow she preferred reading in bed to talking even to the most agreeable companions. But before she went she had drawn for him, even as she had drawn for Phil, the flattering portrait of her new servant—efficient as a captain of industry, industrious as an ant. Jim had felt as his brother had, that the picture could not be inspired by Dorothy. And yet if it were—if the languid worthless doll had been changed into an effective human being—what was it that had changed her? What but his words, his wise and just severity? It was a long dream he had and a very, very agreeable one. Dorothy was to confess that it was his words that had first roused her—she had done this whole thing in order to redeem herself in his eyes.

"In my eyes, my darling," he would protest.

He had had full psychological preparation for the miracle, when it happened—when the door opened and Dorothy stood before him, all that Mrs. Jackson had said, all that he had imagined—vivid, alert and most surprisingly beautiful.

"Dorothy," he said, "I have come to take you home."

"To take me!" said Dorothy, and though she did not move her feet at all there was a slight suggestion of a prance in the motion of her shoulders.

"I have come to rescue you. You have done wonderfully—but it is enough. You have," he added as one bestowing a medal, "you have made good. You may come home with a clear conscience."

"I'm not going home just yet."

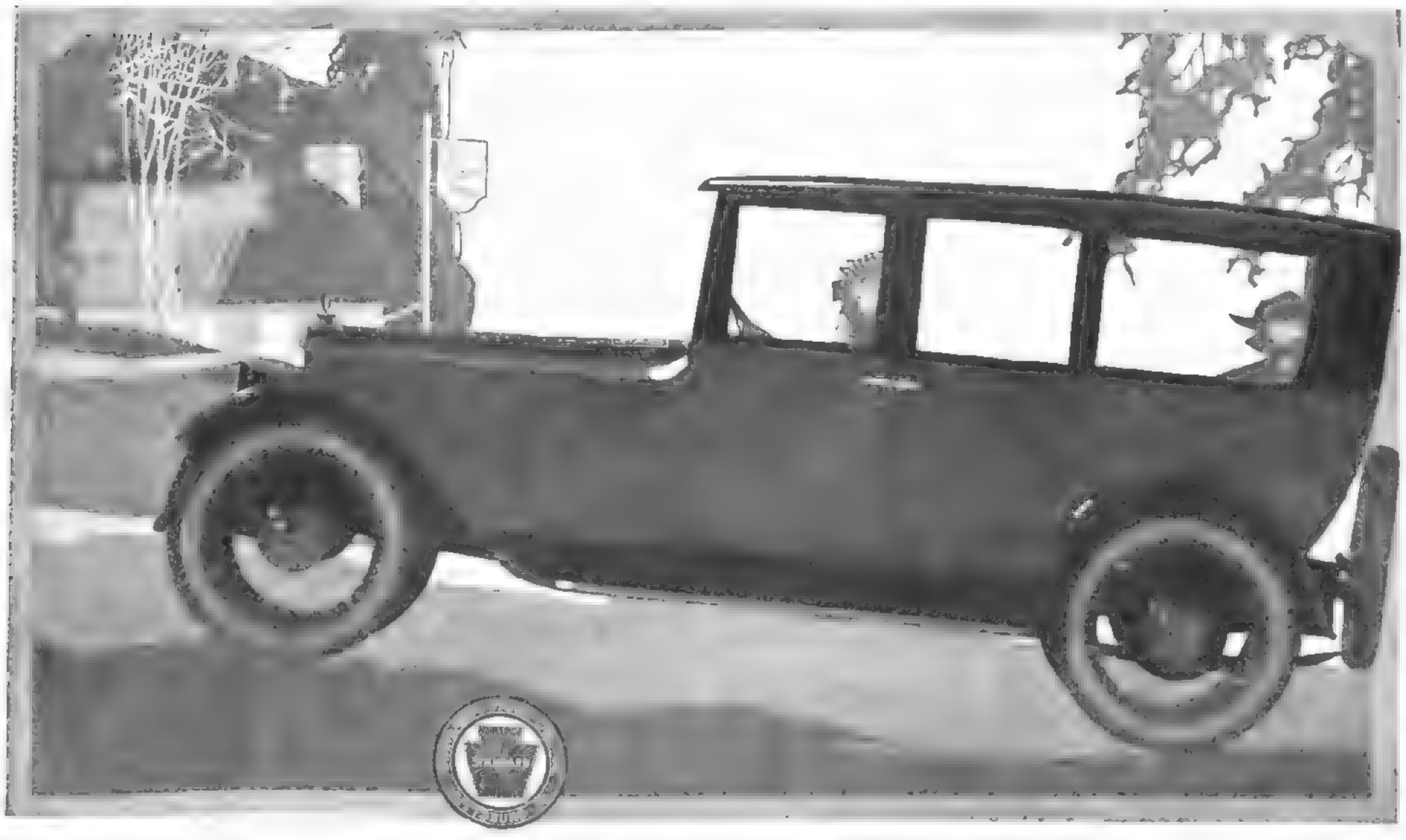
His brow darkened slightly. There is something very ungracious about the attitude of a person who does not want to be rescued.

"Dorothy," he said, "I am your father's lawyer ——"

"That's my father's problem," said Dorothy, and was a little more amused with her own joke than was—strictly speaking—polite. And then growing grave she added: "And now, Mr. Brewer, you

(Concluded on Page 167)

STANDARD EIGHT
A Powerful Car



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STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
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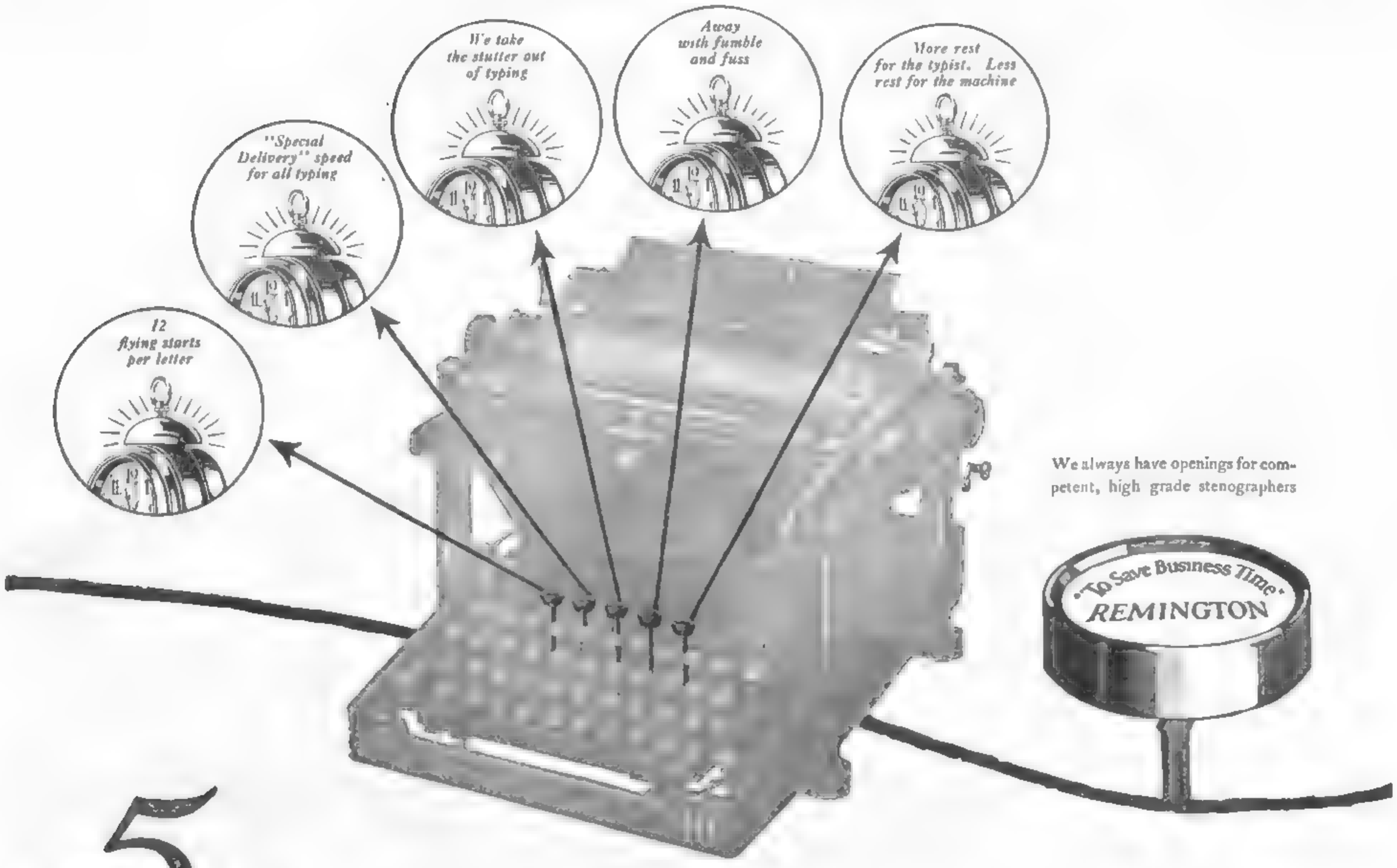
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We always have openings for competent, high grade stenographers
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TYPEWRITING has awakened with a start—or, to be more correct, with 12 flying starts on each average business letter. Typewriting machines had been napping on the job. Yet stenographers had been working hard. What brought about the change?

The Self-Starting Remington whose "photograph" you see above. Look it over. Pay particular attention to those 5 little keys—those 5 friends of the profit side of any business.

You ask, "What do they do?"

That's the secret which the Remington salesman will so gladly give you. But we'll give you a hint.

Those 5 self-starting keys put real "go" into letter writing. They say to the typewriter carriage, "Stop fumbling your way into every proper place on the letter, from 'Dear Sir' to 'Yours truly.' Toe the mark for each paragraph —instantly!"

They say to your stenographer—"Work more restfully. We are your friends. We help you turn out more letters with less exertion."

They say to you—"We cut the cost of business typing."

But let the Remington salesman give you the whole profitable story. The phone books of 177 American cities list the Remington branch offices —the local homes of Remington salesmen. Call the nearest branch. You'll find the Remington salesman an experienced co-operator in the reduction of business costs. Use him!

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY *(Incorporated)*
374 BROADWAY *Branches Everywhere* NEW YORK

REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

(Concluded from Page 154)

really must go, as I have to be up early in the morning."

"You would not have to be up early if you came home to your parents with me."

"I like getting up early," answered Dorothy, and remembering that Phil would be there almost with the sun she smiled most dazzlingly. And then she walked to the door and said firmly: "Good night."

He followed her into the hall but did not go. Instead he began to argue, and when Jim argued he was apt to address the court, and when he addressed the court he raised his voice. After about ten minutes Mrs. Jackson, in a purple priestlike garment, appeared on the stairs. Like many good-natured people she had acquired no technic for the rare occasions on which she became irritated, and she was irritated now.

"Is my house never to be free of your young men?" she said, addressing Dorothy. "Goodness knows, I'm liberal—I know girls are girls in any station of life, but this passes the bounds of decency. I was roused at five o'clock this morning by the cheery voice of one of your visitors, and here at nearly midnight I'm kept awake by another."

"What?" exclaimed Jim, looking at Dorothy as if she were a viper. "Men? A man at five in the morning? What does that mean?"

"What does it mean that you are here at midnight?"

"It means," answered Jim, "that I am her father's lawyer."

"Oh, they all say that!" Mrs. Jackson snapped back. "But whoever you are I must ask you to go away at once and let me get some rest." And she hurried the extremely willing Dorothy upstairs while she waved Jim out of the house.

He went straight to the telephone booth in the station. The whole situation was now perfectly plain to him. Mrs. Jackson's description of men filling the house all day long explained everything. It was not the desire to be redeemed in his or anyone's eyes that had actuated Dorothy's extraordinary conduct; it was simply the wish to be free of all restraints. He painted the conditions of her life in a few pregnant phrases that would have made any father tremble. Mr. Whitely panted over the telephone that he could get there that night by motor. But Jim did not think it necessary. Everything was safe enough for that night, he said.

Dorothy went upstairs, thinking not of Jim, not of the probable arrival of her parents, but only of the fact that within six hours Phil would be back—that in other words the next day was certain to begin absolutely right, and that is a pleasant knowledge to take to bed.

As a matter of fact Phil was a little late—that is to say, it was fully seven o'clock before he arrived. It was their day for whitewashing the cellar, but what with cooking their own breakfast and Mrs. Jackson's and dusting the sitting room and putting away the groceries it must have been nine o'clock before they really got to work. They left the cellar door open into the kitchen so that they could hear the bells, but they were very remote from the noises of the house and they entirely missed the arrival about nine-thirty of Jim leading in Mr. and Mrs. Whitely.

Mrs. Jackson had recovered her temper during the night and already regretted having said anything to hurt the supermaid's feelings. But when she heard that the cellar was about to be put in order her gratitude was abject. The thought of her cellar was something she had been trying to forget for years. She knew it was shocking and so she had never gone near it. So that when Dorothy just casually mentioned that she would like as undisturbed a morning as possible as she intended to put the cellar in order Mrs. Jackson's heart leaped up at the words like the poet Wordsworth's at the sight of daffodils.

So that, though it was the day The Home As Self-Expression was due and she still had a thousand words to write, her first thought was of Dorothy when she saw her three visitors coming up the path.

They were extremely solemn. They had laid out their plan of campaign on the way. Mrs. Whitely was to go alone to Dorothy and speak to her as a mother, trying to get the whole truth.

"She's in the kitchen, I suppose?" said Mrs. Whitely, when the first explanations were over.

"No," said Mrs. Jackson. "No, I believe they are in the cellar to-day."

"In the cellar!" exclaimed Jim in a voice as deep as the tomb.

"They!" said Mr. Whitely. "May I ask who 'they' are?"

"She and one of those nice young men she gets to help her," answered Mrs. Jackson.

Her three visitors wheeled simultaneously and made their way toward the cellar. They advanced in silence and no sound came from the open trapdoor. One by one they descended, and this was the sight that greeted their eyes—two figures in overalls were standing side by side on wooden boxes, rapidly and competently whitewashing the old stonework; competently, that is, so far as is consistent with one painter using his left hand, for their disengaged hands were clasped together.

"Dorothy!" cried Mrs. Whitely.

Dorothy turned a radiant face and jumped off her box.

"Oh, mother," she said, "you must let me show you my kitchen! You are the one person in the world who will really appreciate it."

Mrs. Whitely followed her daughter up the cellar stairs, leaving the three men alone; she was not only the one person who could appreciate Dorothy's kitchen, but the person who could best appreciate the change in the girl herself. She marveled at it as she was led docilely about, admiring everything from the window boxes to the new coffee grinder.

She was still trying to accustom herself to the new and vivid personality which she herself had brought into the world when Mr. Whitely appeared from the cellar, very much confused by the fact that there weren't any young men about—except Phil Brewer in overalls asking to be allowed to marry Dorothy.

"Oh, yes, father!" said Dorothy firmly. "We love each other."

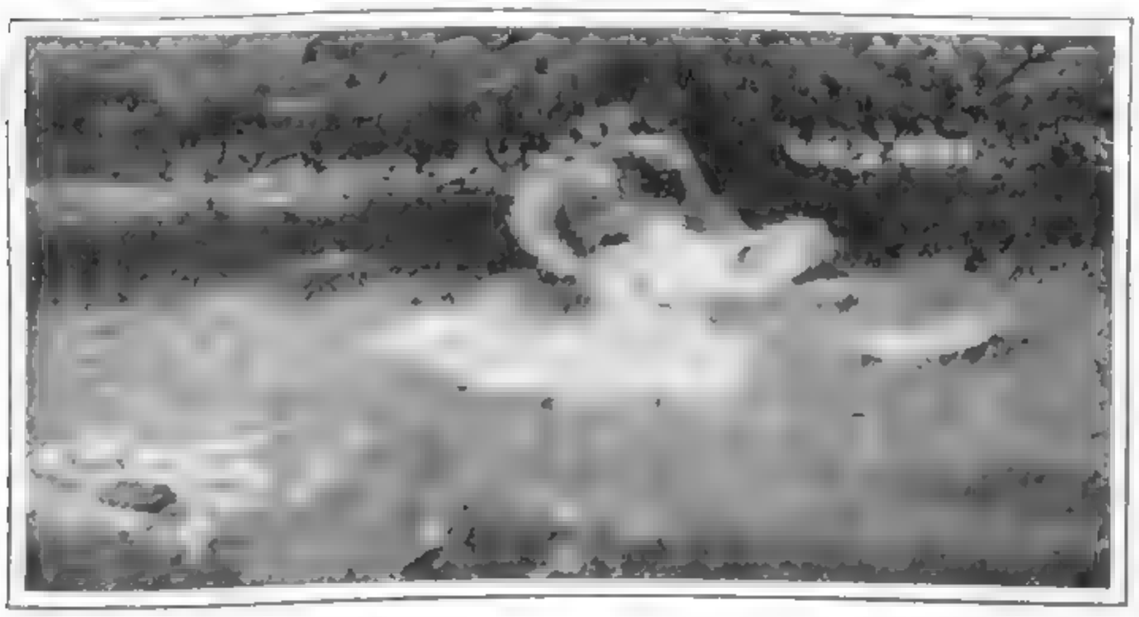
Mr. Whitely looked helplessly at his wife for guidance and saw in her expression what he took for consent. As a matter of fact she was thinking: "Oh, that's it, is it? She's fallen in love."

He said weakly: "But, my dear child, what do you expect to live on? The young man tells me he has hardly any money at all."

A few weeks ago this would have been an unanswerable argument against any marriage for Dorothy.

"Oh, Phil and I don't need much to live on," said she lightly.

And who, looking about her kitchen, could contradict her?



The Home Way

Materials vary. The recipe must be simple and one cannot be exact.

They'll Smile

When They Taste This Soup

A Van Camp Soup of any kind is the world's finest soup of that sort. Most of them are based on famous French recipes. Some of them won prizes in French culinary contests.

They were brought to us by a noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris. And in our kitchens he made the basic soups.

The Scientific Cooks

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They fixed standards for every ingredient. They set down every detail in a formula. That formula, covering pages, is always followed minutely. So every Van Camp Soup is exactly like the finest soup these scientific cooks attained. And that means the last touch in fine cookery—a better soup than Paris ever served.

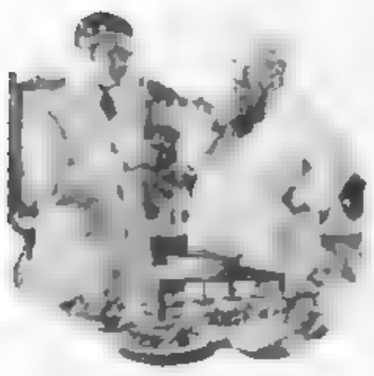
For Every Home Dinner

Yet Van Camp's Soups cost no more than others. They cost less than home-made soups. And they are ever-ready.

There are 18 kinds—every sort you want. And each is a culinary masterpiece.

At formal dinners, where you want the best, such soups are essential. But there is no reason why any home dinner should serve a lesser soup.

Order three or four kinds, and now. Compare them with ordinary soups. We'll abide by your decision. Just learn, for your own sake, how good a soup can be.



The Van Camp Way

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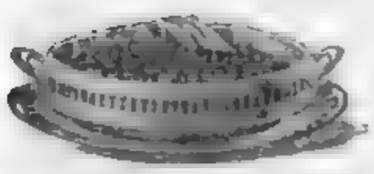

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

A dish that experts spent four years to perfect and $100,000

Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe perfected in this scientific way

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made of blended peanuts with every skin, every bitter germ removed

TO OUR IMPERIAL VOTERESSES

(Continued from Page 15

business and ruin. How much can the business spend? It depends upon how much is coming in. For what shall the money be spent? That depends on the relative importance of the claims on income. The rent must be paid first; so much for that. The family must be fed; so much for that. The hired girl—I mean the servants—must be paid; so much for that. Clothing must be bought; and that we must leave to be debated as between conflicting claims of warmth, necessity and luxury. We may be able to buy a Siberian fur coat or we may not. The health of the family must be conserved—and here is a story to which that relates.

When the last appropriation bill went through Congress the Public Health Service had an item in it of $250,000 for rural sanitation. This was for the demonstration of ways by which the country people may protect themselves against typhoid, bowel troubles generally, hookworm disease, malaria and many other diseases. It was as important to the cities as to the country; for when the country neighborhood from which you get your butter, your milk, your vegetables and the like is free from typhoid fever, for instance, the germs of the disease will not come into your family from that source.

Congress had in the main no knowledge of what was doing, and when someone moved to cut this down to $50,000 the motion carried without debate, as I remember it. The Congress was in the throes of passing a great appropriation bill which not one member fully understood and which nobody had any way of knowing about, in the pressure of the last days of a session, and it acted blindly as usual. But within an hour or so from that time the members voted themselves over $300,000, for what? For garden seeds to send out wherewith to catch votes!

This would not have happened if some organization had been set up to prepare a statement of outgo and income on which the appropriation bills were based. It would be like the disturbance of your own domestic budget if after you had appropriated every cent of income for the ensuing year your husband or son should insert an item of $300 for the entertainment of chorus girls.

Reforming National Housekeeping

But Congress has not, never has had and never will have, unless forced to it by public opinion backed by votes, the most rudimentary system of balancing the national income against outgo. Read that carefully—every word is literally true. Very few states have anything of the sort, either. It would not be difficult to have such a statement prepared by a proper organization; but Congress has not wanted it. To have such a statement laid before Congress, with rules that would make it impossible to depart from the general plan except in distinct emergencies, would be the easiest thing in the world; but it would prevent logrolling and trading. It would keep dry docks from being built in the district of Smith in exchange for a fish hatchery in the bailiwick of Brown. It would prevent the building of huge post-office buildings in one district or state, the mere annual maintenance of which costs more than it would take to buy outright the perfectly adequate quarters formerly used, in exchange for the dredging of Mudturtle Bayou for the benefit of a contractor Lootopolis.

To balance the expenses and the income of the nation would unbalance the political methods of the Senate and the House—but it might save you that cent you pay as a part of your luxury tax when you buy a tube of tooth paste. It might save you a penny on your ice-cream sundae. Yea, it might even save you fifty or a hundred dollars of your income tax, so that the expense side of your domestic budget could be balanced with less difficulty against your own income. Your own domestic budget will be far easier of adjustment when we have a national budget system.

I can't hope to make you see really how scandalous the Washington system is in this matter of spending billions by a series of running jumps in the dark with our eyes bandaged. I tell you that Congress never knows and never tries to find out how much money it is going to spend or how much it ought to spend, or how much to retrench, or where to cut down, or where to be liberal, or where to eliminate entirely, or when there are two or more services doing the same thing, or how much is wasted, or how much it will have to appropriate as a whole to carry the Government on as a whole. To know would hamper a lot of little trades and dickers and side deals. It would give senators and congressmen opportunity to become statesmen instead of peewee politicians as most of them are; but these men, as a body, don't want to become statesmen. They prefer their present trade. Some of them are really desirous of recasting the methods of spending money so as to prevent waste, duplication and the expenditure of the public money for the political benefit of legislators, and have been in favor of it for a long time—but the applause they get when they speak on the subject sounds like the college yell of a deaf-mute institute.

I wish you, the voteresses, would set up an organization that would give them a little encouragement from the galleries. As for us men, notwithstanding that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and several other bodies of the male persuasion have been dinging the sloth and business besottedness of Congress into the ears of the country for a long time—we don't seem to get very far with our demands for action. Won't you join? Won't you take charge? Won't you form a nation-wide league for the reform of the national housekeeping? Won't you try to get us a Congress that will tie its own hands against dipping in the cash drawer, and thus leave them free to do better things?

Your Income Pays the Bill

Congress never knows the total revenues available. It never tries to find out.

It never makes any arrangement for discriminating between the thing which must be done and paid for, and that which is less urgent—that is, it does not allow transfers from the ordinary purpose to the imperatively necessary work.

Expenses are never considered by Congress in relation to revenues. No attempt is made to consider at one time the whole problem of financing the Government.

Though the Secretary of the Treasury lays before the Congress each year what is called an estimate of expenditures for the year to come the Congress does not follow it, and it is not followed as a consistent financial program, and cannot be.

The secretary merely adds up the desires of the heads of the various branches of the various departments. He has no power to modify or correlate.

The President might exercise his general powers to lay out a complete program—as your husband does when you make up your budget—but he has no organization with which to do it—and Congress, unless you make yourselves felt, would ignore the thing if he did it.

If a department store allowed every department to make its own estimate of the extent to which it would dip into the funds of the establishment, independent of every other department, and there were no general view taken of the requirements of the whole store, and no balancing of the demands of each part against those of every other part and against the interests of the whole; and if those making the demands were each duplicating to a large extent the demands of some other; and if nobody knew what funds the store would have with which to pay these demands—for what would that store be headed? Bankruptcy, of course. But that is just the system pursued by Congress. There are thirteen general appropriation acts piloted through Congress by no less than nine different committees!

But that isn't the worst of it. These nine appropriation committees are not the committees that know about the work to be done at all. That would be too sensible and direct for Congress. It isn't even so sensible as if the dress-goods department had the working-out of the appropriation for the dress-goods department. Almost always every service of the Government has a part of its funds handled through one committee and another through another. One committee proposes new legislation for the bureau or service or board, determining what its organization shall be, how

(Continued on Page 161)

CORBIN

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A group of buildings from nearly fifty American cities equipped with Corbin locks and hardware.

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Minneapolis	St. Paul Building
Buffalo	Marine Bank
Baltimore	Fidelity Safe Deposit Building
Washington	Union Station
Rochester	Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
Boston	Custom House
Salt Lake City	Great Western Insurance Co.
San Diego, Cal.	U. S. Grant Hotel
Newark	Federal Building
Montreal	Canada Permanent
Omaha	Union Pacific Railroad Building
Newport	Residence of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
Asheville	Grove Park Inn
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Hartford	Hartford National Bank
Toledo	Second National Bank
Kansas City	Union Station
Cleveland	Hollenden Hotel

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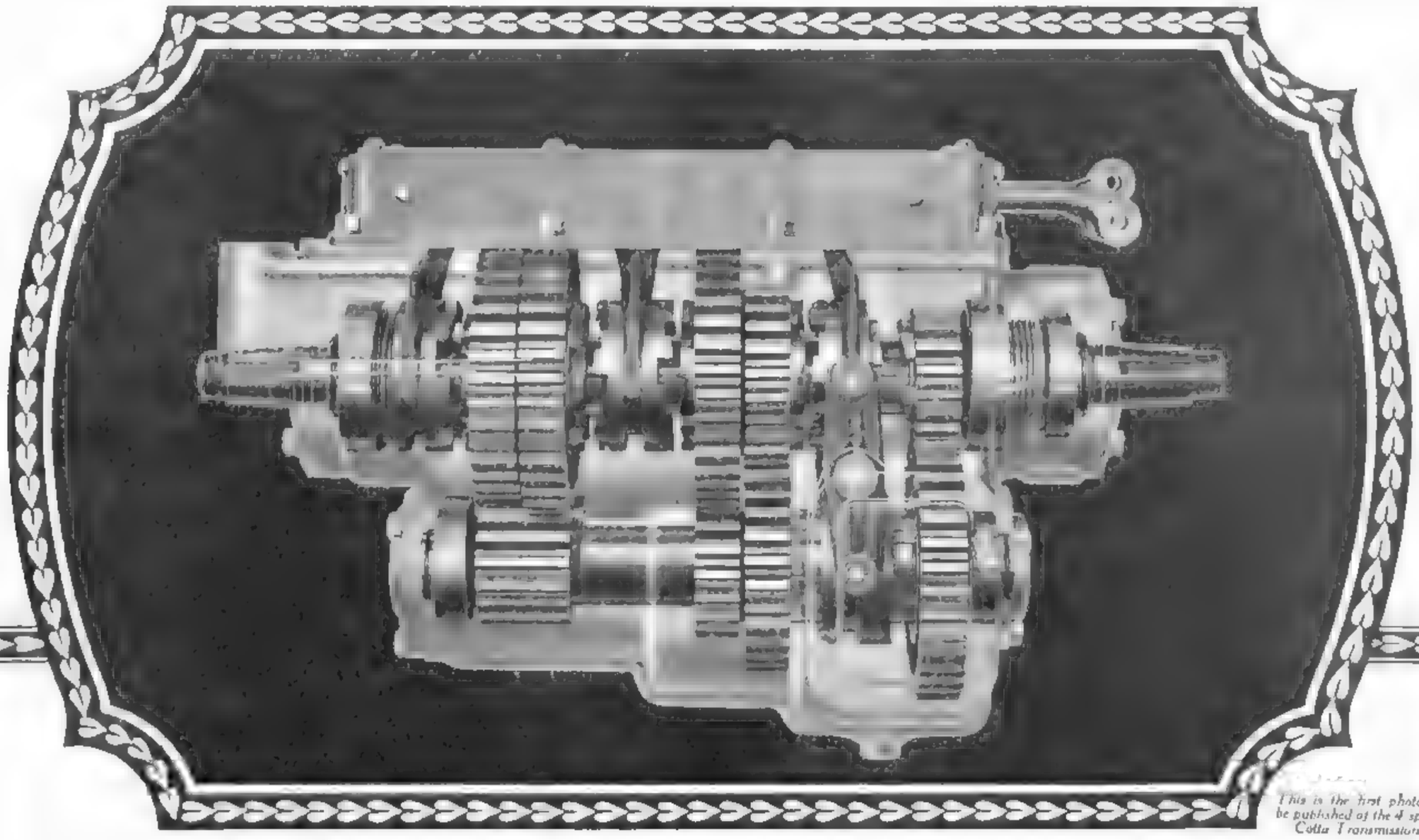

This is the first photo to be published of the 4 speed Cotta Transmission

Your Truck or Tractor Can Now Be

Guaranteed Against Gear Stripping

Here is the next step in the development of the transmission of power in trucks and tractors—the guarantee against gear stripping. This sweeping assurance of continuous service is now made possible by the Cotta Transmission—for Cotta is the transmission that unqualifiedly guarantees trucks and tractors against stripping.

Gears are always in mesh in the Cotta Transmission—a principle of construction which makes this guarantee a reality. Speed changes are made by means of the engagement of jaw clutches on the side of the gears.

With no shifting of gears, gear clashing, gear stripping and other transmission troubles are eliminated, resulting in a smooth, accurate and positive engagement that adds years to the life of the gear sets and truck or tractor mechanism.

Cotta Transmissions are manufactured in 3 and 4 speeds for trucks and 2 and 3 speeds for tractors. Each model is covered by our absolute guarantee against gear stripping.

Write for illustrated book containing the story of Cotta Transmission

COTTA TRANSMISSION COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

COTTA
TRUCK-TRACTOR
TRANSMISSIONS

(Continued from Page 158)

many people it shall employ, what they shall be paid and what equipment they shall have; another committee determines how much money shall be granted them to do this work; and a third committee makes a stagger at examining into the way in which they have done their work.

It is as if the dress-goods department of the store had its estimates made up by a committee composed of the janitor and the electrician, its bills of goods to be bought determined by the scrubwoman in conference with the elevator operator and the head of the accounting department, and its accounts gone over by salesladies from the notions counter and the boy driving the grocery wagon. It is quite as absurd as that, though it is done by full-grown men; and the result means eventual bankruptcy. At least it would mean bankruptcy in a year if Congress had not the power to take another slice out of your income to pay for its business insanity. But will you sit down the way we men have done and let such housekeeping methods go on forever?

Both Parties to Blame

I am not trying to instruct you in this article; I am trying to rouse you to the protection against ruinous taxation of your incomes, your food, your clothing, your necessaries and your little luxuries. I am trying to rouse you against the tyranny of ignorance and inefficiency—which is worse than any other tyranny in the world. We are in debt as a nation to the extent of about twenty-six billions of dollars; and this Congress, of which I am as charitably as possible speaking, is charged with the duty of handling the business of carrying on the Government on a more expensive scale than ever, and paying the interest on this debt and reducing the principal. It is a job which Harvey S. Chase compares with the nation's housekeeping, and I am appealing to the housekeepers of the nation to take an interest in it and to apply their force to it. You will find plenty to read and study in the premises. Henry Bruère says: "The budget is the basis upon which administrative planning and control must be predicated." Frederick A. Cleveland compares the simplicity of the procedure of governments which have the budget system with "the involved, occult and invisible methods" that have been worked out at Washington and at most of our state capitals. Charles D. Norton says: "Our Federal, state and municipal charters and constitutions have surrounded government executives with fantastic regulations which if applied in private business would certainly wreck any enterprise dependent for its existence upon yearly profits."

From this you must not infer that Congress can successfully hide behind that old bogy word "unconstitutional," however. A sound business system can be adopted at any time Congress desires—on a budgetary plan. Theodore E. Burton has described the scramble to get money from Congress regardless of national interest or statesmanship—and how the disgraceful waste of public funds may be averted. Charles W. Collins agrees with Doctor Cleveland that the adoption of sensible business methods—good housekeeping methods—would eliminate logrolling entirely and "enable the sovereign citizen to keep a closer watch on his public servants." There is an organization called The Institute for Government Research in Washington which will, I have no doubt, tell you where you can get information with which I hope you will confound your congressmen and senators when they come back for the approval of the people in the form of a reelection.

And your representatives will do their best to fool you—those of them who have been against the budget system, as all of them have save a few. They will try to fool themselves, and you too. They will tell you that they cannot give up their rights as congressmen and senators to control expenditures. They always will have the power to reject any appropriation bill that cannot be justified. They will lose no power except the power to mess things over and gum things up; and they will gain in every way. They will then have time to study something besides the details which should be in the hands of subordinates. Many of these men work very hard; but it is the twisting of a rope of sand, the Sisyphus labor of rolling the stone to the hilltop and always seeing it roll back to the valley; it is running ever from the bung to the spigot to stop leaks that are carefully reopened as soon as closed. One may well be sorry for these hard-working senators and congressmen. They are industriously doing things all the time, conscious, as they must be, that the chances are at least three to one that whatever they do will be wrong. Nevertheless, some of them have in the past actually worked themselves to death, and some of them now incumbent have ruined their health. They did not harvest many figs from the crop of Congressional thistles; but they did a work that it seemed as if someone had to do, things being as they Congressionally are.

Senators and Congressmen will tell you, too, that either the Democrats or the Republicans—depending on the locality are to blame for the scandalous persistence of present methods of doing business. Don't you believe that for a moment. They are all to blame, and they all know it. Both parties advocated the budget system in 1916 so far as mouth honor is concerned, and both have betrayed the people. The Republicans in their party platform deplored the shameless raids of the Democrats on the treasury, of course, and pledged the party to support the establishment of a "simple, businesslike budget system," which they held "necessary to effect a needed reform in the administration of national finances." This sounded fine; but you incoming voteresses must remember that Republican Congresses stubbornly resisted every effort of the Roosevelt Administration to improve things, and the insistent recommendations of President Taft and Secretary MacVeagh for the adoption of a budget system. The Democrats in 1916 went on record, as every party always does, in favor of "careful economy"—and proposed the restoration of the practice of initiating all appropriation bills through a single committee of the House, adding: "We favor this as a practicable first step toward a budget system." Of course this is twaddle, but it committed the party to the budget system—and every one of these utterances sat as lightly on the consciences of congressmen and senators of both parties as a snowflake on the peak of Mount Rainier. All of them forgot, except a few, like Sherley, of Kentucky; Goodwin, of Arkansas; Kenyon, of Iowa; Fitzgerald, of New York, and a few others.

Advertising for Extravagance

They will try to fool you about the party record, and some of them will attempt to fool you when it comes—as it will sometime—to the passage of a budget bill. The Senate passed a cloture rule that does not clote; and Congress, clinging to logrolling and their old "occult and invisible" methods, will, if not watched, some day pass a budget bill that will not budge.

I hope that by that time there will be about ten thousand associations of imperial voteresses that will know something about the proper system of national housekeeping, so that we may be able to get in the United States a budget system, if not so good as that of Great Britain, at least as good as that enjoyed by Porto Rico.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if the women of the nation could signalize their advent into political life in the United States by taking hold of the thing which Alexander Hamilton tried to perfect, our system of government housekeeping, and forcing the legislative branch of the Government, which has year by year made the system worse, until it is to a nation facing our financial responsibilities an intolerable burden and a national scandal and disgrace—by taking hold of this thing, I say, and making the men make it over? It is the very thing women ought to do. They are in the main much more practical in the material affairs of life than men. On the women through all the ages rests the burden of looking out for the welfare of the race. Oftener than otherwise this watch-care is instinctive rather than logical.

The men are the logical fellows—as is shown by the fact that our logical Congress will not allow a bureau to let one efficient person do the work of two inefficient ones, and get pay and a half for doing it. The logical processes of Congress will not let the head of a bureau who saves a hundred thousand dollars by economy or efficiency keep that money for next year's work, no matter how much he may need it. No, it must go back into the treasury; and it benefits his work not at all. Congress therefore makes it almost incumbent on every bureau and service to ask for the

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FOR mills, factories, machine shops, repair shops, garages and railways, Temco Portable Electric Tools are great time and labor savers. Electricians, plumbers and contractors vouch for their convenience and efficiency. They can be attached in an instant to any electric light socket or wall plug. They are speedy tools for drilling in metal or wood, reaming, grinding, buffing, polishing, and tapping threads.

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The Temco Electric Motor Co.
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maximum it can use—and then spend it all to the last cent. Congress therefore could not by all man's logic more surely get waste and extravagance in the public service if it advertised for it. Congress will not even allow a bureau which has more than it needs in one division of its work to use that surplus in another division.

Congress, in other words, keeps its finger on every little teeny point of the public service, and gives nobody any discretion or any incentive to be efficient. Congress acts as would the board of directors of a steel company if they should go down into the shop and insist on telling the workmen how to manage a trip hammer.

But here I am talking again about Congress—you see I haven't told a hundredth part of that story—when I was discussing what the women might do. Well, they might master this question of a budget in six months' study; and they might save the nation from countless millions of loss, and place the Senate and the House once more on the way to becoming governing bodies instead of traffickers in places and twisters of sand ropes.

Why Not Make This History?

Do you imperial voteresses know what many men think you mean to do? They think you intend to henpeck us and oppress us and take away from us every privilege and pleasure that seems to you to constitute a yielding on our part to man's weakness for vices and near-vices and foolishness. It is a fine thing for you that national prohibition was enacted before you came into your privilege of voting; for if you had voted on that, hosts of men would be grousing round for a generation about the mean way in which the women voted the men's grog away from them. Notwithstanding all that, a great many of them think you will vote their cigarettes away from them, and then their pipes, and then their chewing tobacco—after you find out how many of them indulge in this invisible luxury. After that will go the boxing matches, and Sunday golf, and penny ante, and—oh, everything the men like and which the women fail to appreciate.

The writer doesn't believe this. You will no doubt find some among you who will desire to reconstitute society on womanish lines; but when we get all the women into politics, in the place of the few who have been in it, we shall no doubt get from them the composite reaction of the average woman toward mannish peculiarities. But you will of course feel that you must do something to make up for the oversights and shortcomings of the men voters. Unless you do, what good is there in you as citizens? How wonderful it would be if the historians of the future might be able to write into their histories something like this:

"In the great world war which began in 1914 there took place a great change in the attitude of European and American civilization toward the political status of women. Prior to this time in most of the nations women had not been allowed to vote, and at this particular epoch they were just emerging in the Anglo-Saxon nations from their ancient status of practical slavery, in which they were not allowed to hold property or to sue or be sued, and in which not only their estates but their persons were at the disposal of their male relatives or of the state.

"Among the arguments for this system, which we trace to ancient tribal customs, it was urged that women not being able to bear arms ought not to be allowed to take part in the affairs of the state, which, after all due allowance had been made for the ameliorations of civilization, still rested on force.

"As the world war went on, however, the truth which advocates of the granting to women of the fullest rights of citizenship had long been in the habit of pointing out—that even in war the work of women was always of great importance—began to be apparent even to the dullest intellect. Women took over the work of the fields, the workshops and the countingrooms when the men laid it down. They operated the factories and the farms. They made munitions. They donned uniforms and cared for the wounded under fire. They became soldiers in every sense, even though the narratives of so-called battalions of death composed of female combat troops are not supported by sufficient evidence in the form of records. In the face of these facts all civilized nations yielded to their sense of justice and the importunities of the women and their advocates, and universal suffrage became the rule in all civilized countries. This enfranchisement in the United States was completed in the year 1920.

"One of the first important matters which attracted the organized women voters was the incredibly loose business organization of the Federal and most of the state, city and county governments. This seems to have been a surprise to the politicians of that time, who appear to have believed that the women could be controlled by appeals to their sensibilities and emotions, and that the female voters would merely swell the voting population without introducing any new element in the way of political tendencies.

"It was also believed that they would either vote with their husbands and male associates or would content themselves with the furtherance of Utopian schemes for sumptuary legislation. Instead of this, however, the influence of the women appears to have been predominant in the movement of 1920-24 for the placing of the national Government on a sound basis. This seems to have been regarded by a vast mass of women as a work analogous to the ordering of the national household, and was in fact often referred to as national housekeeping, setting the national house in order, and so on; and we find such curious titles in the publications of that day as Sweeping Behind the Door, Dusting Under the National Bed, What's in the U. S. Garbage Pail? and the like."

The Clock of Destiny is Striking

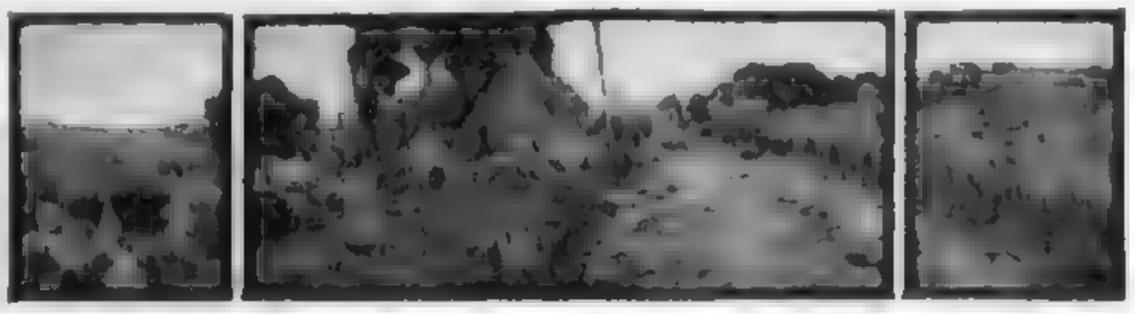
"A careful collation of all the authorities of this interesting epoch warrants the conclusion that to the women of the United States we may attribute the salvation of the nation from that national bankruptcy which threatened it when, burdened with a huge war debt, it faced the future in 1919 without any business system worthy of the name, with its affairs so conducted as to forbid economy and enforce waste, and with the members of the two Houses of Congress so occupied with matters relating to their personal and political fortunes, and, incredible as it may seem, with the infinite details of bureau and department work, that the great traditions of the earlier days of both Houses had been almost forgotten, and these formerly noteworthy bodies had settled down to a state of mediocrity and querulous inefficiency which, with all the light that research can throw upon the matter, is still a mystery to the historian.

"That this strange hiatus in the history of the Houses was the result of the system, and not caused, as has been argued, by any lapse in the natural intelligence of the American people, is indicated by the fact that within ten years there developed in both Senate and House of Representatives that group of great statesmen which dealt with the reconstruction period of the world."

How would you like to have your great-great-grandchildren read that about you, O Imperial Voteresses? Wouldn't ——

What was that booming sound? It was the clock of destiny again. It struck fourteen, when Nebraska checked in with her ratification of the Federal amendment on August second.

It's coming, and the new duties will be upon you before you know it. Come in, and bring your common sense with you—the Lord knows we need it!



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AS the home-coming soldiers put aside their fighting equipment; as they discard their heavy—though *marvelously friendly*—army shoes; let them know that same wonderful comfort can still be retained—with something added, *i.e., attractive appearance.*

For the good-looking, well-made Educator—which is even older than our army shoe—is built to let the feet grow as they should, safe from corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arches, etc. Narrow, pointed, "stylish," bone-bending shoes never give this foot freedom.

Let's share this same foot freedom with all. Get the whole family into Educators. Be sure, though, that you see the name EDUCATOR branded on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer.*

YOU WILL AGREE WITH THIS BOOK—

Once you read "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" and look at its pictures, you'll say "that's what I've always thought." It's free. Send your address on a post card for a copy today.

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It will pay you to buy hosiery which carries the honor mark of a reputable manufacturer—one who has studiously guarded the high quality of his goods for 97 years.

Let the trademark of the "Good Witch" of Ipswich be your safe guide to complete hosiery satisfaction. Every retailer carries Ipswich Hosiery, or he can quickly get it for you.

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass.
Founded 1822

Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

increasing quantities. Throughout the country factories had been equipped to manufacture airplane parts. The detail of building these machines is practically as great as that necessary in building the great ocean liners. All kinds of machines were required for the metal work, while hundreds of other machines and cabinetmaking tools were required for the wooden parts of the airplanes. Thousands of sewing machines were busy sewing linen, and as a result of all this activity the aircraft sales section of the War Department found itself possessed of immense supplies after the cessation of hostilities.

As a start in getting rid of some of the surplus planes one deal was closed with a large manufacturer, who agreed to put the machines in good shape for commercial use and to furnish a manufacturer's guaranty to the public which would purchase them. This sale included twenty-seven hundred training planes and forty-five hundred motors, and was much criticized because the price paid the Government was only about $2,700,000 for equipment that cost $20,000,000. The investigation of this matter brought out the fact that the War Department has decided it was unwise to sell these obsolescent planes and used motors to the public where it was not practicable to overhaul the machines and give the purchaser a guaranty equivalent to that which should go with a new plane and engine. In other words, the Government, not knowing into whose hands these planes might fall, determined to take no chances on the probability of heavy suits for damages that would surely result in case of accidents to pilots and passengers.

More than a million dollars' worth of other planes and aircraft materials were sold to the Czechoslavs at the cost price, and others of our Allies have acquired some of this material at a figure equal to what the stuff cost the United States. Much of the airplane machinery has been put to the production of useful articles for general commercial use. A considerable number of these machines have been taken over by automobile manufacturing concerns and furniture factories. The raw materials, such as linen, silk, copper, aluminum and specially treated steel, have been purchased by manufacturers to be used in general commercial ways. The returns on all of these supplies of raw materials were nearly equal to the cost of the products.

It is also planned to furnish large quantities of useful air-service material to National Guard organizations which will be created to work as an adjunct of the Regular Army. For such supplies the War Department will receive a full return on the money invested. It is also being arranged that discharged fliers who desire to continue the flying game will be able to buy planes and motors for their own use. In this way the art of flying as a commercial proposition will be encouraged.

I might go on and tell of the sale of machine tools to Belgium and the great help these supplies will be to that brave little kingdom. Or I could continue my story by explaining the activities of the War Department in disposing of the hundreds of plants and plant facilities that Uncle Sam found he owned when the war ended. There were approximately five hundred separate and distinct operations of this latter kind, covering almost every field of industry and ranging in value from a thousand-dollar addition to an existing plant to a $65,000,000 factory for manufacturing smokeless powder. In some instances these facilities are on land not owned by the United States and it becomes a question as to whether the Government would better acquire the site and dispose of the entire property or whether the wise move would be to wreck the buildings and dispose of the material as salvage. Each case requires individual study so that the Government shall realize the best possible terms in every instance.

Uncle Sam in his rôle as salesman may not be able wholly to accommodate the citizen who wrote in, stating that he wished to purchase his son's bugle, but the country as a whole can rest assured that the national treasury is getting some of its money back; and in addition to this welcome monetary gain the Nation will benefit directly from the thousands of trucks and hundreds of tractors that have been turned over to the Department of Agriculture, the Post Office Department and other Federal bureaus for useful service. Better rural roads will displease no one and perhaps the ten thousand or more vehicles that are now going into the mail service will enable us to get the letter to-day that we are now getting to-morrow.

M'SIEU JOE HICKS ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 11)

"Why, it got so bad that a feller couldn't scarcely mention that we had an army in France without a lot of people sayin': 'Sh-h! Sh-h! You mustn't talk that way. Not so loud. You'll hurt their feelin's.'"

"But," I ventured, "the Allies were all this time recounting the deeds of their armies and fleets, and telling us what ought to be done. Our papers were crammed full of it, and they had speakers all over the country."

"True, true," assented M'sieu Hicks. "But that's different. Quite different. But the likes of you cain't be expected to understand, Henree.

"As you say, our newspapers played up the achievements of our Alleys for three long years. We wondered at their heroism. We wondered, and come dadgummed near to worship. All that was right and proper. They done a fine job.

"But then our turn arrived, and we just naturally had to beat the big bass drum. That's human. Maybe we beat it a bit too hard—I dunno. But considerin' what we had done for the others in that line I don't think so.

"Yet here's a funny thing. It ain't a conundrum—only a simple question. How is it, Henree, that the French and English papers can be full every day of what their men 've done? How is it that a French general can sit down and write to the papers and forgit to mention the English or ourselves; and an English general can stand up and admit that the Empire won the war and everybody else fell down? How is it, I say, that when other peoples advertise what their fightin' men have done it's a simple, manly statement of fact, but let an American make a few claims for our share in the war and right away it becomes cheap Yankee brag and bluster? I ask to know.

"I reckon it all depends on where you sit—this thing of viewpoint. 'All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes,' the Good Book says—and if so happen you're a Jap the Chinese must seem to be nothin' but greedy scoundrels, roarin' over Shantung that away.

"Which reminds me of Pink Semple. You never knowed Pink—a li'l dried-up runt with a bleached mustache and eyebrows of the same—used to dig post holes for the Lazy L back in the nineties.

"*Alors*, Pink was a ornery, no-account sort of cuss. He couldn't even dig post holes good. And lazy! Say, the only time Pink ever went east he done got run over by an ice-cream cart in Fort Worth, Texas, near the interurban station.

"Besides that, he was chuck-full of Bolshevik ideas. We didn't call 'em Bolshevik in them days, though it'd surprise you how many fellers 'way out in the tall grass entertained these here notions even then. We just said they was mighty sorry critters and let it go at that.

"I remember once when Ol' Man Tuck come out from New York in his private car to git a look at the ranch and the boss wanted Pink to clean out the pigpen so it'd smell good when the owner blew in. Pink never said a word—just set to work and fooled round there most a week. Of course the job wasn't done when Ol' Man Tuck reached headquarters, but the boss was too busy to notice.

"You bet the Ol' Man noticed, though. He never missed a thing—that's how come he was worth eight or nine million, I reckon. The very first mornin' he snoops

1869-1919

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You should be sure of the vinegar you buy for salads, and every table and cooking purpose. The Heinz label is your guarantee.

Every drop awakens flavor.

Pints, quarts and half-gallons, in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment.

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Baked Beans
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The Ustus Limousette makes touring a pleasure under all conditions in all seasons.

You can, with ease, at any moment from your seat, convert your touring car or roadster into a closed car shutting out the dust or rain.

You can be as fresh and clean at the end of your journey as when you left home.

Just a light touch and the roller windows respond instantly—making either a cozy, closed car for winter or an open car for summer.

You have no alterations to make in the standard top or body of your Ford Car when adding this practical utility.

The Ustus Limousette weighs only 40 pounds—enhances the appearance of your car—provides clear vision and is free from rattles and vibration.

See the Ustus Dealer in your town for further information or write to the nearest distributor.

Better act now to assure prompt delivery. Seventy-five thousand Limousettes were sold during the first 120 days.

Price, for Touring Car, $46; for Roadster, $30.

DAFOE-EUSTICE CO. *Manufacturers*
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4919 Delmar Ave.

The Dafoe-Eustice Company are also the manufacturers of the only standardized, guaranteed line of protective canvas covers. Send for catalog today.

round and finds Pink sittin' in the shade smokin' a cigareet.

"'What's the matter here?' he says. 'Quit your job?'

"'I reckon I have, Mr. Tuck, sir,' says Pink.

"'Why? Ain't you gittin' enough pay?'

"'Wal, it's like this, Mr. Tuck—I ain't, and that's a fact. I been studyin' a heap over this thing, and I figure you'd ought to pay me the same money for cleanin' out this pigpen as you'd charge me for doin' the job yourself. Ain't that fair?'

"That was where Pink parted company from the Lazy L. And after that he done some prospectin' up in the mountains, whenever somebody'd grubstake him. The grouch that guy had agin the predatory rich was a caution, Henree. They was just p'ison to him, and anybody with more'n eleven dollars looked rich to Pink. Every time he blowed into the ranch for chuck he'd lean up agin the bar in the store and warn us that the day was comin' when the downtrodden masses'd git their rights and divide up the earth's fruits as the Maker intended. I calculate that Pink was the original Bolshevik of Arizona.

"He was sure in earnest too. I'll say he was! One day about ten years ago Milt Smith done passed Pink on the road in a brand-new car Milt had just bought from a sewing-machine agent, who was sellin' 'em as a side line.

"Milt was goin' along hell bent for election—near twenty mile an hour, I reckon. Anyhow, he had her wide open, and the bird who sold him the car guaranteed she could make twenty-two on a level road; and what with the dust and the job of holdin' her nose in the trail Milt never seen Pink until he was slap on top. Then he had to scoot out into the mesquite for fear of runnin' over him.

"'Good gracious!' says Milt, 'how you startled me! May I ask, Mr. Semple, why you appropriate the whole road? I nearly hit you.'

"'Yes, you dadgummed scoundrel—you did!' yells Pink. 'What d'you mean by it? Hey? Ain't I got some rights? I reckon I got as much right to this road as any man. Ain't it so?'

"Milt was too busy with the car right then to argue much. He lingered just long enough to allude a few remarks at Pink and then off he went, lickety-split. And guess what that feller Semple went and done! Took a coupla shots at him with a .45. It's the obsolete truth.

"Well, the years went by and one evenin' Pink tripped over a stick out back of his shack up in the hills and fell headfirst down an ol' well, and when he woke up and rubbed his knee, because it'd struck agin his head, he was rich. Yes, sir; fact. There was copper down in that well—one of the richest strikes in years.

"I didn't see Pink until he'd blossomed out as a millionaire, and then I scarcely knowed him, you might say. He was all swelled up like a p'isoned pup.

"It just so happened I was tourin' through those parts in my car, so I done asked Pink to come along a ways to gossip over ol' times and he could flag the evenin' train at Hereford. And Pink allowed he'd do so.

"Well, we were rockin' along comfortable, when all of a sudden I seen a guy in the middle of the road ahead of us and tooted the horn. He never even let on he heard, Henree—just stuck to the middle and stayed there. So I slowed down and blowed that ol' siren like we was headed for a fire. But he didn't so much as turn his head.

"'Run over the onery rascal, Joe!' yells Pink. 'It'll serve him right. Consarn, this country's gittin' chuck-full of trash who won't do a lick of work, but begrudges them that will their hard-won money.'

"Sometimes I think there're a lot of Bolsheviks like Pink; don't you reckon, Henree?"

A short pause while my partner scanned the heads in the newspaper. Then he murmured: "'Italy looks to us for aid in effort to revive nation.' Huh-huh! Fine! And here's another: 'Rumania counts on U. S. help to restore country.' Listen to this, Henree: 'Remember our debt to Lafayette!' Gee, ain't that been paid yet? Looks like we done owed him a heap. 'France turns eyes toward America in food crisis.' Surely that ain't all? *Mais non*—here's one: Says 'Belgian's only hope for financial restoration is in United States.' But that cain't be the whole tally. Lemme see—lemme see. 'Armenia asks that America take over mandate.' What kind of a rug is that, I wonder now? 'Serbian commission arrives to arrange credits and enlist aid.'

"And so it goes, Henree. We not only got to take up the white man's burden, but carry the whole load, looks like.

"It's a grand opportunity, ol'-timer, and only a rich and generous people could tackle it. I hope for their own good they don't act stingy, for when people give the givin' does 'em good.

"But there's a danger—a danger we'll be done too good in all this givin'. Some of them Europeans're growin' to regard Uncle Sam as the rich uncle who's just blowed back to the ol' homestead from Alaska. And you know what happens to him, Henree—everybody knocks off work and sticks round.

"Yes, sir; me and you've been over there and know what some of these people expect. Say, they got their sights a mile too high. 'Pears like they think Uncle Sam's a Christmas tree and all they need to do is to reach for what they want. I wonder what help the U. S. could expect from Europe, supposin' —— But, shucks, I'm as bad as you are. What's that got to do with it, anyhow?

"Only, Henree, I do hope we git out of debt some day. I'm kinda fed up on readin' posters everywhere I turn, remindin' us of our debt to France and our debt to Italy and all the others. How come we got in so deep? I'd always had a notion they owed us—seems like I heard that most of their citizens who come here done pretty fair by themselves. And we certainly ain't been stingy with our loans and our help."

"Nonsense!" I cried impatiently. "You know as well as I do that all such talk is propaganda. We owe nobody. And what is our reward for this world-wide Samaritanism? What is our reward the minute we disappoint their hopes or cross their purposes? Abuse and misrepresentation."

M'sieu Hicks made a clucking sound with his tongue and responded chidingly: "My, my, but you're hair trigger to-day, Henree! You'd ought to cut out meat.

"All the same, it's time we begun to save the United States too, ol'-timer. For the last three years we been huntin' all over the globe for a chance to save somebody, when we could have found a plenty right round the corner at home who needed it just as bad. Why is it that people'll bust themselves to help critters ten thousand miles away and cain't even see the same conditions right under their noses? Hey?

"We read about this-and-that starvin' country, and there's a great big picture with two skeleton children, and mama, pale as a ghost, with her hands stretched out. And strong men gazing on it bite clean through their forty-cent ceegars and go down in their jeans for money. But there're children just as hongry over beyond the canal; and never a word about 'em.

"Besides, a whole lot about this starvation business is straight bunk, Henree. Ain't it so? Away over in the East they're just one jump ahead of the wolf most of the time—I admit it—but there's always been starvation there; nothin' new about it. But I used to read in the papers and magazines about the pore people of Belgium and France until I was drove near crazy; yes, sir, I'd tear up and down, makin' speeches to Patsy, and then go and give another thousand.

"Then we went over and got a look. And dadgum, if a lot of 'em wasn't better fed than hundreds of thousands of folks here in these United States.

"So I say it's about time for us to save ourselves. Seems to me I done heard rumors about prices of things bein' so high in this country that the average man only comes up for air about once in six months—I notice we're shippin' food and stuff by the millions of tons to foreign parts. Yes, indeed, Uncle Sam's got his work cut out for him right here at home. Let's straighten out the tangle here before we try to remake the universe. Am I right or wrong?"

"Oh, well, the League of Nations will fix everything!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, what would we do without it?" cried M'sieu Hicks, in something like rapture, rolling his eyes upward. "What'd we ever do without our league?

"Look what it cost us, Henree, and you'll see how precious it is. We just shoved it over to the others and says: 'Help yourselves.'

"And they done so. You got to admit they done a thorough job. It took time,

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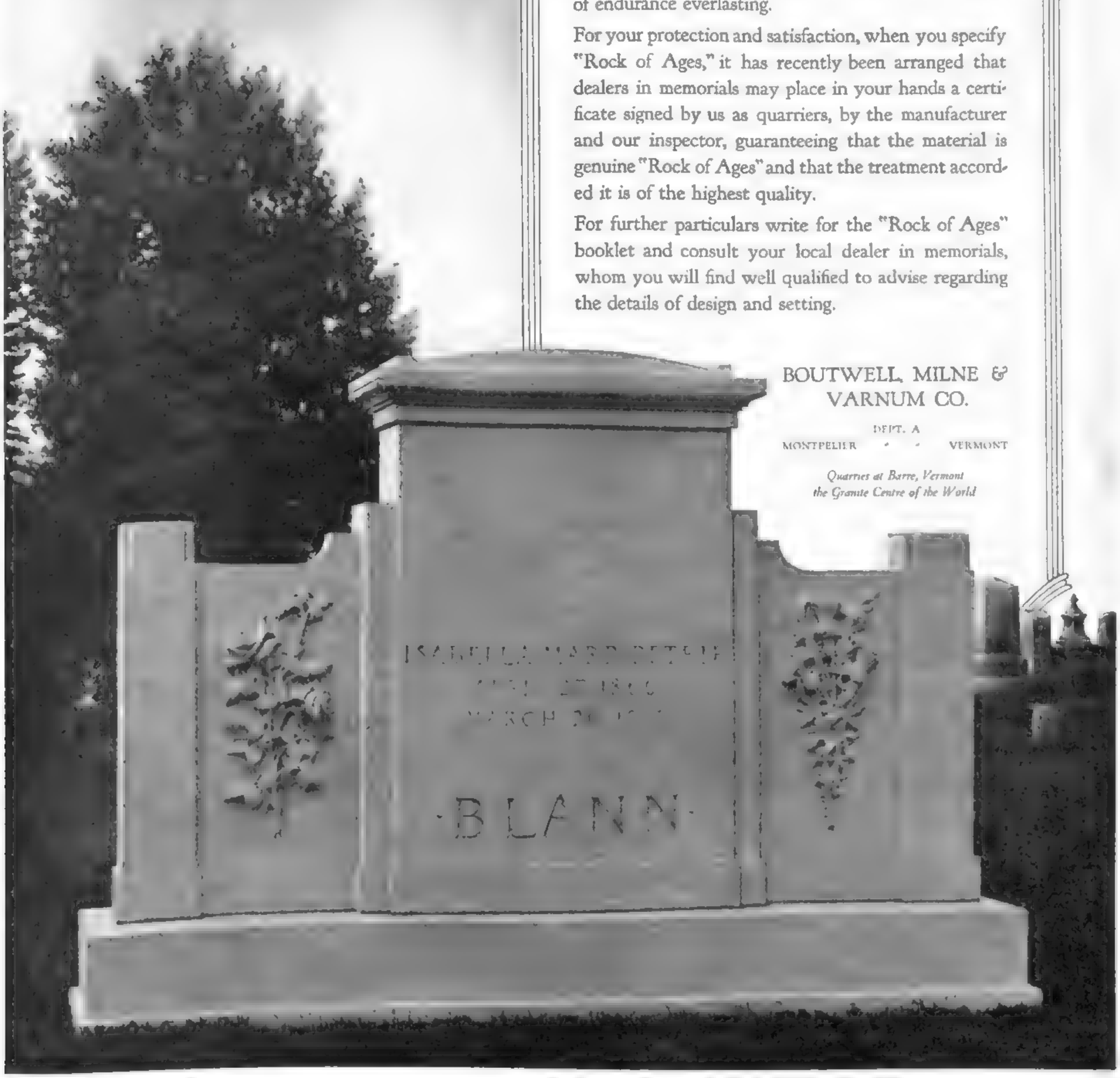

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Henree, lots of time—but you cain't expect any men alive to remember every li'l thing at a few sittin's. And if they'd hurried maybe a colony would of been overlooked, or they'd have failed to give self-determination to the Custard Casey gang, over on the East Side. Yes, sir; it was a long and hard job, but thank Gawd they never missed a thing that wasn't nailed down!

"By and by the others was overcome with a feelin' akin to surprise, you might say. 'Here,' they says, 'what do you git out of it, Sam, ol' friend?' 'Who? Me?' Our chief representative there turned on 'em that smile of inf'nite sweetness. 'Nothin'. All we want is the league.'

"Well, naturally they was puzzled for a while, but they done got their heads together and conferred. 'I don't git this bird a-tall,' whispers Ol' Man Clémenceau. 'Do you think he means it? Or has he got an ace in the hole maybe?'

"That impression was pretty general, Henree, Europe not bein' educated up to the celestial plane. But then a second guy spoke up and remarked as how America'd produced Henery Ford, so why not another?

"And the upshot of it was that Lloyd George, after studyin' him a while, says to Ol' Man Clémenceau: 'Let's give him his league. It cain't do us no harm.'

"Clémenceau agrees; and so they fixed it, Henree. They done give Mr. Wilson his League of Nations, merely takin' the el'mentary precaution to have it wrote out by a safe man first; so what else could he do but give in on a few minor points. There was only fourteen, anyhow.

"The Tiger is what you'd call hard-boiled right, Henree. He always figures that a fact is worth two fairy tales, and all his life he's let the other boys play with theories while he paid 'tention to conditions. Did I ever tell you what the ol' bird said to a friend who remarked that France 'peared to be havin' a rough passage toward port with the peace treaty? 'What can you expect,' he says, 'when I got to deal with two men one of whom thinks he's Napoleon Bonaparte and the other the Messiah?'"

"Then you don't think the league will end wars?"

"Of course it will, Henree. I'm surprised at you! To be sure, there're twenty-eight nice li'l wars goin' on right at this minute, but maybe them people don't read the papers regular and haven't heard about the league. You got to make allowances, Henree. That's our policy—make allowances.

"You bet I believe in the league! So does the President. Me and him both believe in it. I'm fixing to start on a dugout eighty-five feet deep, and he's comin' forward with a military alliance between Great Britain, France and America.

"Of course a lot of bone-headed critics and these here out-of-date Republicans who're still stickin' to the notion that Congress and the Senate should ought to have a voice in gover'ment will be sure to drop a lot of nasty cracks, like why do we need a military alliance if the league means anythin'? But don't pay 'em any mind, Henree. There 're always people to take the joy out of life.

"I should say I do believe in the league! All good Democrats do. Look at Newt Baker, f'r instance. He believes in it, and he's got a plan to put us in shape to hold up our end in it—the biggest standin' army the United States ever had! If that ain't faith, what is?"

"But you say one thing, and mean another, m'sieu?" I protested.

"So does the league," answered M'sieu Joe, abruptly serious. "Our President promised he'd git a league, and so he got one. But as a French editor remarked, Henree: 'The apostle did not have the courage of his gospel.' And what a pity, too! The whole of America—millions of French and English—would have stood by him."

"Are you, then, of opinion that a real League of Nations is impossible?"

"No, I ain't, Henree. A real league'll come some day too. We might have got it there in Paris if —— But this one means nothin' a-tall—just that. Each clause has its teeth pulled by one somewheres else."

"Then the only thing for us to do is to form an alliance," I declared in desperation.

"Not on your life, Henree. Zowie, no! Aint you learned what the European notion of an alliance with the U. S. is? I reckon you ain't been readin' the Paris newspapers much then.

"But what do we want with an alliance, anyhow? I can understand why France does. Why, Gustave Herve come out plain and says 'France has everythin' to gain by this alliance and nothin' to lose.' And we Henree—we've got everythin' to lose by it and nothin' to gain. There you are.

"Why, man alive, if the politicians and profiteers over there ever got the notion they had the United States to back 'em sure enough, they'd go plumb crazy. They're most that now. The way some nations is reachin' out and grabbin' since the war stopped, Henree, would make Pancho Villa crawl off and hang his head, the poor piker! Talk about this here imperialism run wild! Europe's gone bugs with it.

"No, sir-ree; no military alliance for your Uncle Sam. First thing we knowed we'd be pullin' the chestnuts out of the fire for somebody.

"No, I reckon George Washington was just as big a man as any we got to-day, ol'-timer—and he said no entanglin' alliances. They've always bred wars.

"So let's forgit that proposition. A close friendship between us and John Bull strikes me as the best li'l League of Nations you could want, and you don't need no military alliance to make it stick. And we can take care of ourselves, Henree—I'll say we can!"

"But all our talk and our hopes—our war to end wars—what did they amount to? I risked my life for that idea."

"So did thousands of others," answered my partner sadly. "So did thousands of others. Go look at the map of the world and you'll see what they amount to."

"You think, then, there'll be another war?"

M'sieu Hicks laughed and got up from his chair.

"What? With the League of Nations workin'? Why, Henree! All the same, take a tip from me. How old 're them twins of yourn now? Well, by the time they're growed up —— Shucks, what's the use of talkin'? Let's go. But I'll tell you this much: When I git home I aim to dig a dugout eighty-five feet deep, concrete walls and roof and floor, electric lighted and heated, with hot and cold water and a shower, and four or five exits—and they can all go to hell, but they won't git me."

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STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

"I am Joaquin Murieta," he announced, "and I brought you here to kill you."

Upon which he stabbed Clark to the heart.

All this was told the next day in the streets of San José, but where the information came from no one knew. Murieta's custom of sending out such tidings through confederates was not so well understood then as it came to be later.

From San José Murieta went northward into the Sacramento Valley and took quarters with Rosita in Sonoran Camp, a Mexican settlement near Marysville. About twenty cutthroats under Valenzuela and Three-Fingered Jack began working in the neighborhood. The ambush was their favorite method—three or four in a party and one of the number ready with his reata. When this one had cast the noose of the hair rope over the neck of some passing traveler and dragged him from the saddle into the brush the others killed the victim at their leisure. The number of these murders grew so appalling that Sheriff R. B. Buchanan devoted all his time to hunting down the criminals. Finally he got word of the rendezvous in Sonoran Camp and took a small posse to capture the leaders.

But the news of the sheriff's expedition had preceded him and when they had crept upon the tent houses in the dark, as silent as Indians, the members of the posse found themselves encircled by unseen enemies whose pistols streaked the gloom with thin bright orange flashes. While the others were fighting their way out of the ambush Sheriff Buchanan emptied his own weapon in a duel with one of the robbers and collapsed badly wounded in several places. Weeks later, during his recovery, he got word from Joaquin Murieta that it was he who had shot him down.

Northward the band rode now from Marysville until they reached the forest wilderness near Mount Shasta, where they spent most of the winter stealing horses. Before spring they went south again, traveling for the most part by night, and drove their stolen stock into the province of Sonora. Their loot disposed of and a permanent market established down across the line, Murieta led them back into California to begin operations on a more ambitious scale. He planned to steal two thousand horses and plunder the mining camps of enough gold dust to equip at least two thousand riders, who would sweep the state in such a raid as the world had not known since the Middle Ages.

In April—almost two years to a day after the monte dealer had left his job at Murphy's Diggings—six Mexicans came riding into the town of Mokelumne Hill, which lies on a bench land above the river of that name. A somewhat dandified sextet in serapes of the finest broadcloth and with a wealth of silver on the trappings of their dancing horses, they passed up the main street into the outskirts, where their countrymen had a neighborhood to themselves.

Here they took quarters in those tent-roofed cottages which were so common in the old mining camps; and now three of them appeared in their proper garb, well-gowned young housewives and discreet to a degree which must have exasperated those of their neighbors inclined to gossip. For these ladies had nothing to say concerning whence they had come or the business of their husbands. Two of those husbands were now spending much of their time in other camps and came home but seldom to pay brief visits to their wives. The third stayed here in Mokelumne Hill.

The days went by; the pack trains jingled down out of the hills; the processions of heavy wagons lumbered up from the San Joaquin Valley enwrapped in clouds of red dust; an endless stream of men flowed into the town on its bench land above the cañon where the river brawled. Men from all the world, they came and went and the milling crowds absorbed those who lingered, nor heeded who they were. Gold was plentiful, and while the yellow dust was passing from hand to hand life moved so swiftly that no one had time to think of his neighbor's business. The good-looking young Mexican was as a drop of water in a rapid stream.

When dusk crept up out of the cañon and the candles filled the gambling houses with floods of mellow radiance he mingled with the crowds. He drank with those who asked him and talked with those who cared to pass a word with him—talked about the output of the near-by gulches, the necessity of armed guards for the wagons and pack trains or the chances of capturing Joaquin Murieta. In spite of his good looks and expensive clothes he was about as unobtrusive as a Mexican could well be—which is saying a good deal for that period.

One April evening he was sitting at a monte game. The gambling hall was filled with raw-boned packers from the hills, dust-stained teamsters from the valley towns, miners from the diggings and a riff-raff of adventurers from no one knew—or cared—where. It was a booted crowd with a goodly sprinkling of red shirts to give it color, and weapons in evidence on every side. Here walked one with a brace of long-barreled muzzle-loading pistols in his belt, and there another with the handle of a bowie knife protruding from his boot top; and every one of those frock-coated dealers at the table had a derringer or two stowed away on that portion of his person which he deemed most accessible. The bartender kept a double-barreled shotgun under the counter across which the drinks were being served.

In the midst of this animated arsenal the dark-eyed young Mexican dandy sat placing his bets, while the dealer turned the cards and luck came—after luck's fashion—where it pleased. As he played a group of miners just behind him began arguing about the bandit whose name was now notorious all the way from Mount Shasta to the Mexican line. One of them, a strapping fellow with a brace of pistols at his waist, became impatient at something another had said concerning the robber's apparent invulnerability and raised his voice in the heat of his rejoinder.

"Joaquin Murieta!" he cried. "Say! I'd just like to see that fellow once and I'd shoot him down as if he was a rattlesnake."

A noise behind him made him turn his head; and now, like all the others in that room, he stared at the dandified young Mexican, who had leaped to the top of the monte table and was standing there among the litter of cards and gold. His broadcloth serape was thrown back; his two hands moved swiftly to his belt and came away gripping a pair of pistols.

"I am Joaquin Murieta!" he shouted so loudly that his voice carried the length of the hall. "Now shoot!"

A moment passed; he stood there with his head thrown back, his dark eyes sweeping the crowd, but no man on the floor so much as moved a hand. Then, laughing, he sprang down and walked slowly among them to the front door. They fell away before him as he came and he vanished in the shadows of the narrow street before one of them sought to follow him.

The others of the sextet were waiting for him when he reached the Mexican quarter; their horses were saddled; and at a word from him they mounted. For he and his two lieutenants had finished their work; they knew all they cared to know about the gold trains and the caches of the miners and this was to have been their last evening in camp. With their gathered information they rode southward to Arroyo Cantoova in the foothills of the Coast Range at the western edge of the upper San Joaquin Valley. This was the band's new headquarters.

They remained here for some days, resting before the next raid. Gold was plentiful among them; the leaders dressed with the splendor of noblemen; not one of those leaders—save Three-Fingered Jack—but had his mistress beside him, decked out like a Spanish lady; not one but rode a clean-limbed thoroughbred. When the hills were turning brown with summer's beginning young Murieta led them out across the range and southward to the country round Los Angeles.

Success had made him so serene that during the journey he sometimes forgot his grim vow of shedding blood and showed mercy to a victim who had no great store of gold. More than once Rosita induced him to spare the lives of prisoners; and if his career had ended at this time his name would have come down surrounded by legends of magnanimity. But as he went on that large plan of bloodshed became more of a power in his life. And as it grew to master him he saw Rosita less; he

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(Continued from Page 170)

sought more frequently the companionship of Three-Fingered Jack, who killed for killing's sake alone. During the past two years he had often slipped away from his followers and stolen into the church of some near-by town to recite the dark catalogue of his sins in the curtained confessional; but no priest heard him tell his misdeeds from this time on.

In the north end of Los Angeles, where the old plaza church fronts the little square of green turf and cabbage palms, you can still find whole rows of the one-story adobe buildings which lined the streets on the July afternoon when Joaquin Murieta whispered into Deputy Sheriff Wilson's ear.

He was a young man, this deputy, and bold; and he had come all the way from Santa Barbara to help hunt down the notorious bandit whose followers were burning ranch buildings and murdering travelers from the summits of the Southland's mountains to the yellow beaches by the summer sea. Unlike many of the pueblo's citizens, who had formed a habit of talking of such matters in undertones and looking over their shoulders as they did so for fear some lurking Mexican might be one of Murieta's spies, he voiced his opinions loudly enough for all to hear.

"Get good men together," he said, "and smoke these robbers out. I'm ready to go with a posse any time."

He preached that gospel of action in the drinking places, in the gambling halls and on the street until the very vigor of his voice put new heart into the listeners. It was beginning to look as if young Deputy Sheriff Wilson had really started things to moving.

On a hot July afternoon he was standing on the narrow sidewalk surrounded by a group whose members his enthusiasm had drawn out of doors. Few others were abroad; an occasional Mexican woman in her black skirt and tight-drawn *reboso*, a peon or two slouching gracefully by with the inevitable brown cigarette—and a solitary horseman, who was coming down the street.

The men in the group were so intent on what the deputy was saying that none of them noticed the approach of this horseman until he reined in his animal close to the sidewalk's edge. Then they saw him lean from the saddle and whisper into Wilson's ear.

What words passed from his lips these others never knew; there was not time for him to utter more than one or two—perhaps to tell his name. They saw his white teeth flashing in an unpleasant smile; and Wilson's hand moved toward his gun. But in the middle of that movement the young officer pitched forward on his face. The sharp report of a pistol, the scrape of hoofs, the smell of black powder smoke and the vision of the rider through the tenuous wreaths as he whirled his horse about—these things came to the dazed witnesses in a sort of blur.

The shot awakened the drowsing street and many who ran to their doorways saw the murderer riding away at a swinging gallop. Some of these claimed to recognize him as Joaquin Murieta, and in the days that followed their statements were confirmed by captured members of the band.

Deputy Sheriff Wilson's death roused more men than his words had; and when Gen. Joshua Bean began organizing two companies of militia during the weeks following the murder he found plenty of recruits. The officers were just getting the new companies licked into shape for an expedition against the bandits, who were now ravaging most of the country south of the Tehachapi, when Murieta and Three-Fingered Jack waylaid General Bean one night near San Gabriel Mission, dropped the noose of a reata over his head and dragged him from his horse, then stabbed him through the heart. And the two companies of militia did nothing more.

Now, while posses were foundering their lathered horses on every Southland road and the flames of blazing ranch buildings were throwing their red light on the faces of dead men almost every night, a lean and wind-browned Texan by the name of Capt. Harry Love took a hand in the grim game of man-hunting.

He had gained his title in the Mexican War. As a dispatch rider for various American generals he had dodged the reatas of guerrilla parties who were lurking by water holes and had outjockeyed swarthy horsemen in wild races across the flaming deserts of Sonora until he had come to know the science of their fighting as well as old Padre Jurata himself knew them. And when he started after Murieta's men he did his hunting all alone.

One day he ran across the trail of Pedro Gonzales, the horse thief, and another lieutenant named Juan, and followed it until he overtook the pair at the Buena Ventura Rancho. Like most of his southwestern breed he was a better man at action than at words, and so the story of the gun fight that took place when he came upon them has never been told; but when the smoke of the three pistols cleared away Gonzales was in custody and Juan was riding hard toward the hills with the blood from a bullet's furrow along his scalp running over his face. The fugitive found five others of the band in a sun-baked arroyo that night, told them the news of the catastrophe and got a fresh horse to ride back with them and rescue their companion.

Captain Love was well on his way to Los Angeles with his prisoner when the sound of drumming hoofs came down the wind. He glanced over his shoulder and on a hilltop half a mile behind saw half a dozen horsemen coming after him at a dead run. If he had had any doubt as to the nature of that party he lost it when he turned his head in time to catch Gonzales waving a handkerchief to them.

The elements of the situation were simple enough—the Texan's jaded mount, the fresh horses of the pursuers, the desperation of the prisoner for whom the gallows was waiting in Los Angeles—but most men would have wasted some time in determining on a solution. Love, who had learned in a hard school the value of seconds in such races as this, did not choose to part with any more of his handicap than he had to. So he whipped out his pistol, shot Gonzales through the heart and spurred his horse down the dusty road with enough start to distance the bandits into town.

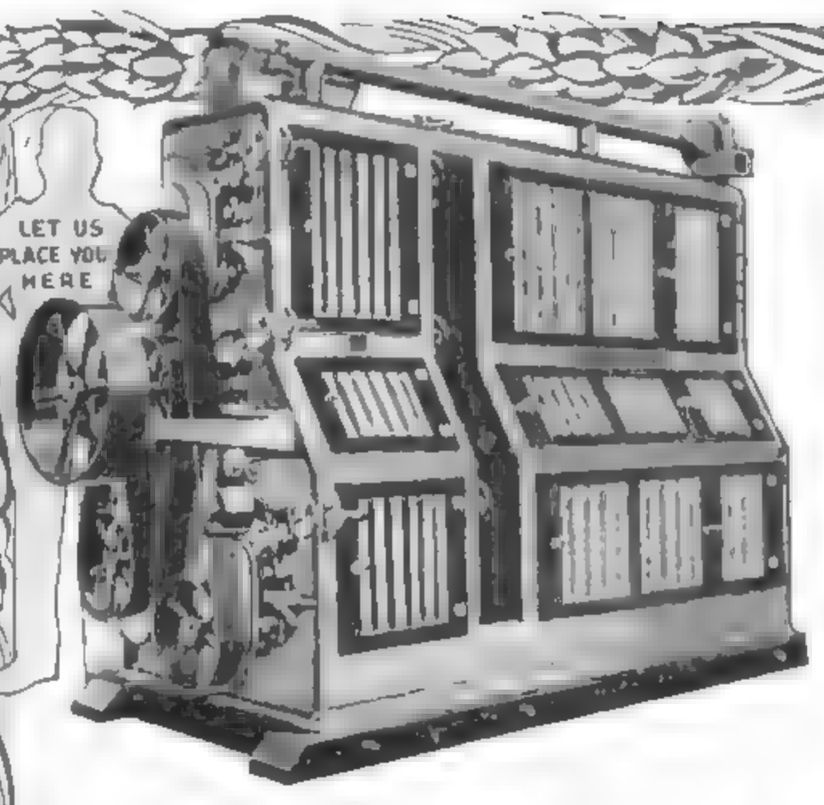
That was the first noteworthy casualty the band had suffered. It was followed by the capture of young Reyes Feliz, Rosita's brother, who was hanged in Los Angeles; and shortly afterward Murieta led his whole company northward into the oak-dotted hills back of San Luis Obispo, where they lost twenty men—among them Claudio, the expert spy—in a day-long battle with a posse of ranchers whom they had sought to ambush.

Then Joaquin Murieta rode back with the survivors to Arroyo Cantoova; and if Rosita, who had been sent with the other women to the rendezvous early in the summer, felt her heart leap when she saw her lover coming, she soon felt it sink again, for he spent but few moments in her company. Horses and gold and his large plan to sweep like fire through California—these were the only thoughts he had. Within a week he had divided the band into several parties, two of which, under himself and Three-Fingered Jack, went north to plunder the placer camps.

There is hardly an old town in the whole Bret Harte country but has its stories of the raiding during the winter of 1852 53. With the knowledge that he and his lieutenants had gained at Mokelumne Hill the chief directed operations, but as the weeks went by the influence of Three-Fingered Jack grew until his methods were employed in every robbery. By December the list of wanton murders had grown so great that the State of California offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Joaquin Murieta, alive or dead.

The notices announcing this reward were posted in Stockton one Sunday. The town was then the point of departure for the southern placer district; a lively place with craft of all kinds coming from San Francisco to tie up at its levee and an endless procession of wagons traveling out across the flatlands of the San Joaquin Valley to the foothills. Everything was running wide open and the sidewalks were crowded with men, most of whom were ready to take a pretty long chance for five thousand dollars.

One of the bills, tacked to the flagpole in the public square, attracted more readers than the others and many a group gathered about it to discuss what show a bold man might have of earning the reward. The sidewalk loungers watched these debaters come and go until the thing was beginning to be an old story, and they were about ready to turn their jaded attention elsewhere when a well-dressed Mexican came riding down the street, turned his fine horse into the square and reined up



You Can Make $500 to $1000 a Month

Milling "Flavo" Flour in your community on the "Midget" Marvel.—No milling experience necessary.

Everybody wants good flour. Why not furnish it from wheat grown at home, milled at home and sold to home people? In this way you save the freight on both, the wheat out and the flour in, and earn the regular milling profits in addition to the extra profit of making *"a better barrel of flour cheaper"* on the famous *"Midget" Marvel Mill.*

The AMERICAN "MIDGET MARVEL" MILL

is the wonderful self-contained, one-man roller flour mill that is revolutionizing the milling industry, and is bringing back flour milling to the local community where it belongs. It requires less than one-half the power and labor of the old long system mill. Takes but little space and can be installed at a small expense. Because of its improved patented direct process, the *"Midget" Marvel* produces a high yield of creamy white flour that retains the natural sweetness and the health building vitamines of the wheat berry.

This wonderful mill has proven a phenomenal success. Over 1700 operating throughout the United States, earning unusual profits for their owners.

You are given the Free use of our Nationally advertised Brand as your own,

"Flavo" Flour
"Famous for its Flavor"

We advertise this flour Nationally for you and furnish you the sacks with your name printed on them. We start you in business with our **confidential selling plans** and help you in every way; our **Service Department,** composed of skilled millers and flour experts, examines samples of your flour each month to keep your products up to our high **"Flavo"** Standard.

The American (Midget) Marvel is built in seven different sizes—from 15 to 100 barrels daily capacity. Sold on Thirty Days' Free Trial, you to be the sole judge as to whether it comes up to your expectations. Thus you are enabled to operate it and be assured of success before buying.

You can be the local flour miller of your Community with but a comparatively small investment and have a dignified permanent business that will earn you steady profits the year round.

Write today for our Free booklet, **"The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill."** You will find it most interesting.

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Owensboro Kentucky

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Please send me free full particulars regarding your mill, and free booklet "The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill."

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Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco For Pipe

The New "TEA-FOIL" Package

It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial?—Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—

10c

also sold in

Curved Pocket Tin—16c

"Your Nose Knows"

Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
Plus* a dash of *Chocolate

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you are not satisfied you can get your money back from the dealer.

before the flagpole. The crowd watched him lean from the saddle and write something at the bottom of the bill.

When he had touched his horse with the spurs and ridden away at the slow Spanish trot, one of the onlookers, more curious—or perhaps he was less lazy—than his fellows, sauntered over to read that writing. And when he read it he waved his hand in so wild a gesture that everyone who saw him came running to the flagpole. At the bottom of the placard with its offer of five thousand dollars reward for Joaquin Murieta, alive or dead, they found this subscription set down in a good bold hand:

"And I will pay ten thousand dollars more. JOAQUIN MURIETA."

Faith in the State's promise rather than that of the robber sent many riders out of Stockton that day to scour the willow thickets by the river and the winding tule sloughs. The posses were going back and forth all night long and the excitement attending their comings and goings lasted into Monday. So there were few on hand to watch the departure of a schooner for San Francisco that morning.

She left the levee with her crew of three and with two passengers, miners from San Andreas, who were taking out some twenty thousand dollars in gold dust. The crew let out the sails, the canvas bellied out before the easy breeze, the schooner glided down the reed-lined slough whose smooth waters held her reflection like a mirror. Flocks of wild fowl rose before her as she came along.

A rowboat shot out of the tules just ahead of her. The helmsman took one look at the five men in the little craft and dropped his tiller to pick up a double-barreled shotgun. He shouted to the sailors; they sprang for weapons and the two miners in the cabin leaped up the companion stairs, their pistols in their hands. Before the foremost was halfway up the flight the shooting had begun; he gained the deck in time to see the body of the helmsman drooping over the swinging tiller, overhung by a thin white cloud of powder smoke. The small boat lay alongside with a dead man huddled between the thwarts. The four other bandits were swarming over the rail, firing at the sailors on the forward deck as they came.

It was a short fight and sharp. When it ended every man in the ship's company was lying dead or mortally wounded, and two of the robbers were killed. Murieta and Three-Fingered Jack lingered aboard long enough to lower the gold dust overside into the small boat and set fire to the schooner. And the pillar of black smoke drew horsemen from Stockton in time to hear the story which the dying men gasped out.

Up in Sacramento, where the State Legislature was considering the extermination of Joaquin Murieta some weeks later, that Stockton incident was used by a lean and wind-browned lobbyist as an argument for a company of rangers, and this argument by Capt. Harry Love had much to do with the passage of the bill authorizing such a body under his leadership.

From Stockton the two companies of bandits fled southward in the San Joaquin Valley and brought more than fifty thousand dollars in gold dust among their loot to Arroyo Cantoova. Then Murieta took seventy men and rode back to make his final raid on the placer camps. Three-Fingered Jack went by his side, the only human being whose companionship he shared. And what talks those two men had together one can only guess from the nature of the deeds that followed. No miner was too small game for the chief now. He slit the throats of Chinamen for their garnerings from worked-over tailings; he tortured teamsters to learn where they kept their wages hidden; and where he passed during the night men found corpses in the morning, until those of his own countrymen—who had befriended him in other days—turned against him and betrayed his hiding places to the officers, and the whole foothill country from the Tuolumne to the Feather River was patrolled by riders hunting him.

In Hornitos he sought out a Mexican who had notified a posse of his presence in the neighborhood, shot him down at broad noonday on the main street and galloped away with the pistol bullets of his pursuers raising little spurts of dust about his horse's flying hoofs. A few weeks later he revisited the town, killed a deputy sheriff who sought to capture him and then hanged to a tree another of his countrymen, who had informed the officer of his hiding place.

One spring day he was riding alone in the foothills of Calaveras County when he came on a party of twenty-five miners at the head of a box cañon. They were encamped in a sort of amphitheater among the rocks with steep walls on three sides and only one outlet, a narrow Digger trail along the cliff one hundred feet above the brawling stream.

Murieta had ridden up the ravine by that dangerous pathway and now he was sitting with one leg thrown over his saddle horn talking to the members of the party. They were on their way out from some winter diggings, they told him, and they had plenty of dust with them. He spoke of Joaquin Murieta and they pointed to their belts; they were heavily armed, every man of them. Why should they fear the bandit? He let his eyes go round the place, taking quick appraisal of their numerous pack and saddle animals, their camp equipment, their plump buckskin sacks—rich booty if only he had a party of cutthroats at his heels. But he was alone. The best he could do was to put a good face on the matter and in his rôle of honest traveler learn what he could—to store it up for future reference.

He was doing this and getting on very nicely at it when one of the party, who had gone down to the stream for water prior to his arrival, came climbing up among the rocks with two filled buckets. The man looked up at hearing a stranger's voice and Murieta glanced down at the same instant. The eyes of each proclaimed recognition. For the water carrier was James Boyce, who had played monte over the table of the good-looking young dealer many a night in Murphy's Diggings.

Boyce dropped the buckets of water and drew his pistol.

"Boys," he shouted, "that's Murieta! Shoot him!" Then he fired.

But Murieta had wheeled his horse and was already spurring it on a dead run down the gulch. The miners were lining their sights on him; and now the cañon walls echoed to the volley they sent after him.

He gained the trail along the cliff. A bullet knocked off his hat and his long hair streamed behind him as the horse leaped out along the narrow path. The rocks spurned by its flying hoofs dropped over the brink into the roaring stream one hundred feet below; the leaden slugs that sang about the rider's head chipped bits from the sheer wall beside him. He drew his bowie knife and waved it as high as his arm could reach.

"I am Murieta!" he shouted, turning in the saddle to look back at them. "Kill me if you can!"

The cliff on one side was so close that he scraped it with his stirrup and on the other side the horse's upflung hoofs hung in mid-air beyond the brink. The weapons flamed behind him at the cañon head and the bullets rained on the rocks about him as he flourished his knife in a final gesture of defiance and passed round a turn of the trail beyond sight of his enemies.

But Boyce and his companions were a hardy crowd, and instead of letting the incident end here they broke camp the next morning to follow Murieta's trail. They traced him without much trouble down the cañon, over a ridge and into another steep-walled gulch where they came on tracks of fourteen more of the band. From this point the robbers had struck off toward the high country.

All that day the miners climbed the tall ridges where the sugar pines stood like enormous pillars in the vast cathedral of the out-of-doors until night found them in the midst of the forest right under the bare granite peaks. Here they made camp and when the cold breath of the snow fields came down upon them they kindled a great fire. They lounged about the flaming logs, smoking their pipes and warming their wearied limbs. Beyond the circle of firelight the enshadowed woods gave forth no sound to tell them that fifteen men were crawling through those black aisles among the trees like fifteen swarthy snakes.

The click of a pistol hammer coming to full cock brought one of the lounging miners to his feet. He fell forward in the instant of his rising, and the woods gave back a hundred crashing echoes to the volley which the bandits fired. Their aim was so true—for they had stolen close in and taken good time to settle themselves

(Concluded on Page 177)

Think What An Antiseptic Shaving Cream Means!

Lysol Disinfectant
Three sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Lysol Shaving Cream
In tubes, 25c
Not just another shaving cream, but one unlike any other because of its antiseptic quality.

DO you believe it is *possible* to receive infection from shaving?
Do you believe that *other* men have?

Would it be worth anything to *know* that you could easily safeguard yourself against any such possibility?

Then you will be interested in Lysol Shaving Cream.

In thousands of homes, as you doubtless know, it is the regular sprinkling of Lysol Disinfectant in places where disease germs might lurk or be created that produces perfect sanitation and safeguards the health of the family. Perhaps *your* family is being protected in this intelligent way. Ask your wife.

It follows naturally that the powerful and unfailing property of Lysol Disinfectant to exterminate disease germs, or prevent their existence, has made logical the creation of a needed "safety" shaving cream.

Lysol
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

Without the necessary proportion of the antiseptic ingredients of Lysol Disinfectant, this would still be a very satisfactory shaving cream. Lathers freely, softens the beard readily and prepares the skin for a clean, smooth shave.

With a tiny proportion of those antiseptic ingredients, the shaving cream is given properties possessed by no other shaving cream—antiseptic properties that protect you from the possibilities of infection.

Perhaps you feel that *your* chances of receiving infection through shaving are small. Perhaps they are. But why take *any* chance when you can just as easily eliminate danger?

You believe that germs *do* exist and spread everywhere—even though you can't see them. And, just as Lysol Disinfectant eliminates danger and assures genuine sanitation in the home, so does Lysol Shaving Cream eliminate any possibility of infection from the razor blade, from any possible uncleanliness of the strop, or from the brush or hands that rub in the lather.

And the small cuts that often occur during a quick shave are rendered aseptic immediately by this wonderful shaving cream.

Any way you view it, Lysol Shaving Cream is the safe, hygienic and *logical* shaving cream for you to use. It's merely common-sense precaution.

Lysol Shaving Cream, as well as the other Lysol products, is sold by all druggists.

Lysol Disinfectant
In bottles, 25c, 50c, and $1.00
A 25c bottle added to five gallons of water makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant.

Lysol Toilet Soap
25c a cake
Does all that a good soap should do, and in addition is antiseptic and healing.

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.
Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste

SAMPLES FREE

A free sample of Lysol Shaving Cream will be mailed to anyone asking for it. Try it at home or when traveling—you will like it and want the full-sized tube. Sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will be enclosed. Merely fill out coupon, clip and mail, or send a post-card.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
120 William Street, New York City

Please send me FREE SAMPLES of LYSOL SHAVING CREAM and LYSOL TOILET SOAP.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Asbestone

Charlemagne astonished his guests by throwing his priceless asbestos tablecloth in the flames, and drawing it out uninjured. He little thought that more than a thousand years later asbestos would be made into a popular-priced roofing—Asbestone.

Asbestos: A. D. 800, A king's costly curio. A. D. 1919, A popular-priced roofing.

FOR years it has been simply too much to expect that Asbestos Roofing could be manufactured to sell at a price comparable with ordinary roofing.

But now, in Asbestone, it has been accomplished. Possibly, in first cost, it is a trifle higher than some "rubber" type] roofings. Its immunity from fire, its weather and wear resisting qualities without the need of painting or repairs, make it by far the cheapest when figured as roofing should be—on a cost per year basis.

Asbestone is Johns-Manville Asbestos Fibre, felted and bonded in the most desirable and costly binder used for roofing—natural mineral asphalt.

Asbestone is therefore all mineral, it repels fire, it resists the elements, and the tendency to crack, peel or dry out.

One side presents a surface of granulated Asbestos Rock—the other the smooth black of the strong, asphalt-bound asbestos fibres.

Either side can be laid exposed to the weather, and any one can lay it easily, as all necessary cement and fasteners are included in the roll.

Asbestone is low enough in price to be eligible for the roof of the most modest outbuilding and good-looking enough for the more pretentious ones.

Send for the booklet that tells how Asbestone is made and why it is the one best roofing for your use.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO. *New York City* *10 Factories—Branches In 63 Large Cities*

People often fail to realize that a fire-repellent roof on even a small building protects more than that building alone. The nearby house, or barn or garage is equally safeguarded, because the chance of communicated fire from one building to another is greatly reduced. This blow-torch shows how fire-repellent Asbestone is.

Asbestone is approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., and rated in Class B.

Other Johns-Manville Roofings: Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are made in great variety for all roofing needs. Johns-Manville Asbestos and Colorblende Shingles for homes. Johns-Manville Brooks and Flexstone Ready Asbestos Roofing for sloping roofs or large permanent buildings. Johns-Manville Built-Up Roofing for all flat surfaces, and Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofings for skeleton frame buildings.

To the trade. Our sales policy provides for the marketing of our roofings through recognized distributors and dealers. Address nearest branch for particulars.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Concluded from Page 174)

before cocking their weapons—that when the echoes died away fifteen men were lying dead and dying in the red light of that fire.

The others were springing for their pistols, for nearly every one of the miners had laid aside his belt to ease himself, but before one of them had pulled a trigger there came the crackling of a second fusillade and seven of them fell. Then Boyce and two of his companions leaped outside that fatal circle of radiance in time to save themselves. As they were creeping away in the darkness they saw Joaquin Murieta and Three-Fingered Jack rush into the camp, waving their bowie knives exultantly above their heads, and for a long time afterward they heard the band whooping like Apaches while they killed the wounded.

Murieta and his company rode away from this massacre with thirty thousand dollars in gold dust and about forty horses as their loot. But the story which Boyce and the two other survivors told turned the mining towns into armed camps; and now Sheriff Charles Ellis of Calaveras County started so fierce a warfare against the bandits that they had to flee the country.

When Murieta rode back to Arroyo Cantoova that spring, a closely hunted fugitive, he found that Rosita had deserted him for an American settler by the name of Baker. Even at this critical period, when he was beginning actual preparations for his enormous raid, he took the time to track her to a cabin among the hills nearly one hundred miles from the rendezvous. He shot her down and set fire to the place. But perhaps the very frenzy of his anger blinded him, or perhaps he rushed away in horror of his own deed, for she survived her wounds, the only one of his victims who lived when he had the time to kill, and showed the scars to officers years afterward.

The boy who had taken her northward so short a time ago—for his years were barely a man's years yet—rode back to Arroyo Cantoova and the one thing he had in life—his plan.

Capt. Harry Love and his company of twenty rangers rode down the Kings Highway into the little town of San Juan. In the plaza, where the California poppies bloom to-day before the cloistered arches of the mission as they bloomed on that July afternoon in 1853, the dusty horsemen drew rein outside the old adobe inn. Their captain dismounted and went inside and while he stayed the others lounged in their deep stock saddles, smoking cigarettes, or eased the cinches to rest their sweaty horses—a sun-burned troop and silent as men who know they have large work ahead of them.

An hour passed and Captain Love came out to swing into his saddle and ride off without a word, with the twenty behind him. They followed the Kings Highway where it looped upward along the flanks of San Juan Hill, came down the other side into the Salinas Valley—the Salinas Plains, men called it then—and made camp near the river. That night Captain Love told them what he had learned in the plaza inn at San Juan, where Joaquin Murieta had often come to confer with friendly Spanish Californians in other days. One of these former friends had betrayed to him the rendezvous at Arroyo Cantoova and told him how to reach the place by a pass across the coast range near Paso Robles.

The ranger company rode on southward day after day until the wind-swept plain grew narrower between oak-dotted hills; then turned eastward to climb among a tangle of grassy mountains scorched by the sun to the color of a lion's coat. They crossed the divide and descended into the upper valley of the San Joaquin. And one morning, when they were following the trail of several horsemen, they saw the thin smoke of a little camp fire rising from the ravine bed ahead of them. Captain Love deployed his company to close in on the place from three sides and sent one man to the rear with orders to hang back until the others had all ridden in. The man was William Byrnes, who had known Joaquin Murieta well in the days before that lynching at Murphy's Diggings.

Murieta was washing his thoroughbred mare in the bed of the ravine. She stood without halter or tie rope as docile as a dog, while he laved her fine limbs with a dampened cloth. His saddle lay some ten or fifteen yards away with his pistols in the holsters beside the horn. Four or five bandits were cooking their breakfast over the fire; and Three-Fingered Jack lay at a little distance, sprawled full length in the morning sunshine like a basking rattlesnake. The mare raised her head; her ears went forward and Murieta glanced up in time to see the rangers riding in from three sides across the pale saffron ridges.

They came at a dead run. Before he could reach his saddle one of the company had pulled up between him and the weapons. Captain Love was leaning from his horse, questioning Three-Fingered Jack. Murieta took another step toward his weapons; the ranger stopped him with a gesture; he halted, glanced at Captain Love and scowled.

"If you have any questions to ask," he cried, "I am leader of this party! Talk to me!"

"I'll talk to whom I please," Love answered, and just then William Byrnes came riding into sight.

Murieta took one look at the man whom he had known in the days when he walked unfeared among his fellows, and let his eyes go round the circle of riders. He saw Three-Fingered Jack watching him narrowly. His hand stole up along the mare's glossy neck. Her ears moved back and forth as she stood there biding some word from him.

Then, "Vamos, amigos!" he shouted, and sprang on the mare's back. He leaned far forward as she leaped down the bed of the ravine.

Three-Fingered Jack took advantage of the moment of confusion that followed to mount his own horse, and half the rangers followed him across the grass ridge, firing as they went. He fought a running battle with them for five miles before they shot him down.

Murieta lay along the mare's bare back like an Indian. The hoofs of the pursuing company thundered behind him in the ravine bed. Their bullets spattered on the rocks about him. Before him the land broke in a twenty-foot precipice. He called into the mare's ear and she headed bravely for the cliff, leaped out into space and turned a complete somersault at the bottom. He rolled along the rocks beside her, lay for a moment stunned, then rose and found her waiting for him where she had regained her feet. He sprang to her back again and urged her on.

Several of the rangers were running their horses along the hillside to gain the bed of the ravine by that roundabout route; one who had ridden full tilt over the cliff lay stunned beside his injured animal; and three or four had dismounted. These lined their sights on the fleeing mare. And now her legs went from under her. She crashed down with the blood gushing from her nostrils.

The rangers rested their rifles for more careful aim at the figure of the bandit as he started to flee on foot. He took four or five strides, and then halting, faced about. He raised one hand.

"No more!" he called. "Your work is done!"

And as they came slowly toward him, their rifles ready to fly to their shoulders at the first suspicious movement, Joaquin Murieta swayed slightly and sank slowly into a heap near the dead mare. The breath was gone from his body when they reached it.

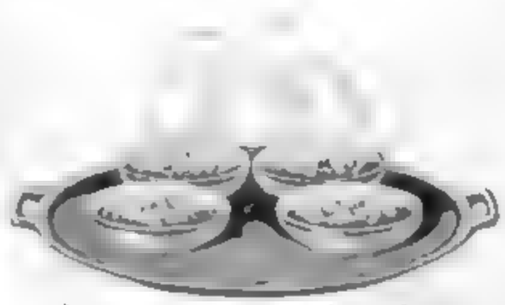
Two-Minute Oat Food

6-Dish Package Free

Already Three-Hour Cooked

Two minutes before breakfast it stands on the pantry shelf.

You add ½ cup to two cups boiling water, and it quickly absorbs the water.



In two minutes you have four dishes of hot, flavory oats, seemingly just cooked.

We Now Cook Oats In Our Mills

We cook them three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

They are cooked by experts as oats should be cooked, but as they rarely are.

Then Evaporated

After cooking the oats are evaporated. Thus we preserve their flavory freshness—by removing all the moisture.

Thus we also condense the oat food to one-fifth its bulk.

Ready in a Trice

To serve Two-Minute Oat Food you stir it in boiling water. In less than two minutes it absorbs the water.

Then you have fresh, flavory oats, hot and delicious, just as they left our cookers.

What You Gain

You get an oat food easy to digest.

You get an ever-ready oat dish, so this food of foods need never be omitted.

You get an exquisite flavor. This super-cooking makes oats taste as they never did before.

And the oats are economical. One cup makes five cups when you add the water, or about eight dishes.

A 15-cent package makes 20 dishes, without any cooking cost.

Nothing Like It

Two-Minute Oat Food is made by a patented process. It has taken 25 years to find a way to bring you such a dish. Now we alone can make it.

It is something you have always wanted. Now you can have it and we urge you to get it. Get a 15-cent package from your grocer, or send this coupon for a sample free.

The Quaker Oats Company

Try it Now

This is something every housewife wants.

Mail this coupon and see what it means to you. Cut out the coupon now.

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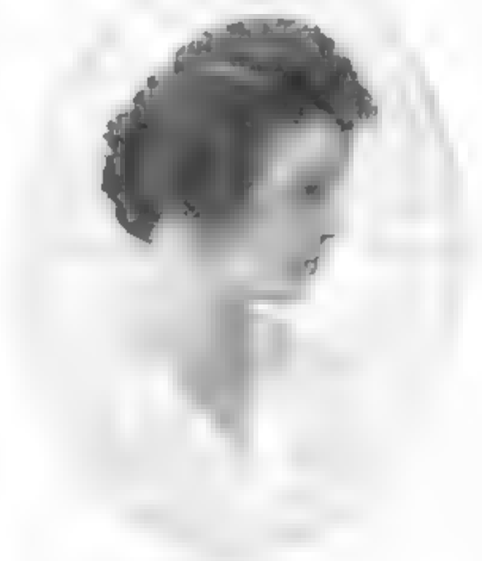
6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1713 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.



Miss Mildred Anderson

Mr. Hilding Anderson

She Took His Place

and earned $276.80 in her first month

Hilding Anderson went to war. So Mildred Anderson, his sister, took his place as our representative

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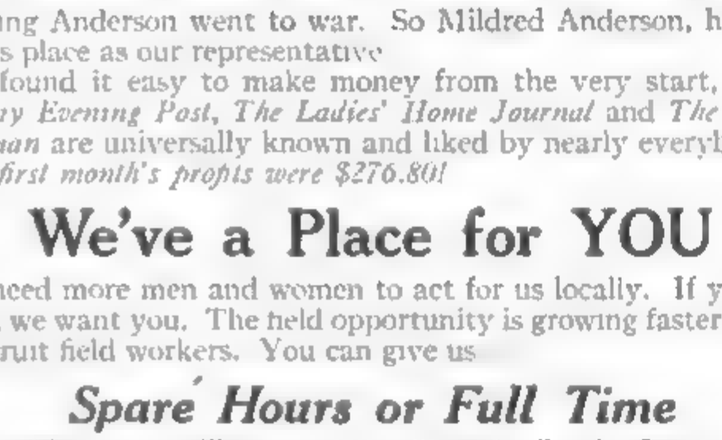

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 27)

Much has been said for and against the system of starting horses in this way. So far as history tells us, this method was practically adopted by the Romans in the Circus Maximus, who stood their racers in stalls until the barrier was dropped. Of course this prevented the contestants from wheeling round, backing up or getting in each other's way, and so far as giving each a fair chance was an improvement on the modern method. The barrier gives a good fast breaker and a horse who is extra clever on his feet a decided advantage, while it handicaps others and frequently causes horses to shy or bolt sideways when the webbing goes up. If jockeys were under the thorough control of the starter I think the fairest manner in which to start a race is with the old system of walking up in line and breaking away, because then nine out of every ten horses will get off on the right foot, and moreover it avoids all the jamming and jostling we see at the barrier when horses are kept there for a considerable time and get out of hand through excitement. Very few men ever made a better percentage of starts or left fewer horses at the post than did James F. Caldwell, who started under the old system.

One morning we went out to exercise as usual, and after we had trotted and cantered a while my master called to Barney to come up alongside as we rounded the turn at the head of the stretch. As Grassy cantered along with me he told me that we were going to work a fast quarter of a mile. This made me feel very much elated, as I thought that I could run over the moon that morning.

About twenty-five yards before we got to the quarter pole, I felt my master tighten the reins as he always did when he was going to work me and I noticed that Grassy was beginning to gallop faster. We increased our speed until we got within fifteen yards of the pole. Then my master yelled to Barney to come on, and away we went. Grassy was racing so close beside me that once or twice the stirrups clicked. And good Lord, how that horse did run! We raced a sixteenth of a mile together just nose and nose. My master did not have to urge me, because I would not have missed that race for a red apple.

When we got to the drawgate Barney took off his old felt hat and commenced fanning the Grasshopper's sides with it, but Grassy certainly was doing his best without any urging. So we raced right to the judges' stand. I thought perhaps that I had a few inches the better of it down there, but when we pulled up and cantered round the corner and started to come back my master and Barney agreed that Grassy had put it on me by a few inches. Well, anyway, it was a great race and the boys felt mighty good, as they always maintained that Grasshopper could beat any horse in the world at that distance. They talked a lot about my future and what a fine race horse I was going to make.

When we got back to the stable Jane was very anxious to know how I got along, and Grassy told her the true story of the race and how hard he had to run to beat me by what he called "a suggestion." The mare appeared to be very much surprised and at first she accused him of not running his best. Then she argued he must be feeling out of sorts or something, else he would have beaten the Shetland pony, as she called me. Huh! That lady would not admit that the sun was shining on a July day.

Grassy merely laughed. He never gave her an argument, as I before stated. He just said: "Well, wait till you hook up with this rascal yourself, and when you do, don't leave any of your speed at home, because you might need it in your business."

Of course I felt very proud of the great compliment Grassy paid me and when Jane was not listening I told him how much I appreciated it. I remarked that few horses of his class and reputation would have been so generous, and then good old Grassy, as was his wont upon such occasions, tore another leaf out of his book of experience.

"Whenever you are beaten or have tough luck in a race," counseled Grassy, "never be afraid to come right out and admit the truth. Always give credit where it is due and don't wander round drooling excuses."

Grassy said the world was full of mental blacksmith shops where folks were continually forging alibis for their own shortcomings.

"You mustn't expect to win all your races," he cautioned. "But it will take a good horse to beat you on any kind of a track and when that day comes don't let your soul shrivel up. Show that you have a stout heart in a race or after it. Besides, the world has no time to listen to the lamentations of a bad loser. Folks always judge you by results and the crowd follows the winners."

About this time Barney took a trip. He went back to Missouri to get the game chicken and dog he had left behind with the doctor. He took some money with him, but it appeared from his story when he returned that he had lost that gambling on the train on the way down. So he had to borrow the money from our old friend, the doctor, to get home again. Barney laughed a good deal about this. My master told him that he should consider himself lucky because he didn't gamble the game chicken and the greyhound away on the journey back. Barney thought that was a great joke.

But when Barney was in St. Louis he saw his first starting gate. They had it out at the fair grounds where the race track was, and of course he had to investigate it thoroughly. He spent the better part of a week tinkering at the blacksmith shop near where we were then living, and one day he came out to the track and proceeded to rig up what he thought would make a great barrier. Of course it was a very primitive makeshift, but I will say that it worked after a fashion. Sometimes naturally it got out of order and Barney fussed with it until he got it in such shape again that it would fly up when he pulled the string. He never seemed to tire of setting it and pulling the string and seeing it fly up.

It was at Barney's homemade barrier that I received my first education in starting. My master led me up to the barrier when it was down and let me rub my nose against the webbing, snapping it to and fro so that the noise or the flapping of the tape would not frighten me. Then he led me back a little way and held me by the head while Barney pulled the string releasing the triggers and allowing the webbing to fly upward. This was repeated several times. Each time I was led a little closer until finally my nose almost touched it. I was schooled in this manner until I did not take the slightest notice of the action of the webbing or the rattle of the paraphernalia as it unlimbered.

After that my master mounted me and Barney set the barrier again. This time when he sprung it my master kicked me gently with his heels and clucked to me to go forward. I broke away as he had taught me to do when he schooled me to canter, but of course not very fast at first. Next time I got under way with much more celerity, and by the fourth or fifth time I broke away I was able to get in my full stride a good deal faster than I thought was possible on my first attempt.

I was schooled at the barrier every second day after this. My master never asked me to break more than two or three times any morning, because he always said too much schooling soured a horse and made him reluctant to go near the barrier at all. Many young horses are spoiled in this way. I think I can say without egotism that when this portion of my education was completed I was letter-perfect in the art of getting away. In all my races I was left at the post on only one occasion, the circumstances surrounding which will be chronicled hereafter.

My training now progressed until I was breezed half miles. I was getting stronger every day—growing and in better condition, of course, to race. I was not destined to be a big horse, but I promised eventually to become what the English turfmen called "a big little 'un." My master and Barney were both very much pleased with the progress I was making, and we were all living very happily until one afternoon when we were brought face to face with dire calamity.

It was late in August, and from early morning until well into the afternoon the

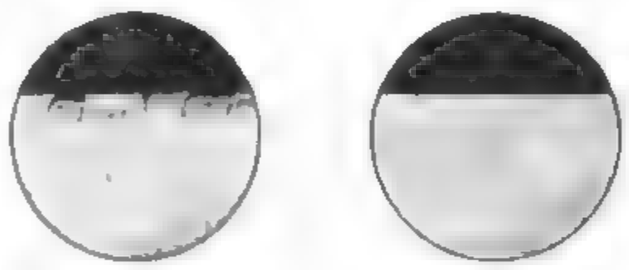
(Continued on Page 181)

15 months of smooth, clean shaving with every 12 blades

HOW many good shaves do you get with a dozen razor blades? Most men think they are lucky if they get more than 30 comfortable shaves from 12 blades. Even then, the first shave with each blade is always the best shave. Right after that first shave, the unstropped blade begins to dull.

The tiny microscopic teeth which form the edge of a razor blade are thrown out of alignment during the very first shave by the wiry bristles of the beard. That's when the blade really begins to "pull."

Only stropping can smooth these tiny teeth back into alignment, and keep the blade sharp and fresh. It was to meet the need for a *safety* razor that would provide *in itself* the means for stropping each blade, that the AutoStrop Razor was designed.



Unstropped blade
Seen under a powerful magnifying glass, an unstropped razor blade, after use, looks like a saw edge.

Stropped blade
Stropping keeps the tiny teeth of the blade in perfect alignment, and provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave

A fresh, keen edge for every shave

A remarkable stropping device, simple and efficient, is built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor. It provides the means for keeping the blades keen-edged. You don't have to take the razor apart—nor even remove the blade. You simply slip the strop through the razor head.

This unique feature of the AutoStrop Razor means a blade that *stays* sharp—a keen, freshly stropped blade every time you shave. 500 good shaves—*fifteen months of comfortable shaving*—are guaranteed *from every dozen blades.*

The AutoStrop Razor is the *only* safety razor that sharpens itself, shaves and cleans without removing the blade. A touch of the thumb adjusts the blade for a close, medium, or light shave. These features mean quick and efficient shaving.

Don't put up any longer with the scrape and smart of fast-dulling blades. Begin to-morrow to get the comfort of a fresh, keen edge for every shave. Ask your dealer today about the AutoStrop Razor free trial plan.

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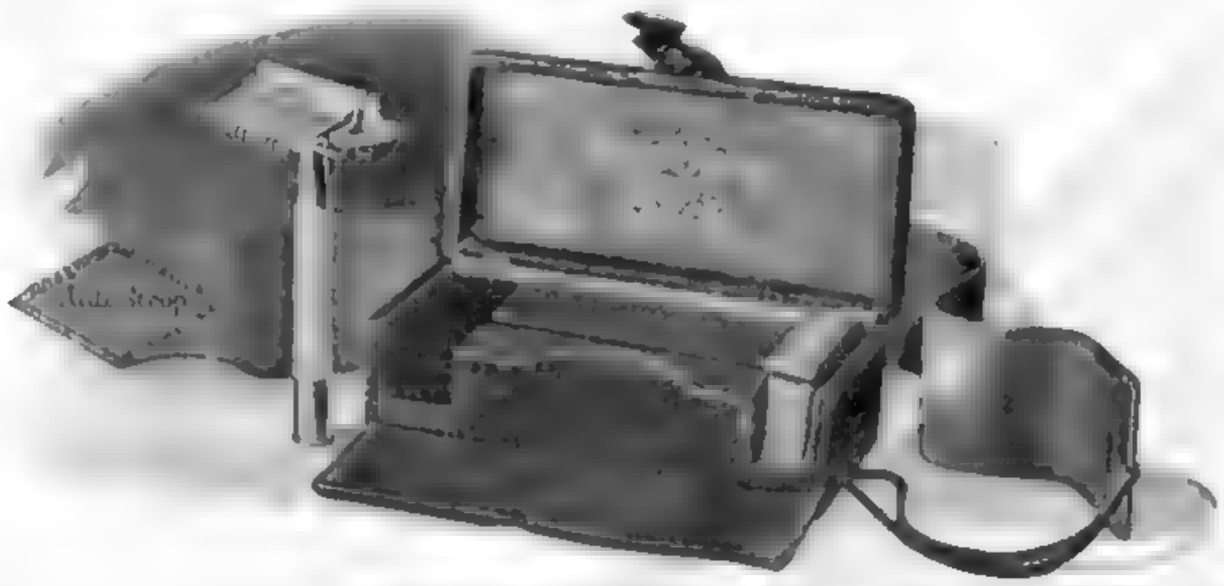
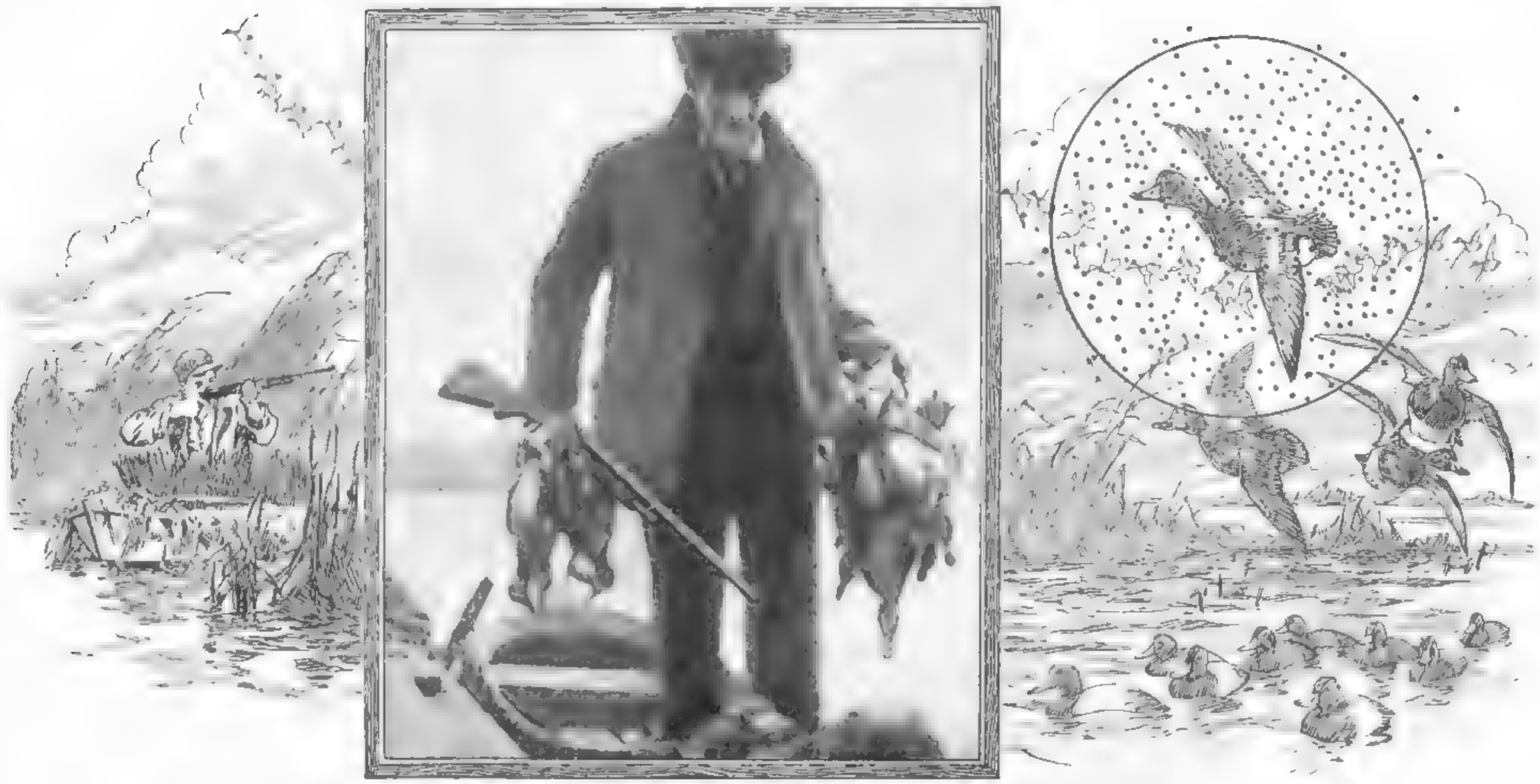




No birds get through *his* shot patterns

THE successful sportsman knows that his "bag" depends almost as much upon the shot pattern, or evenness with which the shot spreads out and covers the game, as it does upon his gun handling.

The secret of uniform game-getting patterns is in the control of the gas blast from the exploding powder. This in turn depends upon the *wadding* in the shell.

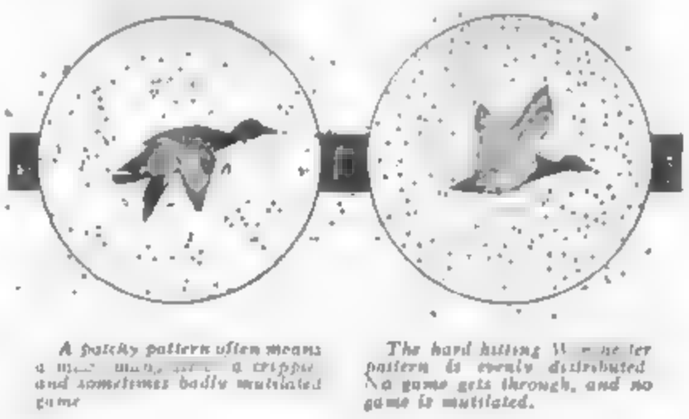
The Winchester gas control system

The Winchester system of wadding and loading is the result of repeated experiments to determine the most effective control of the gas blast.

The base wads of Winchester shells are constructed to give what is known as progressive combustion to the powder charge. The ignition spreads to the sides, in all directions as well as forward.

Under the heat and pressure of this rapid combustion the tough, springy driving wad expands and fills the bore snugly, completely sealing in the gas behind. In being driven through the bore this wad offers just enough resistance to the gas blast to insure complete combustion of every grain of powder; so that the full energy of the whole powder charge is developed at the muzzle. Thus none of the shot charge leaves the gun until it is being driven by the maximum energy and velocity possible from the load.

At the muzzle, the expanded, snug-fitting driving wad is checked for a fraction of a second by the muzzle choke or constriction, while



A patchy pattern often means a [illegible] and sometimes badly mutilated game

The hard hitting Winchester pattern is evenly distributed. No game gets through, and no game is mutilated.

the shot cluster travels on unbroken by gas blast or wadding, making the hard-hitting uniform pattern for which Winchester shells are world-famous.

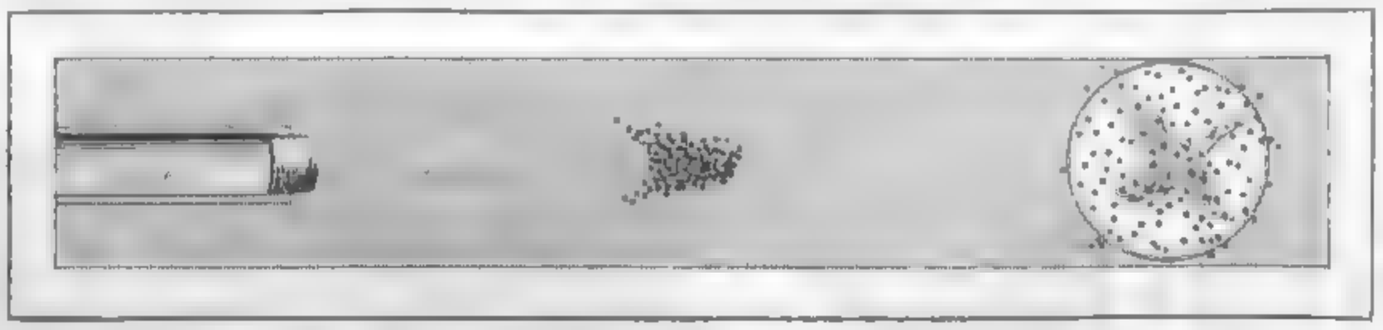
Uniform Shells. From primer to crimp, Winchester shells are so balanced in construction as to insure the maximum pattern possible from any load. The broad fish-tail flash from the primer gives even and thorough ignition; the driving wads completely seal in the gas behind the shot; the stiffness of the crimp or turnover at the shell head is varied exactly according to different loads, great care being taken never to stiffen it to such a degree that it offers undue resistance to the powder explosion.

In addition Winchester shells are, of course, thoroughly waterproof, insuring true shooting in damp saturating salt air or drenching rains, and a special lubrication of the paper fibre prevents brittleness and splitting in dry weather.

Clean hits and more of them

To insure more hits and cleaner hits in the field or at the traps be sure your shells are Winchester Leader and Repeater for smokeless; Nublack and New Rival for black powder. Leading hardware and sporting goods dealers in every community carry Winchester arms and ammunition. They will be glad to assist you in determining the load best suited to your purpose, in any of these Winchester shells. Upon request, we will send you, free of charge, our interesting booklet on Winchester Shotguns and Loaded Shells.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 228, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.



The Winchester system of wadding. The wadding expands evenly, sealing in the gas blast all the way to the muzzle, where the wadding is checked by the "choke" or constriction. The shot cluster travels on ahead unbroken. Actual test target 320 pellets out of 431 or 74% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yards.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

(Continued from Page 178

heat had been stifling. Not a breath of air stirred a leaf on the trees. It was so hot in the little low barn where we were stabled that my master turned us out in two little paddocks which Barney and he had built. The driving mare and Jane were turned into one and Grasshopper and I into the other. As I said, the day was stifling and along about four o'clock we commenced to hear rumbles of thunder. This was followed by vivid flashes of lightning and after that large drops of rain commenced to fall. At first the sky bore a sickly greenish tinge, then from the west came a big black funnel-shaped cloud. The country round where we were was perfectly level for miles, as it is in parts of Kansas, and we could see the big angry black cloud whirling toward us just as you often see a miniature whirlwind catching up dust. It appeared to wipe up everything in its way as it came, turning and twisting like a huge corkscrew and tossing houses, trees and all else in its path to the four winds.

The big cloud was coming straight for us and it was getting darker every moment. The last thing I saw was my master and Barney crossing the yard and coming toward me. The wind was then traveling at terrific speed, but the brunt of the storm had not struck us yet. My master and Barney seemed to fight the elements for a moment or two. Then I saw them throw themselves flat on the ground. Just after that it got as dark as midnight. The wind howled, the rain fell in bucketfuls and forked lightning split a tree in two right in the corner of the paddock where we were. There was nothing to do but to turn our backs to it and do the best we could. At the first assault of the storm Grassy and I were blown against the fence and held there by the force of the wind.

I asked old Grassy if he was afraid. He said he would be if it would do him any good, but as it wouldn't he could truthfully say he wasn't. That was when there came a little lull in the storm, but it was still dark. Grassy rubbed his nose against mine and told me to cheer up and not to be afraid. Of course I said I wasn't, but to tell you the truth I was scared to death.

It remained dark as pitch for nearly five minutes. For a brief spell there appeared to be a cessation in the force of the wind, but it came up again with increased velocity. The noise was terrific. I never heard a sound like that before or since, and I never saw it rain like the downpour of that afternoon. Then almost as quickly as it came up the wind died away, the darkness lifted and the sun came out.

But what a scene it was, to be sure. The whole surrounding country for about a mile wide, which lay in the path of the cyclone, looked like a field of wheat battered down by hail. I looked over to where Jane and the driving mare had been in the paddock next to us, but could not see a sign of them. The barn in which we had been stabled was blown flat down and so was the dwelling house. Half of the paddock fence was blown away and many of the trees round the house lay uprooted and flat.

Fortunately my master and Barney had escaped injury, but only because they had sense enough to stay out in the open. Barney had received a slight cut on his forehead from a flying branch, but was otherwise unhurt. The man and his wife with whom we were staying came up from the storm cellar after the cyclone had passed. They knew the country better than we did and took refuge at the first indication of an oncoming storm.

At first my master and Barney thought that Jane and the black mare had gone over to the big lot after the paddock fence had blown down. They went to look for them, but could not find them. Then they came back and after searching round a good deal they began to investigate the ruins of the barn, and there they found them—both crushed to death under the big crossbeams. They had evidently run in there, as the door to the barn from the paddock had probably been blown open at the first assault of the storm. From all appearances they had both been killed instantaneously.

Of course this cast considerable gloom on our little company. My master was particularly fond of Jane and she had won many good races. He regarded all of his horses as a man regards personal friends. So he took her death very much to heart. Jane and the black mare were buried that night in the corner of the little meadow near where they met their death.

The greyhound had gone into the cellar with the proprietor of the farm and his wife. Barney thought at first that Bill, the game chicken, had been killed when the barn collapsed, but along toward supper time he heard a faint crowing in the vicinity of the dismantled barn. Upon investigation we ascertained that it was our old friend Bill, who, buried down beneath about half a ton of débris, was still giving voice to his war song. After removing the pile of boards and laths above him we found him right down in the corner of an old manger, which had been the means of saving him by reason of the fact that falling boards fell crosswise upon its horizontal sides. He was just as chipper as ever three minutes after his rescue; and Barney, trying to cheer my master up and lighten the gloom attendant upon the death of Jane, cracked many jokes at Bill's expense.

Whenever bad luck of any kind overtook us, Barney was always ready to regale my master with some new story or joke. He was one man who absolutely refused to be downcast. What his inner feelings were nobody ever knew, because Barney would have laughed and cracked a joke with the hangman if the noose was round his neck.

On this occasion Barney got to telling my master about the gamest man he ever met in his life—not only the gamest but the best loser.

He said he knew a Chinaman named Hop Toy once who was working for a big racing stable in the West. He was the cook, and another big stable had another Chinese cook named Ah Jim.

Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and it appeared, as Barney told the story, that each of the stables owned a very promising three-year-old and naturally each claimed supremacy.

Well, the colts were to meet in a big stake race at San Francisco and the Chinese cooks of the rival stables commenced betting with each other on the merits of their respective champions. Finally Hop Toy got to the end of his resources. He had bet his money, his Sunday clothes and everything else of value that he had, and still Ah Jim was bantering him to bet more. Finally Hop Toy suggested that he would bet the gold filling in his teeth against ten dollars, and the other Chinaman took him up.

The race came off and Hop Toy, who had bet his dentistry on the horse of his choice, lost and, of course, all the boys round the stable knew of the bet. Ah Jim, who had won the money, had no intention of exacting payment of the last-mentioned bet, because he really was a pretty good scout. But the stable boys persuaded him to pretend that he was going to collect it, just for a joke. So that night, accompanied by all his friends from the stable, dressed in his best Sunday clothes and armed with a big kitchen skewer, he sallied forth and visited the losing Chinaman.

On his arrival he announced the object of his coming. The boys expected to see something that made a noise like a Chinese battle full of fireworks, but the loser quietly asked the winner how he intended to get the gold out of his teeth. Ah Jim, with considerable flourish, produced the big kitchen skewer. Hop Toy uttered not a word of protest. He simply sat down on a chair, opened his mouth and threw back his head. When he did that he won the title conferred by every race-track man in the West of being the gamest loser that ever stepped in shoe leather.

Grassy and I were now alone in the world and, as we had no stabling and everything was at sixes and sevens on the farm until the folks got rebuilt, we decided to move. Consequently a few days after the cyclone we were all loaded on a freight car and started out for St. Louis.

At the time of which I write St. Louis held a unique place in the sports and pastimes of our beloved country, because it was possible to race there every day in the week except Sunday—and also every night. Most of the time two tracks were operated for daylight racing and there were also two merry-go-rounds lit by electric light for the benefit of those who could not patronize racing during the daylight hours.

The electric-light courses were necessarily very small affairs. As well as I remember, they were both something under half a mile in circumference and the track proper was lit up with huge high-power electric lamps hung on poles at brief intervals. The boys used to call them the Jericho tracks. That name has stuck to all minor race tracks ever since.

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W. H. Guscott, of Ohio, earns ninety Curtis dollars a month, besides holding down a job as Sales Manager of a good-sized concern.

It is not necessary for me to dwell on the evil effect this had on racing. These tracks, combined with the winter racing of the North, gave impetus to the crusade that finally came pretty near to legislating all racing in this country out of existence.

One electric-light track was right across the street from the St. Louis Fair Grounds. The purses hung up rarely exceeded one hundred dollars. The opportunity given to the public to gamble was through the medium of a syndicate book. Ten to one was the highest price laid against any horse and every race had ten or more starters. When I state this condition, further comment is needless.

So it was that the city of St. Louis at that time harbored many of the derelicts of the racing world. A horse or owner might be ruled off on the big tracks, but that did not stop his activities, because he simply shipped over to the electric-light affairs and continued his operations without let or hindrance. Pedigree, previous performances, real name and ownership were not taken much cognizance of. It was jestingly alleged that a race was rarely run at either track that did not have at least one ringer in it, and sometimes when owners at the bigger tracks became temporarily pressed for money or had experienced a particularly long run of hard luck they would send one of their good horses over there under an assumed name and pull down a purse, which, though small, helped to flag the feed man.

We procured stable accommodations at the old fair grounds and my education continued as before. My master contemplated starting me in one of the short-distance races along in the winter some time, though he wanted to hold off as long as he could.

Barney used to go over to the electric-light track every night. He knew that ninety per cent of the people who went there got the worst of it, but that did not make any difference to him. Finally he conceived the idea of taking Grasshopper over there and running him under an assumed name. He was going to ride him himself and bet on him. He thought that would be a fine joke and he told my master how it would be such a grand chance to clean up.

My master, however, did not believe much in the electric-light proposition when applied to racing. He told Barney that he could take the horse over if he wanted to, but to count him out of it.

Well, Barney went over. He had only twenty dollars but he took that with him to bet and he changed the Grasshopper's name to Inspiration. My master did not go over but sat in front of my stall waiting for Barney to come back. He arrived about ten o'clock, leading the Grasshopper.

As usual Barney had a wonderful story to relate. He had put Grasshopper in a half-mile dash and, according to his statement, had got off in front. He led all the way round by a couple of lengths and was just easing up at the finish when a chestnut mare, as he expressed it, "dropped out of the clouds and beat him a snoot on the post." Barney said he afterward recognized her as a mare called Dixie Sara, who had a reputation out West for being able to set a track on fire. She had been entered in this race as The Kitten.

Pretty soon the owner of Dixie Sara came along and had a good deal of fun at Barney's expense. But he took the joke in good part, being able to see the humorous side of it.

As a matter of course one meets some unique characters on a race track, not so much nowadays perhaps as you did then. Stabling right next to us at the fair grounds were five young Texans, all brothers. Four were grown men and the fifth was a towheaded boy. They had only one horse, a cheap-looking maiden. My master used to talk to them a good deal, as they were peculiar characters in every way. But they had great faith in their horse and thought they were going to make their fortune with him some day.

He was an unlucky goat, however, because whenever they were about ready to enter him in a race he went lame or something else happened to prevent his starting. They lived in the stall next him all summer and along toward the tag end of the meeting their supply of money was practically exhausted.

Well, one day they did get into a three-quarter dash for maidens, four years old and upward. You can imagine what a cheap bunch that was, because a maiden is a horse that has never won a race, and when one goes without scoring a win until he is four years old you can imagine what a very bad horse he must be. The Texans dropped into this bunch. They wanted to bet on him but did not have any money and of course nobody else would risk a cent.

In posting the odds the bookmakers laid all kinds of prices against the Texas horse because no money appeared in the ring to back him. Finally a bookmaker laid a thousand to one. It was the biggest price ever laid on the race track. One of the young Texans happened to have two dollars left. It was all he had in the world. He walked up to the bookie and bet that, receiving a ticket calling for two thousand dollars to two—if his horse won.

Would you believe it? That old Texas maiden just came home alone, "while everybody was looking out of the window," as Barney expressed it.

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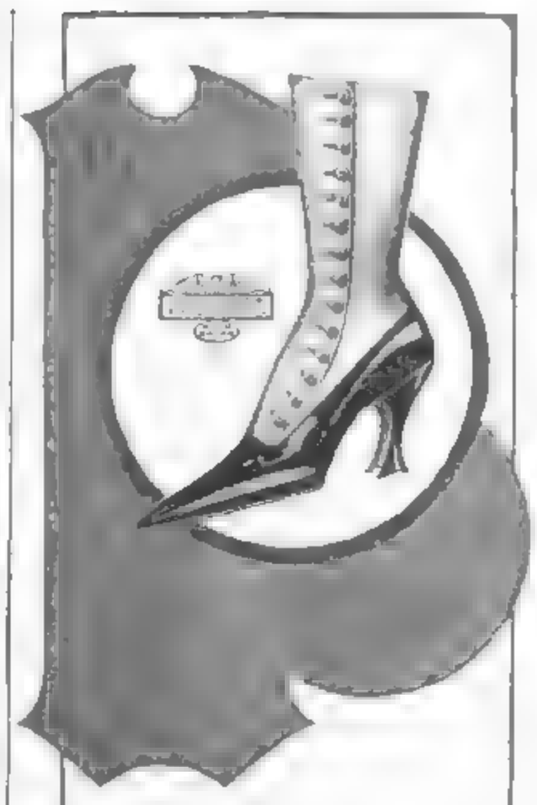

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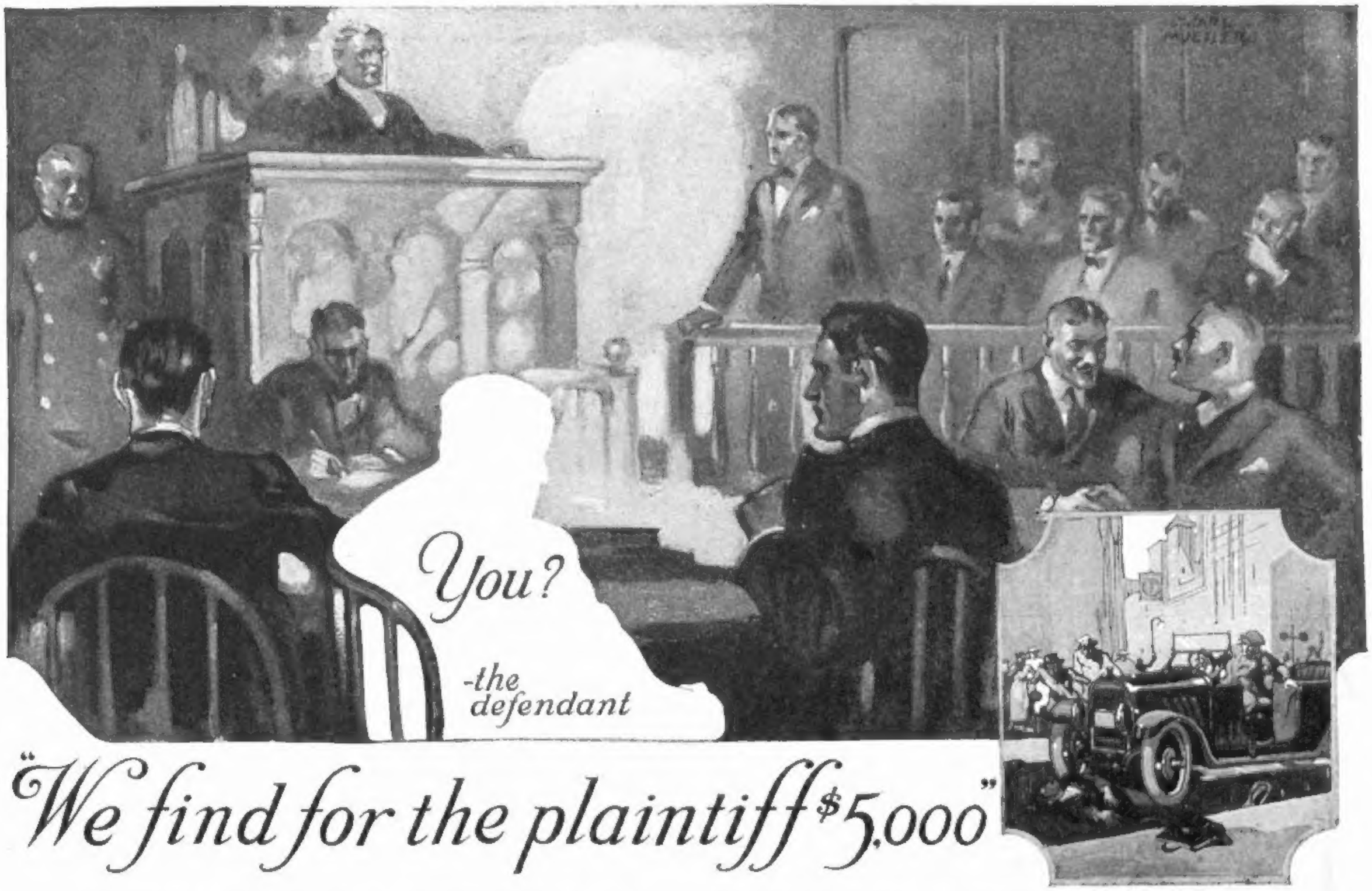

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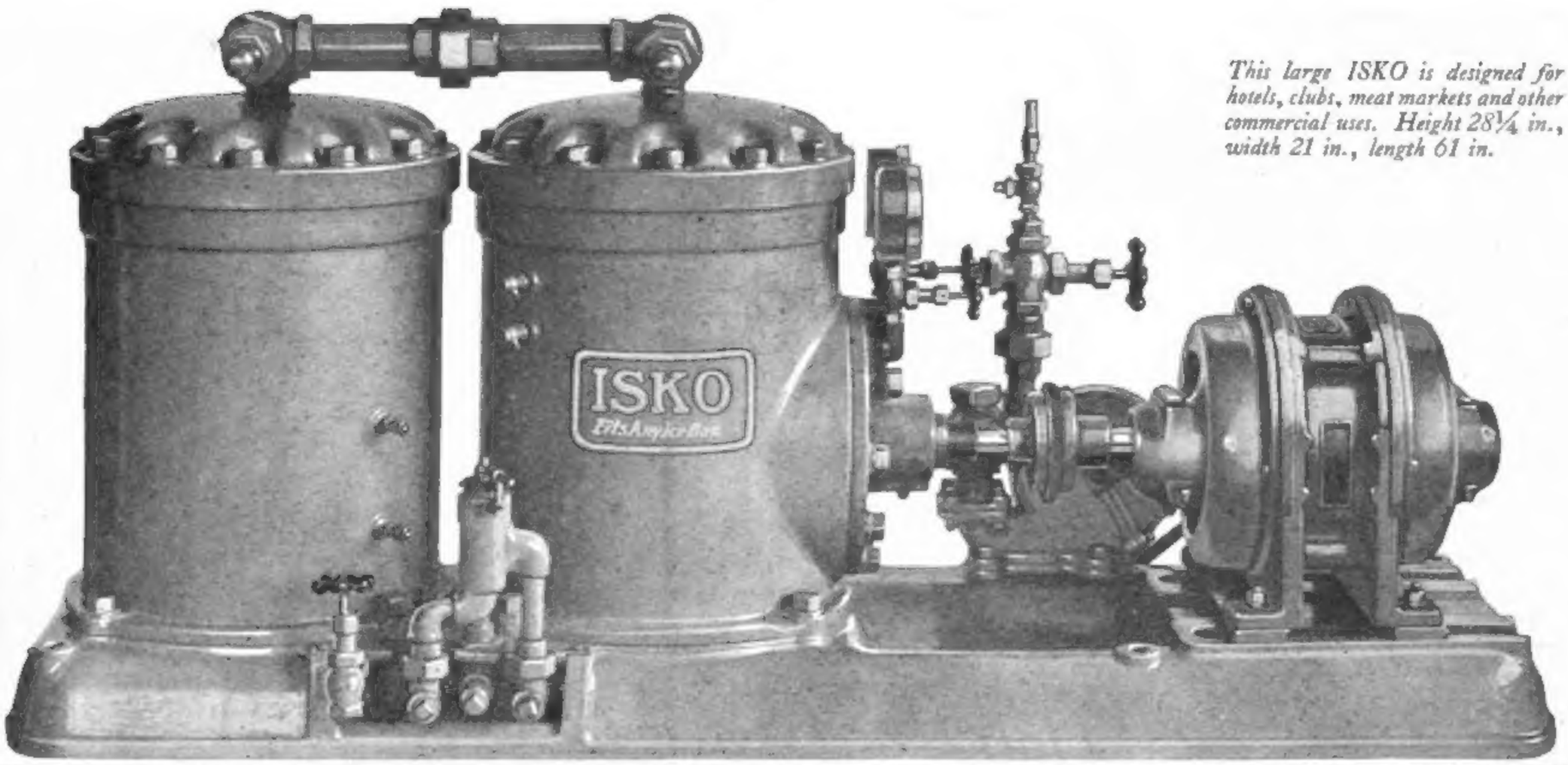

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